May 9, 1964 25¢

Saturday Review

CONFESSIONS OF A SQUARE
By Joseph Wood Krutch

Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast"
Review of His First Posthumous Work

Member of Japan's Rising New Generation (see Editorial)

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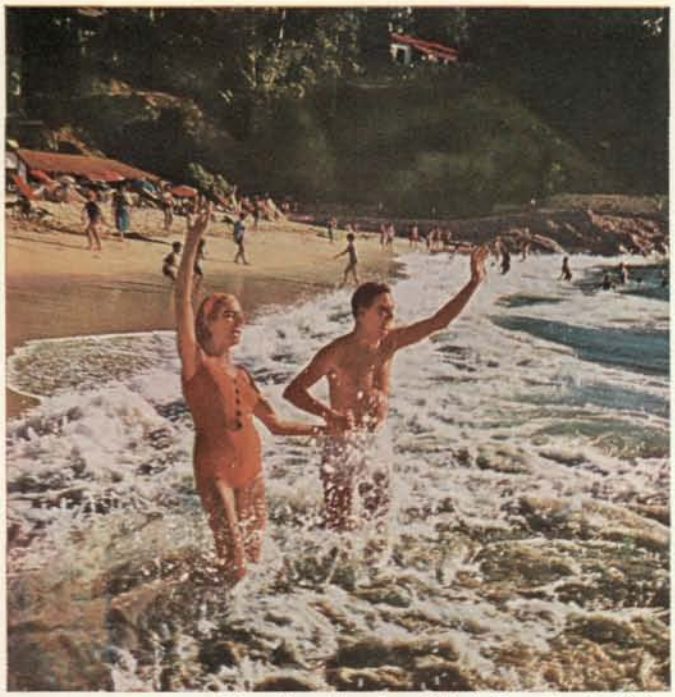
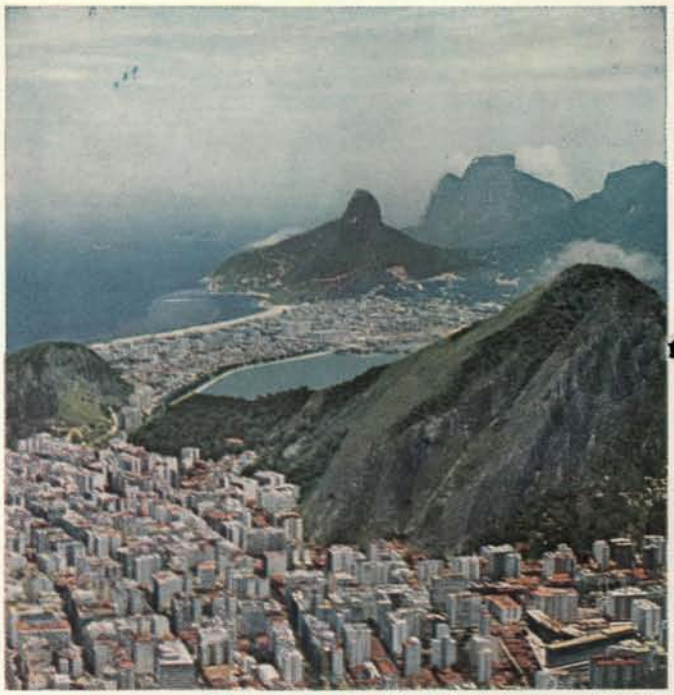
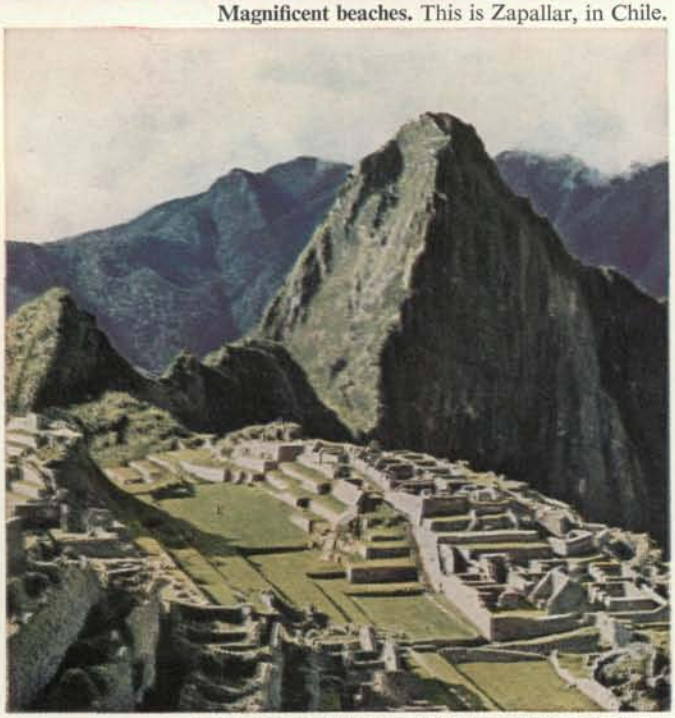


Magnificent beaches. This is Zapallar, in Chile.



Modern cities. Exciting Rio is just one of them.



Ancient cities. This one is Machu Picchu, in Peru.

Romantic ranches. Shown here, Argentina's Pinar Azul.

You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!

Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am · Panagra.

See both coasts for the price of one. East coast or west coast, there's so much to see. So much to do. Enjoy the old Spanish charm of Caracas. Or visit modern Brasilia. Night life in Rio. Steaks in São Paulo—where some of the finest restaurants offer more than 25 entrees at $1.50 or less! Skiing near Santiago, Chile. Magnificent Inca ruins of Machu Picchu. Silver shopping in leisurely Lima, Peru. (Or the wonderful Indian dolls you can buy anywhere in Peru.) No doubt about it: you haven't seen anything till you've seen South America—coast to coast. And your ticket 'Round South America can cost you as little as $630 from New York, $578 from Miami, $766 from Los Angeles. *On the only airline system that can fly you completely around the continent.*

PAN AM PANAGRA

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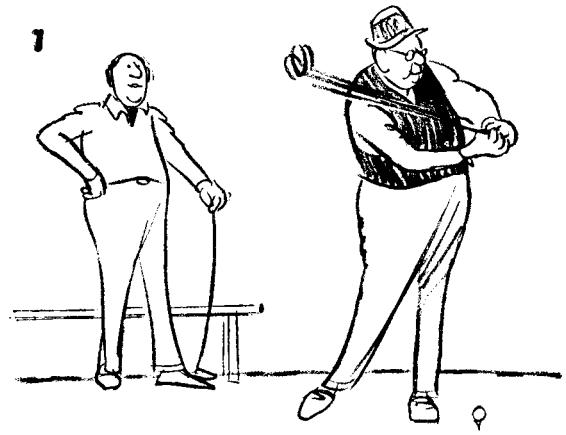
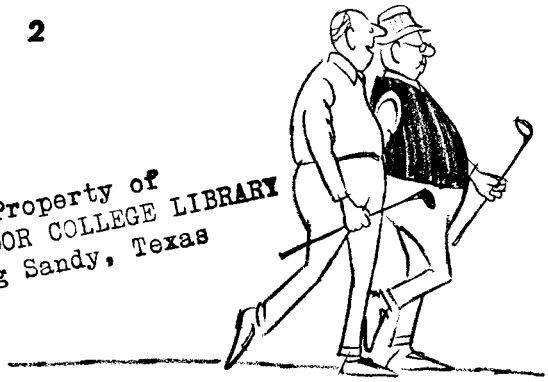


Ever think about what you're going to do when you retire?

Probably sit around and watch my bank balance dwindle.

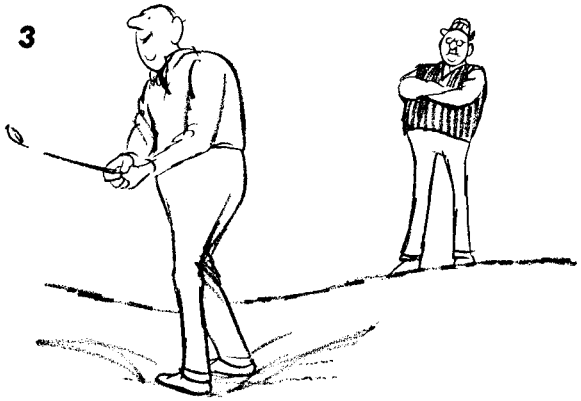
2



Not me. Soon as I say good-by to Amalgamated Feather and Down, I'm going to start living it up. Paris. Rome. The Riviera.

Good idea to begin retirement with a little fling.

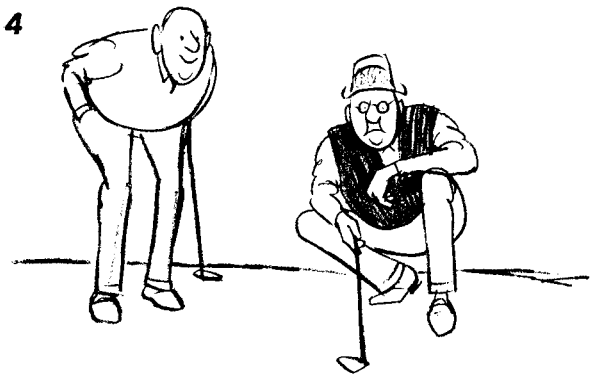
3



That's just the beginning. There's Macao, Dubrovnik, Puerto Vallarta. Who knows where Dame Fortune will take me?

To the poorhouse, most likely.

4



Foot-loose and fancy-free—that's my motto for the golden years.

They may be golden but you'll be broke.

5

Not a chance. I've planned it so my money never runs out.

What if you live to be eighty or ninety, like a lot of people? Your money will never last that long.

6

Oh, yes it will. My income will last as long as I do—because I bought an annuity from Equitable. It guarantees me an income for as long as I live—a check every single month. You know, it's just possible I may someday be the oldest living ringsider at the Folies Bergère.

The second oldest. Because as soon as I get my annuity, I'm making reservations for the next table.

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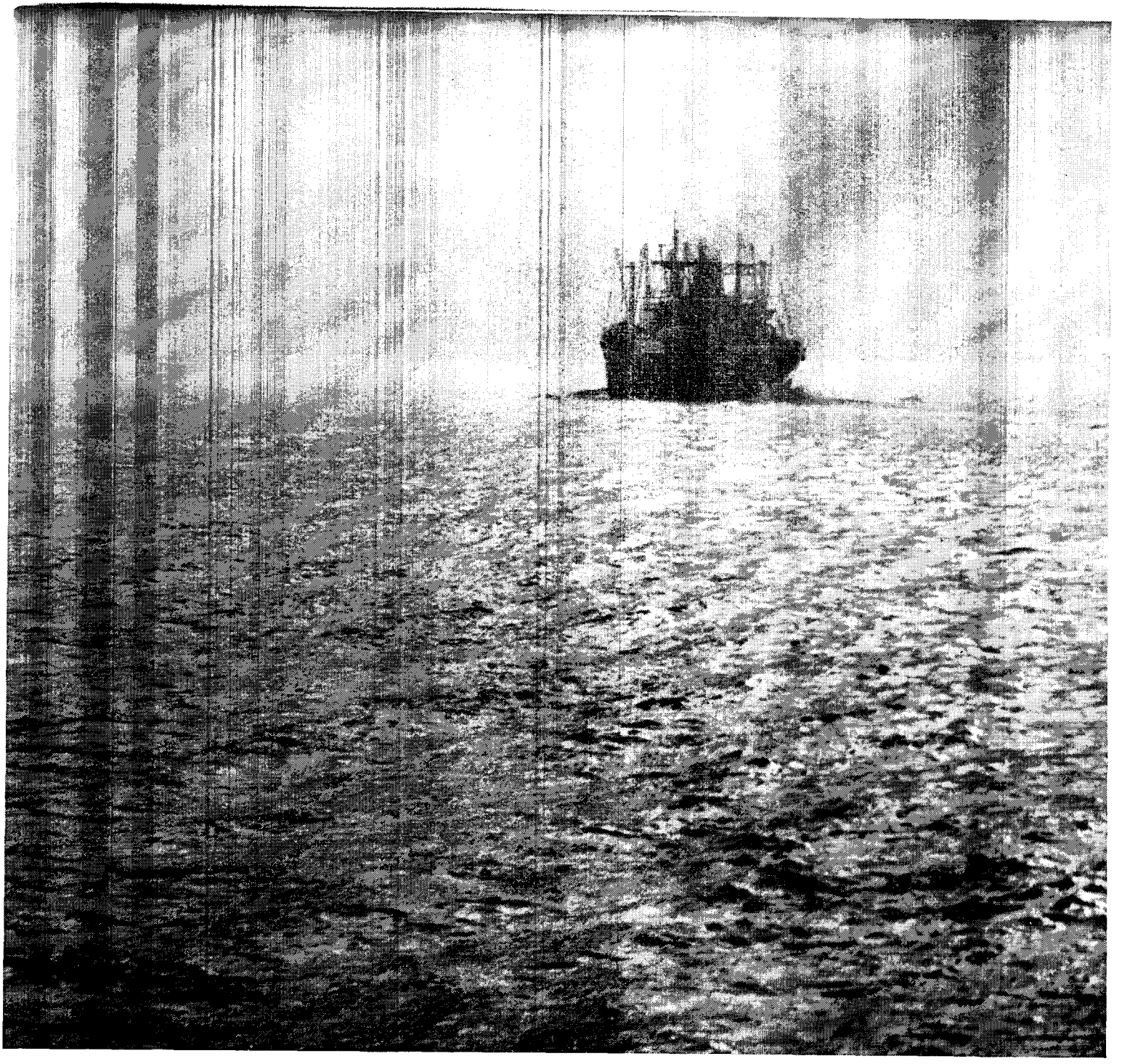

Report from mid-Atlantic:

IBM computer helps 60 nations save lives at sea

ON A STORMY NIGHT in mid-ocean a cabin boy slipped in a freighter's engine room. He was seriously injured and there was no doctor aboard.

Promptly the distress call went out over radio. Shortly afterwards—at 3:10 a.m.—the call was relayed to Coast Guard headquarters in New York City.

The Search and Rescue officer then on duty glanced at a chart. The freighter lay nearly 2,000 miles distant. No Coast Guard ship or amphib could possibly make it there in time.

But somewhere in that area there should be a ship that *did* have a doctor. But what ship—and where was it?

This was a case for AMVER (Atlantic Merchant Vessel Report). The ship's

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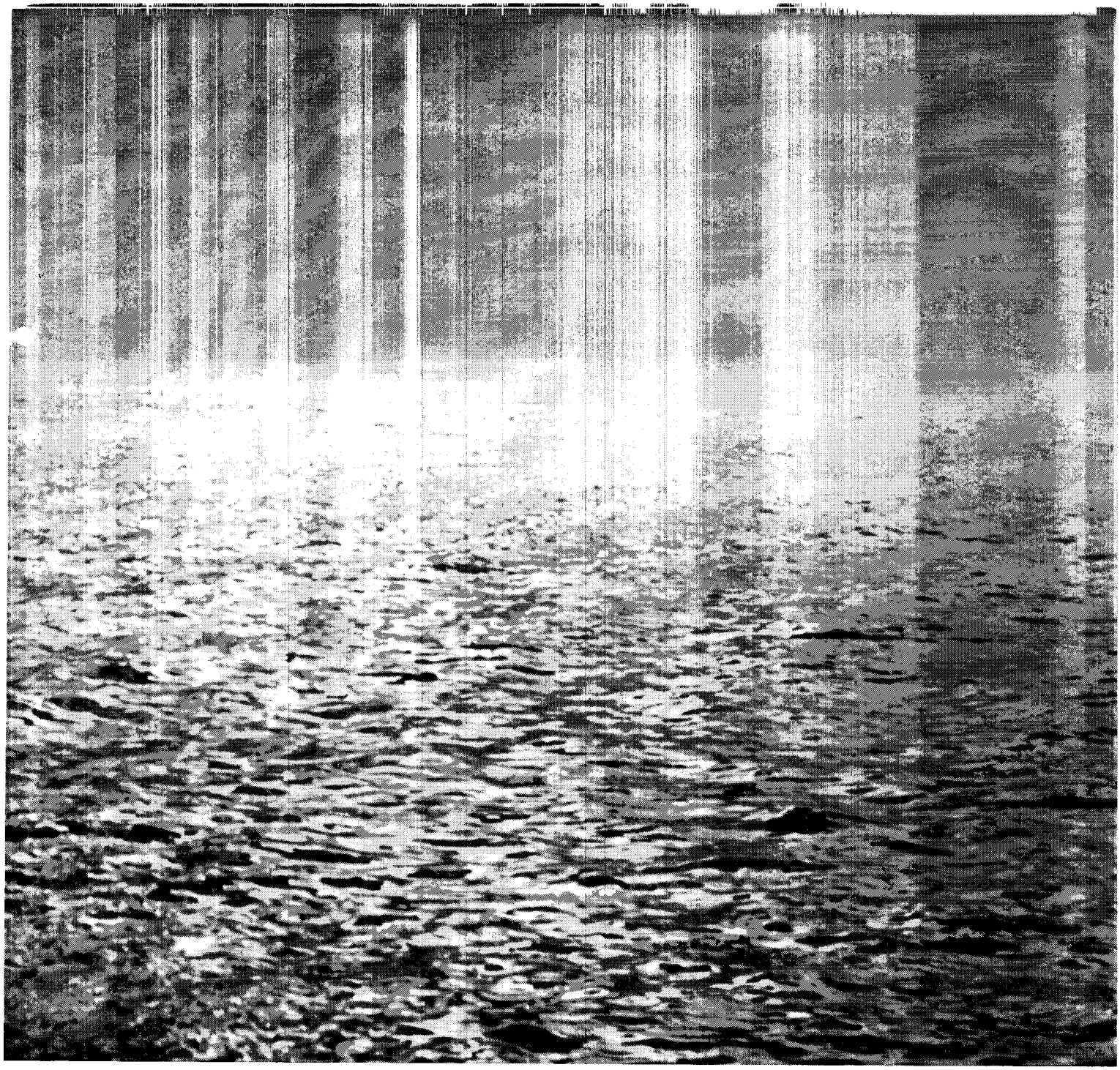

Through AMVER, the ships of 60 nations can quickly help each other throughout the North Atlantic.

position was phoned to AMVER headquarters. A punched card was fed into AMVER's IBM computer.

Computer "watches" 800 ships

As usual, this computer's memory carried a "picture" of over 800 ships then en route on the Atlantic—*their positions dead-reckoned to the hour.*

Instantly, it typed out a listing of all ships in that area with a doctor aboard.

The Duty Officer then radioed the freighter and a rendezvous was arranged with a French liner. At 4:52, at a computer-calculated point in the North Atlantic, the two ships met. The cabin boy was transferred to a surgeon's care and his life was saved.

The emergency bell at the Search and Rescue headquarters is seldom silent for long. *A tramp steamer reports a fire off the Azores. A storm-battered tanker is breaking up. A cruise passenger needs a rare type of blood. A fishing trawler is missing. A motor cruiser is sinking off Cape Cod. A man is overboard in mid-Atlantic.*

Hundreds of rescues a year

Time and again the rescue work is accomplished by merchant vessels themselves, coordinated by AMVER and a computer that calculates their position from known speed and course.

A computer doesn't *think,* but it solves problems with prodigious speed when it is directed by thinking men.

"Previously, we tried to advance plots by hand," says Commander M. F. Mitchell, AMVER director. *"But even with ample help we could not cope with more than 200 ships at a time. Today we can keep minute-by-minute track of 1000 ships simultaneously. This has helped AMVER achieve a new spirit of cooperation among ships of all flags."*

Many hundreds are living today, thanks to the Coast Guard's magnificent teamwork and the sea's tradition that no call for help shall go unanswered.

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If you tried to find one hallmark of every educated, English-speaking person, what would you choose? These days, that's a tough question to answer, as there is no single reference point shared by all literate people.

Not so long ago, however, the answer would have been ridiculously easy. Every lettered adult carried with him, as a matter of course, a working knowledge of the Bible. Every writer and artist constantly alluded to Biblical events and characters, and the public knew exactly what was meant.

By and large, readers today haven't this easy familiarity with the Bible, and I think they're poorer for the lack. A man who agrees with me, and who's done something about it, is Professor G. B. Harrison, one of the world's foremost scholars, who has just compiled and edited a new book called "The Bible for Students of Literature and Art."

Taking the King James version as his text, Professor Harrison has carefully selected those portions of most use and interest to students of world literature and art, leaving out certain passages (the paralyzing "begats" at the beginning of the book of *Numbers*, for instance), and providing, where necessary, condensations of omitted sections.

At this time of year, relatives of the graduating class are searching for a meaningful gift for the young man or woman who has just finished his formal education. I think a copy of "The Bible for Students of Literature and Art" is an especially appropriate present for every college graduate—and a very useful volume for the freshman to carry with him to college next fall.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Bible for Students of Literature and Art ($6.95; Anchor edition $1.95), edited by G. B. Harrison, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Copies are available from your local bookseller, or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1144 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York.

Saturday Review

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By JAMES R. SCOBIE. The first of a new series of *Latin American Histories*, this volume views Argentine history in its social and economic perspective, vividly contrasting remote rural areas with the urban complex of Buenos Aires. Maps. $6.50

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1720-1793

Cup
by Wm. Moulton III

The oldest continuous tradition of silvermaking in America, that of the Moulton family of Old Newbury, Massachusetts, began over two hundred years ago—and was continued in a direct line by their successors—Towle and Jones.

1744-1816

Tablespoon
by Joseph Moulton III

A veteran of the Revolutionary Army, and the third great Moulton silversmith, Joseph III was in turn to teach his sons the craft of great design. Because there were no banks in Colonial America, surplus coins were made into silver objects.

1768-1824

Teapot
by Ebenezer Moulton

An example of the enduring beauty of fine silver, this painstakingly made teapot by one of the *four* sons of Joseph III who became great silversmiths. Towle silversmiths are still in Newburyport where Joseph III trained his sons.

1784-1840

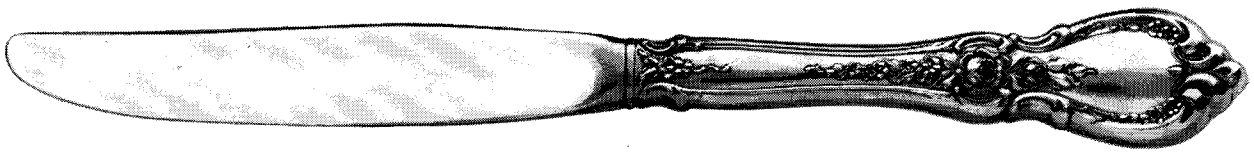
Cream Pitcher
by Abel Moulton

The Moultons created not only beautiful presentation silver pieces but also classic everyday objects cherished by our ancestors. This tradition of great beauty was carried on by a brilliant young Moulton apprentice, Anthony F. Towle.

1865

Butter Knife
by Towle & Jones

The talented Towles carried the spirit of the Moulton silversmiths into a new century. The same quality, the same grace and craftsmanship, continue to distinguish the oldest and the proudest tradition in American silver, that of Towle.



Charlemagne

Towle Sterling Silver Knife-1964

THE TOWLE silver tradition was born over two hundred and seventy-four years ago in Newburyport, Massachusetts. It flourished because it produced beautiful and *useful* objects. This was true in 1690. It is true today.

When you choose your Towle Sterling, remember that this is a possession that will gain added beauty through time and daily use. Use it for great dinners—but use it for family suppers, too. Put it in your dishwasher, for Towle is as practical as it is beautiful and, regularly used, requires little polishing.

Take time to study the varied loveliness of Towle. Above all, touch and feel it. Test its finely balanced weight, see the perfection of intricate design, the graceful shapes that only the oldest silvermaking tradition in America could give. Choose Towle leisurely, with love and with care, for the pattern you select will be, like its predecessors for two hundred and seventy-four years, a thing of constant beauty.

TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

Please turn page to see nine additional Towle patterns (cont'd)

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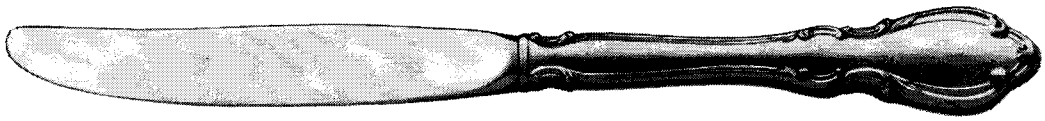
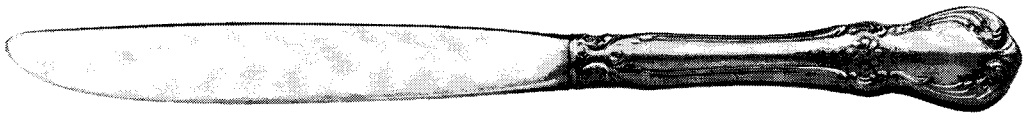
Towle Sterling Silver Knives -1964 (cont'd)

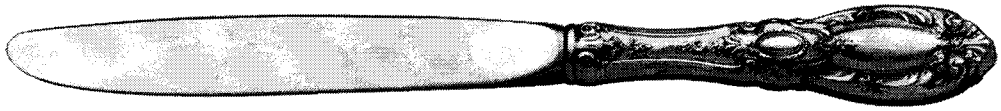


LEGATO. One flowing curve borders a pattern of such serene grace that it blends with equal beauty with cotton or fine damask.

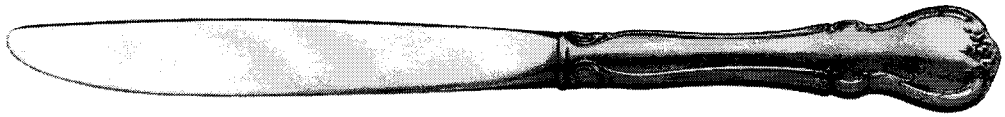
CANDLELIGHT. Only the centuries of tradition that are Towle could create this—a beam of silver cast upon 18th century brocade.



OLD MASTER. A romantic revival, the forms of the Early Victorian era are captured in a pattern of delicate restraint and gentle dignity.

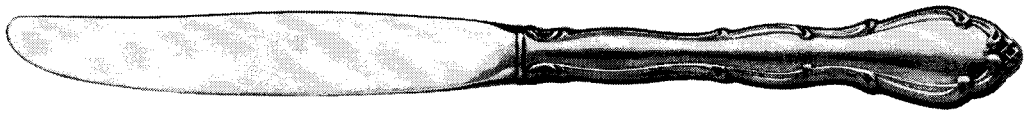


KING RICHARD. Timeless elegance, framed in curling leaves and ornamented with a noble shield, a pattern of distinguished richness.

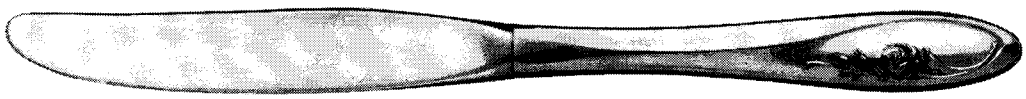


FRENCH PROVINCIAL. From the past — its graceful fiddle shape. For the present — its delicate simplicity, for day after day of gracious living.

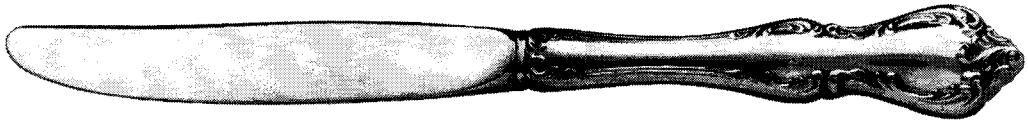
CRAFTSMAN. A triumph in pure line destined to become tomorrow's heirloom. Silver, tapered, faceted and perfected in a great tradition.



FONTANA. The curving arcs of Italian Provincial will blend with any décor. Its slender outline will remain lovely to the eye always.



SCULPTURED ROSE. A single rose sculptured on a pattern with such flowing lines that it is at home in a modern or traditional setting.



DEBUSSY. Decidedly French. Decidedly romantic. Plumes and waves outline a gracefully curved shape in luxuriously heavy sterling.

TOWLE SILVERSMITHS

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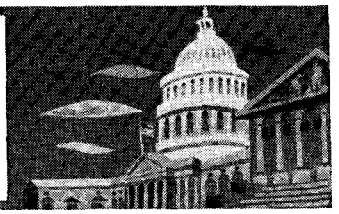
State of Affairs



Questions from Abroad

Moscow.

I HOPE that the Presidential commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy is fully aware of the widespread feeling throughout the world that this was not the simple act of a madman but some sort of sinister plot. Wherever I have traveled in Europe, whether in London, Moscow, or Budapest, the first question usually put to me has been: "Who murdered Kennedy?" Clearly, people very much doubt the facts and findings published to date. There are those who refuse to believe, as one of the Soviet Union's leading writers put it, that an American President "can be shot like a pig in the presence of his wife," and that there was therefore no political motive behind this monstrous act. There are those whose suspicions were aroused by some of the more imaginative stories that have appeared in the American and European press, and there are the veteran readers of detective novels who are applying their own expertise to the confusing facts and missing links.

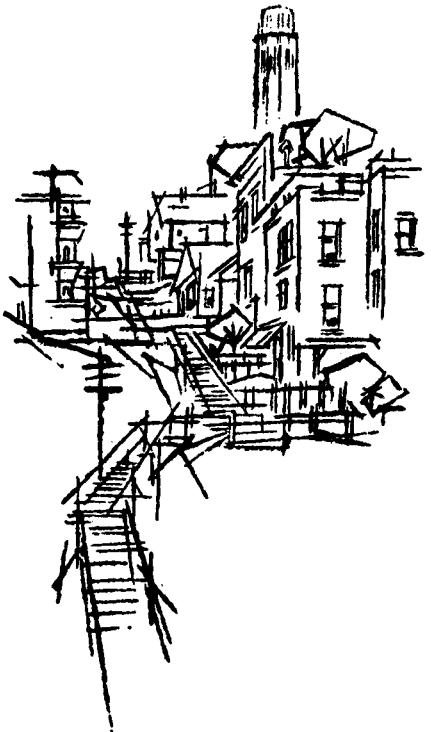
In London a Cabinet minister asked me whether anyone in the Dallas police had so far been prosecuted—at least for negligence; and a well-known stage director wondered why the Federal Bureau of Investigation gave so much publicity to the chase after Frank Sinatra's kidnaped son, and so little to what it did to investigate the President's murder. It is perhaps not surprising that the wildest rumors of a conspiratorial nature are current in the Soviet Union. Here, it is most frequently the CIA or the FBI who are under suspicion: the former, because Oswald's mother, one is reminded, has said that her son was in the employ of the CIA; the latter, because Ruby's motives were never sharply questioned in public—an omission, it is often suggested, deliberately arranged at the request of the FBI. But that is not the limit to the way imagination has run wild here.

Interest here in the case is still so vivid that the other day in Leningrad a Russian scientist during a discussion drew me a plan of the scene of the murder that was as accurate as I would have sketched it (and I was there at the time of the shooting).

President Kennedy's assassination is almost as passionate a subject of discussion as the Sino-Soviet conflict, which can now be debated in public since publication of the Suslov speech laying bare the depth of the split between Moscow and Peking. Russians in and outside the government, I think, had come to feel that the late President was a reasonable man when he did not push the Cuban crisis over the brink. They were convinced then that he did not want war or total victory. Never before, perhaps, had a Soviet Government based certain premises of its policy on a single personality. It was for this reason that President Kennedy's removal from the scene was such a shock to Khrushchev. The Soviet Government always takes quite some time before it is able to weigh an American President. In Kennedy's own case they had, I think, reached this point; thus disappointment ran deep when he was killed.

President Johnson is very much of an unknown here, but it is generally hoped that he will continue the foreign policy for a gradual *détente* laid down by his predecessor. For the time being, however, there is still a profound nostalgia for the dead President.

But to come back to the Oswald matter. The only fresh evidence about his character I found here merely confirms the verdict of the psychiatrists. One of the Intourist guides told me that when Oswald came to Moscow, several of them tried to teach him Russian. They had liked him and were sorry for him. And when winter came and he had no money to buy himself even a fur cap, they got up a collection among themselves and presented him with one. But when they saw him again in Moscow several months later, he completely ignored them—didn't even speak to them. Naturally they felt hurt and thought him ungrateful. But this kind of behavior, of course, was true to type, for he had, for some reason or other, hated everyone who felt sorry for him and had helped him.



Oswald's case, I found, is often easier to explain to Europeans than Ruby's. The latter's behavior and background, in the minds of most people, is the most convincing proof of all that this was a carefully calculated plot. In Western Europe he is usually seen as a tool of the Mafia that, so the argument runs, had to square an account with the Kennedys for exposing their operations; and in the Soviet Union he is regarded as the chosen instrument of certain John Birch Society adherents. In Leningrad, for instance, photostatic copies of the threatening full-page advertisement in the Dallas *News* that appeared on the day Kennedy arrived in Dallas are in circulation. But it would be wrong to assume simply that Soviet propaganda used this case to prove to people here that there is a strong fascist movement in the United States, or that the U.S. is not really a civilized country. There are still too many "missing links," too many coincidences that need explanation, too many contradictory facts that are bound to arouse anybody's suspicion. There is a feeling that the responsible authorities are in possession of information that has not yet been given to the public, that they have not shown the kind of zeal that might have been expected in pursuing every possible lead.

Americans have generally accepted the verdict that both Oswald and Ruby were individuals who acted entirely on their own crazy instincts and that they were not part of any kind of conspiracy. But it is important for members of the Presidential commission to realize that this is not the feeling outside the United States; that grave doubts do linger on and that it is immensely important for all possible facts to be marshaled in the final report so that the mystery still surrounding the case can be removed once and for all.

The commission's report will be read throughout the world with each of us trying to be his own Sherlock Holmes and—more than that—with an eye to whether the authorities have turned over every stone to get at the truth.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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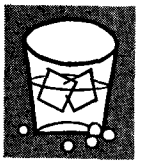
What's the difference between a pearl diver and a smart diner?

The pearl diver comes up with a pearl—sometimes. Smart diners can always end up with a pearl—a Cointreau On-The-Rocks Pearl. It's the new way to enjoy Cointreau Liqueur—the crowning touch to a perfect dinner.

The Cointreau Pearl:

Pour 2 ounces of Cointreau Liqueur



over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. *Et voila!* Watch Cointreau Liqueur's subtle change from crystal clearness to an elegant, delightfully appetizing pearly opalescence when you serve it the modern way . . . on the rocks. You may choose to add a squeeze of fresh lime for extra zest. The Cointreau Pearl is only one of the many popular, palate-pleasing drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating food and drink recipes to help you entertain the modern way, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 149.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Ben Hecht

Edited by Martin Levin

Absent Friends

THERE'S a thing that keeps surprising you about stormy old friends after they die—their silence. For a while an echo stays in your ear. You hear a laugh, a knowing phrase or two, a certain quality of enunciation. Then, nothing. Another death takes place—voices.

This is the technique of mortality—everything must vanish to make way for new things. The theory is that the dead souls float off into some heaven. I have not given much thought to this matter. It is difficult enough identifying the straggling realities of life, without trying to give shape and meaning to death. I concluded, when young, that my opinions of the hereafter were of no consequence, would have no influence on it, and were unnecessary to my well-being as an earthling. I remained, however, curious.

My friends (except Mencken) were full of some sort of conviction of life after death. Nearly all of them, particularly Gene Fowler, promised to get in touch with me if I was still around after their obsequies.

Not Mencken. Sitting in a saloon one evening, Mencken said, "The biggest hoax perpetrated by the human mind is its 'life after death' Valentines."

I asked him if he was sure. He said he was.

But the others—not a table rap from one of them, not a ghostly cackle in the night; nothing.

"One of the reasons I've joined the Catholic Church," Fowler informed me one evening in Hollywood, "is that I feel convinced that if anybody carries a reporter's pass in the Great Beyond, he's likely to be a Catholic. My intentions, once I pass the Pearly Gates, are to present my Papal credentials, interview the proper Personages or Forces, and get the story back to our blindfolded planet. You know I've always been a good reporter."

He was—the best newspaperman ever to caper through our old profession.

"You may expect a full report from me," Fowler said, "the first tidings from the valley of death. I'll get them back. I always got a story back."

As far as I know, Fowler muffed this one. I've heard not a peep out of him. Or out of Charlie MacArthur, another agile newsman.

"Keep your ears open," MacArthur instructed me on one of his last days, "I may have some surprising things to tell you."

When I was writing a book about MacArthur (*Charlie*) I lay awake nights certain that my old collaborator would pop into the room with some tidy criticism. On several occasions, I fancied I saw him. He appeared for a few moments and stuck his head out of the opened window and looked at the Hudson River, as he used to do when we were writing plays or movies together and had hit a snag.

But I knew it was no visitor from the other side. He was a ghost out of my own head, which has become as full of them as a Halloween party.

One wintry afternoon in my house, Maxwell Bodenheim, almost at the end of his rope, said, "I believe there is a God. And I believe that He is somewhat interested in improving His inventions after they have died and returned to His workshop. Yes, I believe in future improvements, especially for poets—who have found life exquisitely deficient."

No voices have sounded. My dead friends have stayed uncharacteristically silent. Only their books, music, and painting speak for them.

—BEN HECHT.

(Shortly before his death in New York on Saturday, April 18, Ben Hecht sent me the manuscript of "Letters from Bohemia," from which I was to cull essays and anecdotes for the Phoenix Nest. The above comes from the introduction to the book, which will be published by Doubleday this summer.—M.L.)

One More Shirley Temple

THE other day it was my privilege to take a young divorcée and her six-year-old daughter to lunch. I don't know much about little girls, but I know what I like. And I like well-behaved little girls with two front teeth missing who sit primly and sweetly erect in their chairs wearing a white party dress dotted with tiny pink roses, clutching a red plastic handbag with white-gloved hands.

So I ordered two Martinis and a Shirley Temple.

The waiter half smiled. That is, he raised the left side of his mouth, but not the right side—and he shook his head perceptibly. I could tell that something

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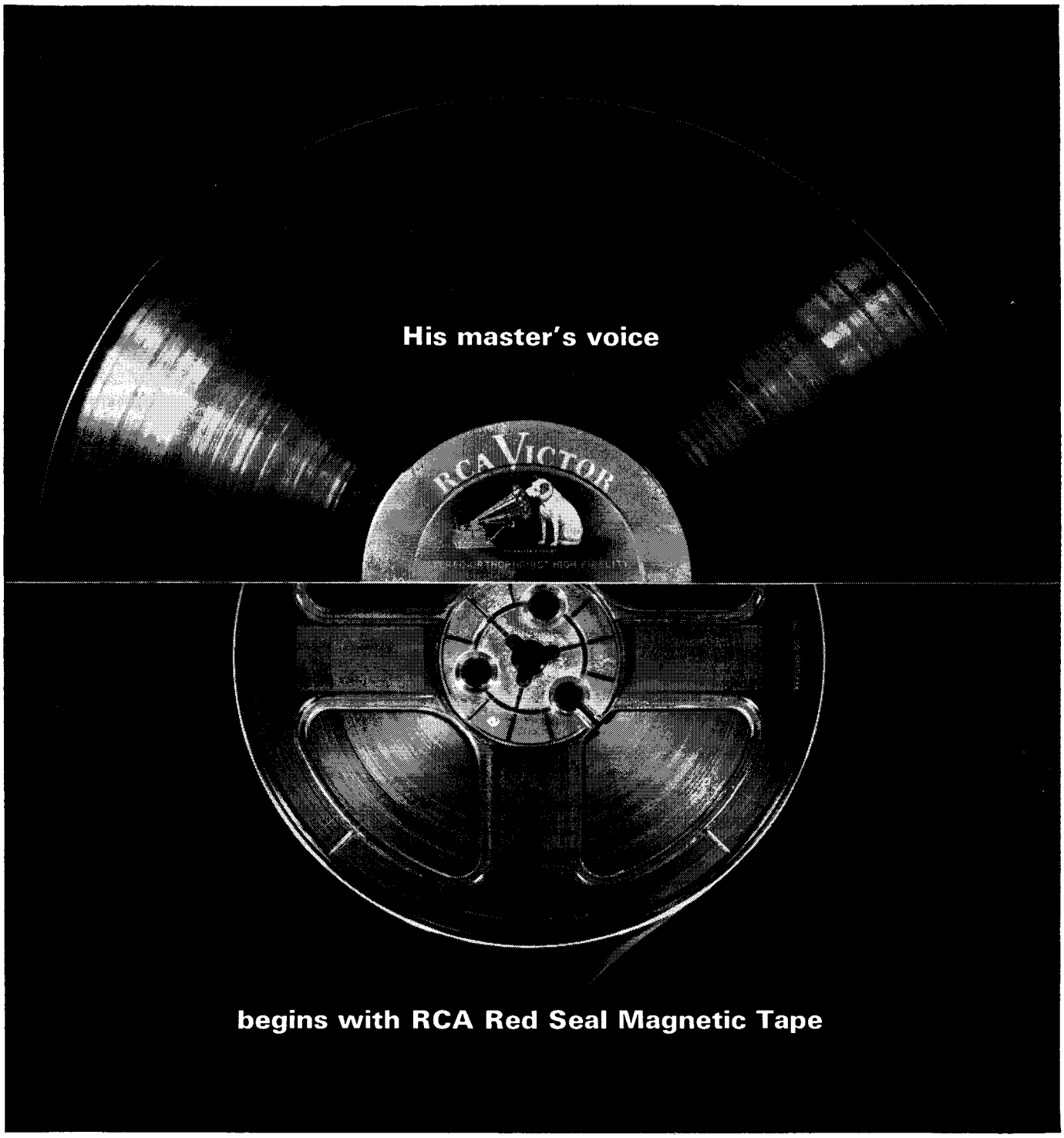

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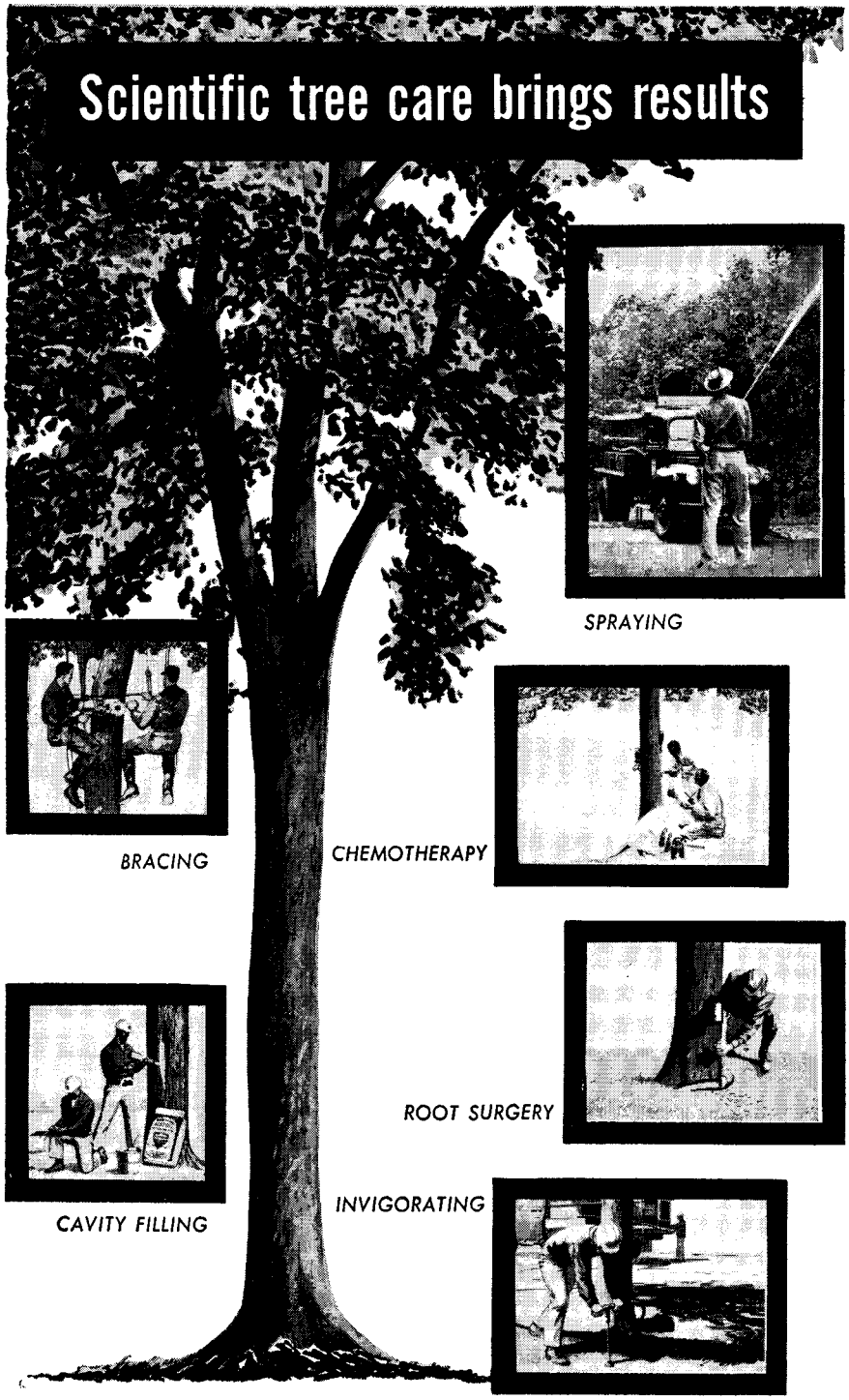

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was wrong, but what it was I don't know.

"A Shirley Temple," I repeated. "That's sweet lemonade with a dash of grenadine—and maybe four or five cherries added for decoration."

"Yes, sir," he replied, nodding. "I understand. It's just that we don't call them that any more."

"What do you call them?"

"Holden Caulfields."

"Holden Caulfields?"

"Yes, sir. That's from the book by—"

"Never mind. I know the book. But whatever you call them, they're made the same way, aren't they?"

"Not exactly, sir. A Holden Caulfield, for example, is not the same as a Hayley Mills. In a Holden Caulfield we use strawberry soda, lime ice cubes, and decorate with a sprig of mint."

"And a Hayley Mills?"

"Well, it's a larger drink, for one thing. We use a pewter porter cup with a glass bottom. Some children, we've learned, like to hold the cup up and peer at the drink through the glass bottom. And it's very pretty, too. Milk is the primary ingredient, of course, with a spoonful of vanilla. Then the bartender adds three jiggers of orange juice for color, cracked ice, and puts it in the blender. Decorated with fresh pineapple sticks, it makes a lovely drink indeed—and with enough consistency to eat with a spoon."

I sat still for a moment and then turned to the little girl. "You heard the waiter, dear. What'll it be: a Holden Caulfield or a Hayley Mills?"

She frowned, clutching her purse tightly with both hands. And then she smiled as radiantly as a little girl with two teeth missing in front can smile.

"I think I'll have a Shirley Temple, please."

I loved that little girl.

—CHARLES WILLEFORD.

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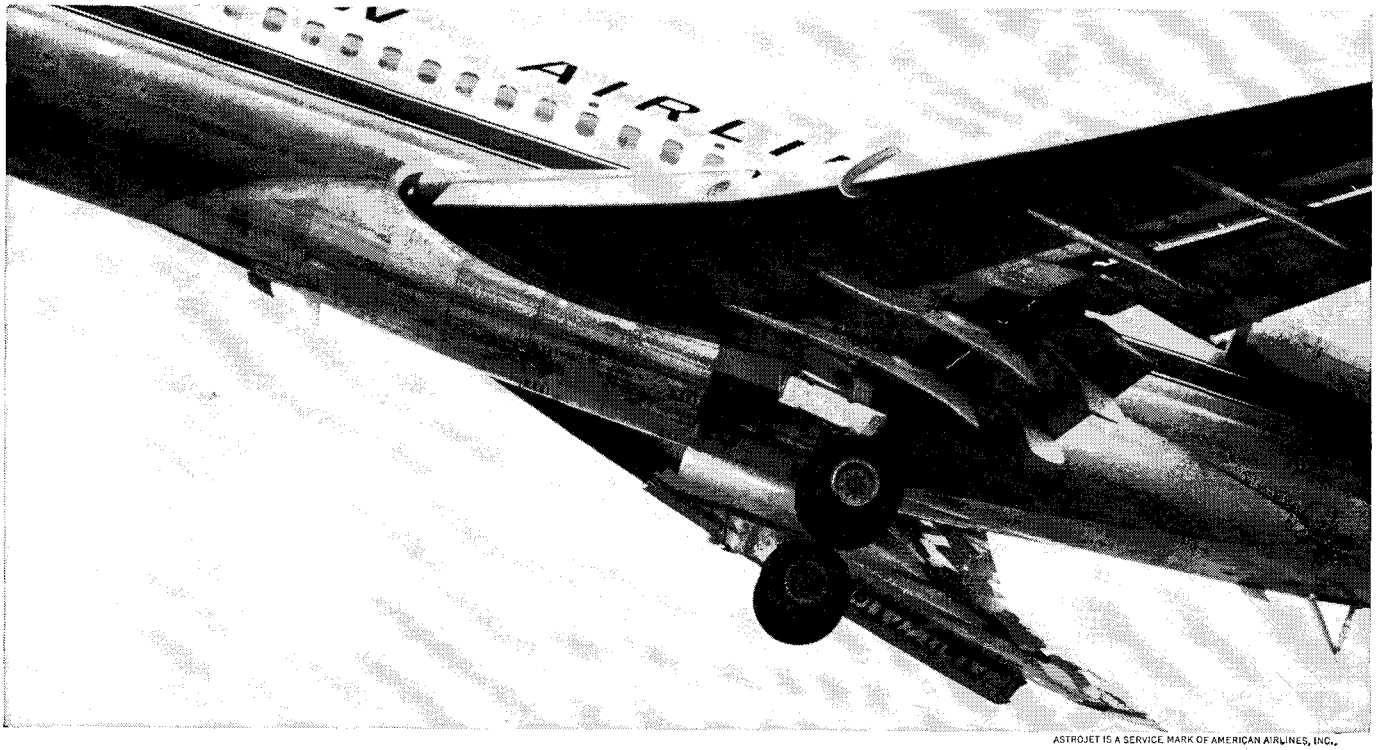
If you have a choice, take a fan-jet.



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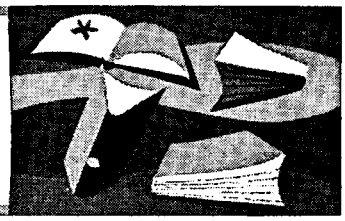
Trade Winds



I'll tell this one in an attempt to stop it from coming to me in the mail. A chap met a girl named Gloria while waiting for the bus one inclement morn-

ing at the beginning of the week. The bus arrived late and then it broke down. The fellow observed to his female companion:

"Sick transit, Gloria, Monday."

Right near the opening pages of *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway is moping around on the balcony, wondering if he's any good, looking out over the roofs of Paris and telling himself, "Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know." Then, he realizes, it would be easy. "I would write one true sentence . . . because there was always one true sentence."

Amazingly enough, that true sentence comes later in *A Moveable Feast*. And what a true, true sentence it is. Here's the story:

Ernest is in Switzerland. His wife, Hadley, is in Paris. "As a surprise," she packs all his manuscripts and starts off for Lausanne, taking the things to him so he can work on them. At the Gare de Lyon, her suitcase is stolen. Hadley continues to Lausanne, arriving in tears. Ernest says not to cry. It isn't as bad as all that; there are carbon copies of everything. She cries louder. Yup, she had carefully packed the carbons, too. Every short piece he has written plus a novel. All gone. Except for the two stories that are in the mail.

Is Ernest angry? We don't find out. We do learn that he is incredulous. He grabs the next train to Paris and searches the flat himself. "I was sure she could not have brought the carbons too," he tells us. Then he describes the sad discovery for us in that one great sentence he had been groping for:

"It was true all right."

On to other literary business. I talked with Warren Leslie only a couple of days after his *Dallas Public and Private* (Grossman) appeared in that city. He had already received hundreds of phone calls and letters, and 90 per cent of them said, "Thank you." I don't know what the figures will be now that they realize there that the book is being gobbled up all over the nation and the dirty linen is hanging out for all to see.

From reading it, I'd say that the citizens of the city don't take kindly to criticism, or even to any mention that isn't favorable. Strangely, the Houston papers claimed that Leslie had given the Dallas Citizens Council a "whitewash," and yet the Dallas cry was that Leslie is "a journalistic buzzard." Well, you just can't please everyone. Furthermore, Leslie tells me he doesn't even know what a journalistic buzzard could be. To tell the truth, he thinks of the book as constructive. He hopes it will be construed as a commentary on the whole country as well as the city in question.

Leslie, who was a newspaperman before he went to work for Neiman-Marcus, is at liberty. He quit his job at the store when he started the book. "I'm not going to move out of town—not right now," he says. "But sooner or later we're going to have to eat." He has a wife, Bonnie, and two young sons. They're Texans, but Leslie was born on 91st street in New York City and went to Dallas seventeen years ago. Just a foreigner after all!

A man looked at the label on Royal Custard Style Dessert. It said the in-

gredients were: sugar, artificial color, artificial flavoring and a thickening agent. It also stated on the package, "Good for children." He thought this called for some explanation, so he wrote to the company asking how these ingredients could be good for children. Their reply (reported in *Consumers Reports*) was that:

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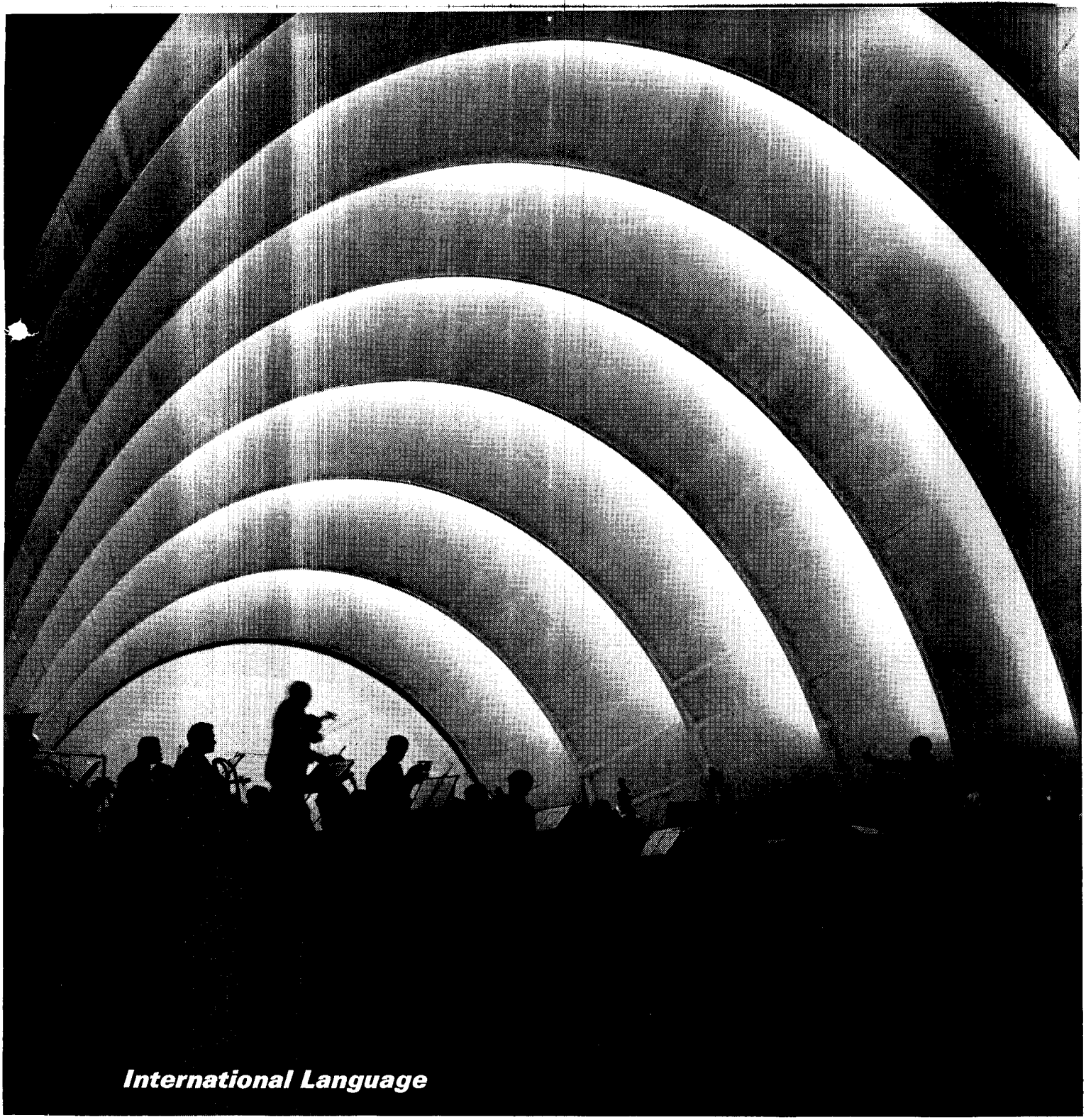

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1. The Royal Custard Style Dessert contains 250 calories.
2. It is made by adding 2¼ cups of milk, and milk is good for children.
3. The product contains no eggs. Hence, it is good for children who are allergic to eggs.

Sharps and Flats: All right, so Shirley Ann Grau is pretty and she can write, too. What about her husband? He happens to have written a couple of dozen more books than she has. His name is James K. Feibleman. He teaches at Tulane, and he has authored twenty-five such worthwhile tomes as *Ontology, The Foundations of Empiricism,* and *Biosocial Factors in Mental Illness.* And he isn't ugly by any means.

► Boblink Road, Birdneck Point, Virginia Beach, Virginia, has been changed to Mockingbird Place, Birdneck Point, Virginia Beach, Virginia. Marion Borsodi asks what they are up to in that bird neck of the woods.

► Peter Aaron declares that if Prince Charles should have the misfortune to be run over by a steamroller, he would be judged a compressed heir.

► The California growers have perpetrated a singing commercial that goes, "Prune eaters are perky, happy as can be!"

► I'm writing a book on canine mythology. It's titled *The Golden Bow-wow.*

► Gordon Gammack reports on a job interview. A high school student was asked why he thought he possessed executive ability. He said, "I think I would make a very successful executive beacuse I never get lonesome and would not mind working in a private office."

► There is always one true TRADE WINDS. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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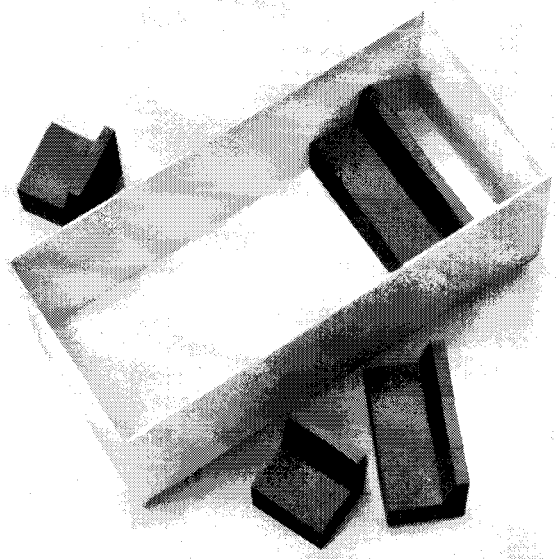
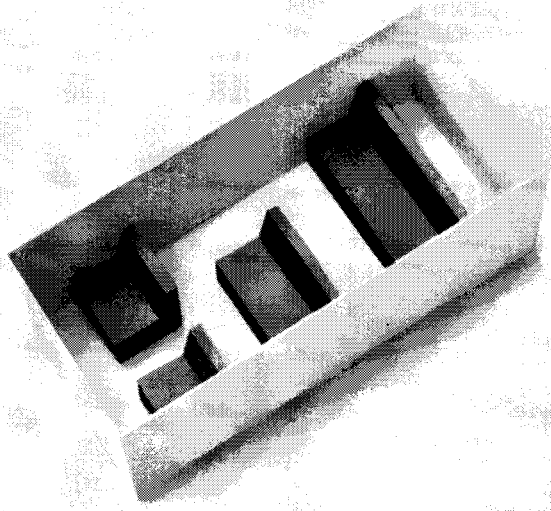
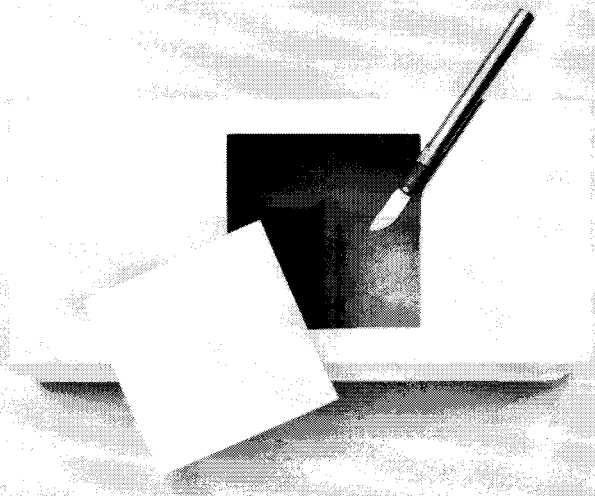


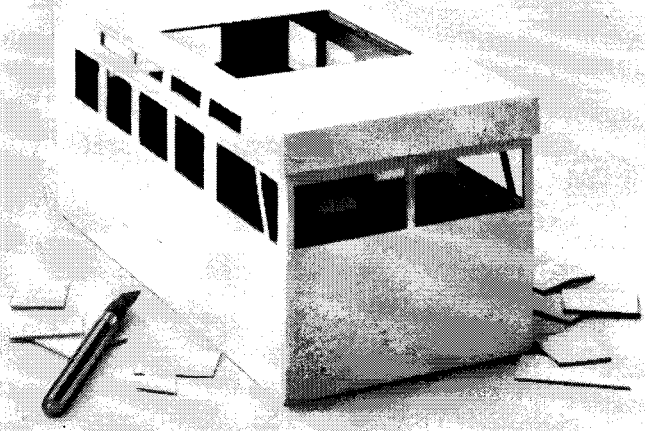
Now add a few seats. Say 8.



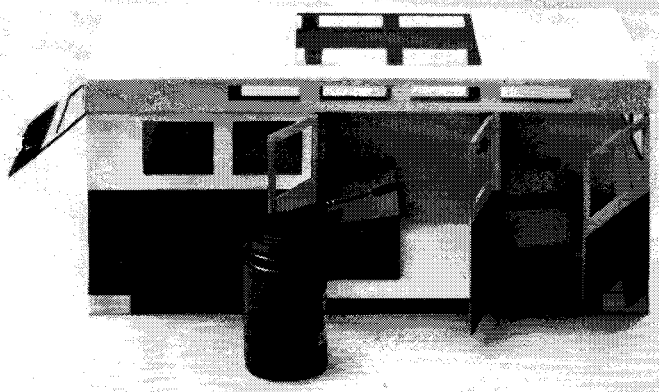
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



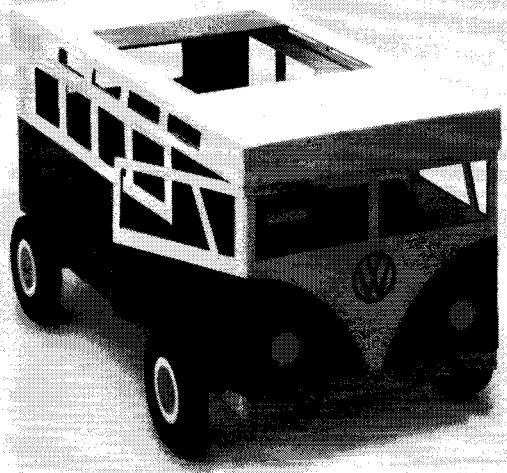
Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



Windows? At least 21. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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WHILE winning the Hungarian championship, Ivan Bilek produced quite a few dashing victories in the romantic attacking style of bygone eras. In a truly Hungarian Hussar display with his light cavalry, Bilek, White, routs the candidate-master J. Olah in a French Defense.

Black's first error, though hardly discernible, is 7 . . . P-KN3. This leaves him with a perforated kingside. Better is 7 . . . K-B1, maintaining his Pawn structure intact.

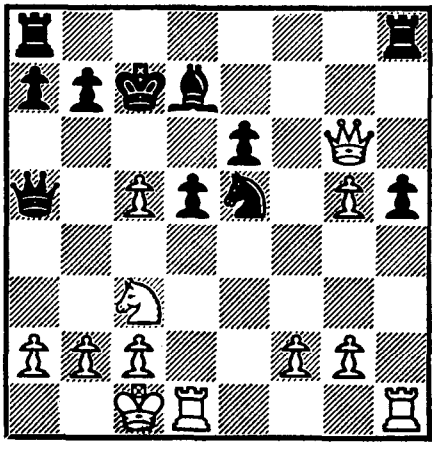
White's 13 BxP is speculative but effective against a less experienced player. If 13 . . . R-KN1 14 BxPch, KxB 15 Q-B3, when White picks off three Pawns for his piece and retains attacking chances. Black's left wing and center, under constant pressure, is subject to a timely further penetrating sacrifice, NxQP.

Black's defense is difficult, particularly because his King is in imminent danger. But 17 . . . NxP grants the opening for a pretty clincher, 18 NxPch. The Knight may not be taken. For if 18 . . . PxN 19 Q-Q6ch, K-B1 20 QxN, with potent threats everywhere. Black's extra piece is canceled out by the absence of shelter for his King and the heterogenous placement of his forces.

The actual sequence is telling and clear.

FRENCH DEFENSE

	Bilek White	Olah Black		Bilek White	Olah Black
1	P-K4	P-K3	9	Q-N3	B-Q2
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	10	B-Q3	P-QB4
3	N-QB3	N-KB3	11	PxP	N-B3
4	B-N5	B-K2	12	O-O-O	Q-R4
5	BxN	BxB	13	BxP	PxB
6	P-K5	B-K2	14	QxPch	K-Q1
7	Q-N4	P-KN3	15	N-B3	K-B2
8	P-KR4	P-KR4	16	N-KN5	BxNch
			17	PxB	NxP



18	NxPch	K-B3	20	N-B4ch	K-B2
19	Q-K4	QxBP	21	RxBch	KxR
		QxPch		Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

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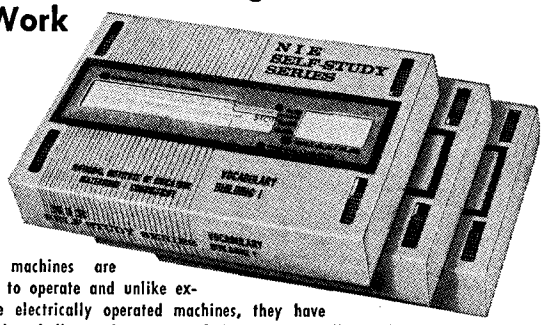

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Saturday Review

May 9, 1964

CONFESSIONS OF A SQUARE

A survey of the current scene suggests to a distinguished man of letters that sex isn't what it used to be

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A GENERATION ago John Jay Chapman remarked that the man from Mars would get a truer idea of human life from Italian opera than from the essays of Emerson. For one thing, he would learn that there are two sexes, and that, said Chapman, is a good place to begin.

Emerson and Italian opera are both a little behind the times, but if the man from Mars is anything like us, our sex life is one of the first things he will inquire about. If we want him to be as confused as we are, I suggest that we expose him to a few of the things we are exposed to: first a few "adult movies," a few issues of our most popular "magazines for men," and a few popular Broadway comedies. Then, by way of contrast, let's give him some specimens of the work of our most esteemed "serious writers" — Tennessee Williams, for example.

Long before he had finished with the adult movies and the magazines for men, he would be convinced that what O'Neill called "that old debble sex" has turned out to be only an amusingly mischievous imp. On the other hand, he would not get far into Tennessee Williams without being driven to the conclusion that, to put it mildly, our sex life could still do with a good deal of "adjusting."

Shortly before the Profumo case broke, the *Manchester Guardian* reviewed a book called *Sex in Society* by one Alexander Comfort, M.A., M.B., Sc.D., in which the author characterizes sexual intercourse as simply "the healthiest and most important human sport." No magazine for men could make it much simpler than that, and, to those of us who are numbered among the rapidly disappearing survivors from the Twenties, Dr. Comfort seems to go just a little bit further than we then went—but not very much further and certainly in the same direction.

Puritanism was our great enemy. Its fear of sex was one of its most malignant manifestations. Love-making, we said, had been at various times regarded as 1) a sin; 2) a mystical experience; 3) a somewhat humiliating biological necessity; 4) the delightful game that the eighteenth century called "gallantry." We proposed to get rid of sin entirely and to make a new synthesis of the other attitudes. Love-making was to be a delightful form of play, heightened by the haunting presence of certain mystical overtones.

Today, two generations after the heyday of the anti-Puritan revolt, I can still say that I suppose this ideal is better than one that raises the sense of sin too high. But what puzzles me is the conflicting evidence concerning the actual character of contemporary American "sex life." This last is a rather depressing phrase, but its habitual use is suggestive in itself.

The great popularity of "adult movies" and "magazines for men" seem to support the contention that sex, being no longer associated with sin, has become a mere "fun thing." But nearly every novel, play, or poem written by any one of the writers most admired by "serious critics" and most read by those seriously interested in literature points in a contrary direction.

None of them, to be sure, ignores sex or treats it as unimportant. Some, beginning with D. H. Lawrence and coming on down to critic Leslie Fielder and social commentator Paul Goodman, seem to find the cancer eating at the vitals of modern American man to be a fear or hatred of the sexual experience. But whether they celebrate our escape from Victorianism or protest that we haven't really escaped at all, their characters, far from finding their amours a "fun thing," seem to be more bedeviled by that old debble than the Puritan fathers ever were. Some of the characters created by Tennessee Williams, for example, have no conscious scruples regarding even the most perverse and sadistic manifestations, but St. Anthony himself never found his fantasies more agonizing than these characters find their imaginings. And, to take another example, let's ask just how much fun the four dramatis personae of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolff* seem to be having?

One may patiently search the pages of Williams (to say nothing of Beckett, Ionesco, Gênet, Albee, and the rest) without finding a single example of happily "pagan" love-making. Yet these writers are typical of those whom a large section of the public seems to find most clearly "speaking to their condition." Even at their least desperate, they follow the guidance of D. H. Lawrence (that Puritan in reverse), for whom sex was not so much either a game or even an ecstasy as a sort of duty that, according to him, his contemporaries were neglecting to fulfil in any fashion acceptable to the Dark Gods. At their worst, our most typical artists are wallowing in a very hell of frustration and violence.

Do I exaggerate, or do I perhaps miss the intentions of the serious writers

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I have been referring to? If so, my failure to comprehend is shared by both those who admire and those who attack them. In a single issue of *Commentary* I find 1) a letter defending the "fun thing" attitude; 2) an admiring review of William Burroughs's much-discussed novel *Naked Lunch*; 3) a less admiring and somewhat ironic article called "The Innocence of Tennessee Williams"; and 4) a dismally effective story called "So I Am Not a Lady Chatterley, So It's Better I Should Know It Now," in which the heroine is desperately frustrated in her efforts to find a male capable of joining her in a joyous celebration of a "sex experience," which, one gathers, she was curious about because she had read so much about it in *Reader's Digest*.

What does the reviewer of *Naked Lunch* have to say about it? For one thing, he says that the novel resembles those by the greatest writers of our day —namely Camus, Gênet, Beckett, and Robbe-Grillet—in that all of them are completely "alienated," have given up "the quest for a moral position," and therefore find themselves in a valueless and absurd universe. But, he adds cheerfully, Burroughs is "more fun to read." He then proceeds: "Camus, the most traditional, the gentlest, and the wisest of the four writers I've named, has his Stranger find, or fabricate, good in the idea that his own beheading will amuse others. Gênet, the wildest and loveliest, still recognizes the need for a moral position, but unable to find one, he inverts the traditional one: dishonesty is better than honesty, cowardice is better than bravery, betrayal is better than loyalty, homosexuality is better than heterosexuality, and so on."

Now, whatever else these writers may be, they are not "pagans" (in the very special sense usually assigned the word during the Twenties and implied in "adult movies" and "magazines for men." Their God of Love usually manifests herself as a Fury much like Racine's *"Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée."*

What puzzles me is the impossibility of reconciling the two classes of evidence. The "serious novelists" are as far as it is possible to get from what we of the Twenties preached as a healthy and sane "paganism." Is it these serious novelists, is it the "adult movies" and "magazines for men," or is it neither that present a true picture? Does a significant public absorb and appreciate both? How, if such a public does exist, does it reconcile them? Or do we have two separate cultures that have no comprehension of one another? How should I describe to my bewildered Martian what sex in the United States is really like? What is the relation, if any, between the audience of "magazines for men" and that of our "serious" writers?

Some moralists of the sterner sort would no doubt say that the connection between them is obvious enough. The first leads to the second. A Tennessee Williams character is merely what a "pagan" turns into after he has played too long. But that is a little too simple for me because, for one thing, I have known a few aged playboys who went right on playing with apparent, if diminishing, success and, on the other hand, a few young men who were riddled with guilt while they were still boys thinking of the sins they had not yet committed.

It is, of course, possible that we always tend to take literature too seriously as evidence of what people really believe, feel, and do; that literature is more fantasy than representation; that we can't really take it seriously and that we applaud its extravagances and exaggerations because they push to logical extremes the impulses and notions we would never actually accept; that, in other words, one may read the "magazines for men" without aspiring to imitate the more exuberant of its characters' adventures, just as we may read an existentialist novel without seriously considering the possibility of committing some atrocity just to prove that we are indeed "free to choose."

I suppose a suspicion that something like this may be true explains my own lack of full commitment to the prophets of any school of literature and has led me to take a hopelessly middlebrow stance when I have had occasion to review the plays of Tennessee Williams—to take him again as an example.

Great Mothers in History, or Behind Every Great Man Stands His Mother

Schubert

"Come right back here and finish that symphony!"

Alexander the Great

"My, my, don't we look brave! Today the mirror, tomorrow the world!"

Cartoons by Howard Schneider

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On such occasions I have said merely that no other contemporary American playwright has his irresistible storyteller's gift, that when he begins a tale "one cannot choose but hear," although the world into which he plunges us is not one I recognize as familiar, or which, I suspect, exists anywhere except in the minds of a few eccentrics.

Perhaps this is merely a complacent superficiality on my part. But whether it is or not, the fact remains that many of our most talented explicators and presumably many of their readers reject absolutely such a dismissal. To them, the writers whom they most admire are not merely storytellers, however talented and however extraordinary their themes and attitudes may be. They think it our duty to probe deep and to learn what it is they have to teach. I doubt that any nineteenth-century reader took Edgar Allan Poe seriously, considered his sadistic fancies as parables, or was led by his obsession with dead maidens to solemnly consider the question whether or not necrophelia was indeed the most exalted manifestation of the erotic impulse. Today, essayists of one sort or another do dive deeper and deeper into the moral implications of their preferred writers and are at least half convinced that abnormal sex appetities (homosexuality especially) are actually the most normal and that Ionesco and Gênet are profound philosophers.

However legitimate or even sternly necessary it may be to consider such writers as thinkers rather than merely as tellers of extravagant tales, the fact remains that analysis in depth results in such different and often contradictory conclusions concerning what they mean and what we can learn from them that there is no limit to the number of articles each critic who tries to dig a little deeper than anyone had ever dug before can fabricate for the pages of the more intellectual periodicals.

Consider first an essay entitled "The Desperate Morality of Tennessee Williams" (*American Scholar*, Spring, 1962). According to the author, Williams is, first of all, not a storyteller, but an unconventional moralist who takes off from D. H. Lawrence but differs from him in his prejudice in favor of homosexual rather than heterosexual love. The essay is a long and very searching analysis. But I think I do not oversimplify by saying that it finds Williams's fundamental thesis to be that for anyone to reject any sexual advance, no matter how distasteful it or the person who offers it may be, is to be guilty of a sin that will surely bring punishment.

On the other hand, Marion Magid, author of "The Innocence of Tennessee Williams," undertakes to dig even deeper in his comments. He comes up with a diagnosis that may not be entirely incompatible with the preceding one but certainly quite different. According to him, the real source of Williams's agony is his hatred and fear of all sex—a fact that explains not only the ugly appearance sex has in his plays but also his obsession with what most people regard as perverse manifestations. He hates and fears normal eroticism so intensely that homosexuality, sadism, and the rest seem relatively acceptable! For this reason, Williams is really not an atypical but a sort of crypto-typical American.

Mr. Magid continues: "Williams has, one must recall, the reputation for being our sexiest American playwright. What could, in fact, be more innocent!"

A STORY by O. Henry concerns a Western miner courting a widow by mail. He has come across a copy of the Rubáiyát, and he copies out for her benefit the quatrain, "A book of verses underneath a bough, a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou . . ." The result is unexpected. The very respectable widow breaks off the correspondence with this parting shot: "You can go on your scandalous picnics alone!"

Conveniently for my purpose, Robert Graves has explicated the same verses by pointing out that in Arabic "bread" is a symbol of wisdom and "wine" is a symbol of ecstasy. Omar was not inviting his beloved to a scandalous picnic but to a sacrament in which wisdom and ecstasy are joined to create a mystical experience. The two interpretations give us a splendid example of the contrast between a

Lawrence of Arabia

"Why don't you come out of the sandbox for a while and play ball like the other boys?"

Pasteur

"What do you mean 'the milk tastes funny'?"

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superficial interpretation and criticism in (possibly) too great depth.

I am not saying that Graves or, for that matter, Magid is wrong. Only that if superficiality is one danger, another is the danger of approaching the edge of overinterpretation and that overinterpretation can result in a paradox. Dig as deep as Magid has dug and you are in danger of reaching a conclusion that is the same as that of the most superficial reader—namely, that Williams is just a dirty writer who invites us to picnics very scandalous indeed.

Perhaps the soundest interpretation of his character and role is not that he is either an example of our deep corruption or a super-Puritan moralist to be taken seriously, but that he is merely, as was previously suggested, the teller of *outré* tales so well told that we are tempted to take them seriously in an inappropriate way.

Two of the greatest goods that literature can confer are these: showing us the world and showing us ourselves. Unfortunately, it can also persuade us to believe that the world is different from what our own experience tells us that it is and that we ourselves are what we are told by fashionable writers we are. The more talented a writer, the more likely he is to persuade us that his own possibly eccentric convictions ought to be (and finally are) our own.

At the risk of being dismissed as pathetically unperceptive, I feel bound to say that the world of Sartre and even Camus—to say nothing of that of Williams, Beckett, and Gênet—is simply not the world I know and that their most pressing problems are not mine. I am not convinced that homosexuality is more beautiful than love between the sexes, that the universe is meaningless, or that the choice between cruelty and kindness is a merely arbitrary one.

Do most of those who try to learn from these writers really believe any of these things either? I doubt that they do; and I suspect that those who have come really to accept such premises have been persuaded by writers who have created rather than revealed the fictional world in which they operate. Perhaps this means only that I am a hopeless square incapable of understanding the world I live in. Perhaps, on the other hand, it means merely that I am right in so unsensational a way that I can hardly hope to persuade the many who would rather *épaté les bourgeois* (and themselves) than be tamely sensible.

Many of our unhappy geniuses defend homosexuality. From that we are sometimes prone to assume that homosexuality is what has made them geniuses. Perhaps it is only what has made them unhappy.

WHAT THE SOVIETS READ ABOUT AMERICA

By EDWARD WASIOLEK, *who teaches English and Russian literature at the University of Chicago.*

IT IS a strange, amusing, and unsettling experience to finger through the card files on American literature in a Russian library. I did this one day on an impulse. I had come to the Lenin library on a routine afternoon, passed my coat and briefcase to one of those fierce-mienied women who hover defiantly behind the omnipresent *garderobes* of Russian buildings, walked past the guard and up the wide staircase that cuts the catalogue room into mezzanine-like flanks, continued past the square columns that reach heavily toward the ornamental ceilings, and moved into the thicket of placards celebrating heroes of the Russian revolution, of socialist literature, and of international Communism. Suddenly I wanted to look at the cards on American literature, feeling a need of the kind every traveler feels for the familiarity of America. And he feels it more frequently and intensely in Russia.

I had trouble finding our literature. I had to walk past section after section of catalogue drawers, around the heavy balustrade that borders the staircase, past dozens of empty drawers that once housed cards for Stalin's works, looking for what would be the eleven partly filled drawers that housed the body and soul of American literature. I felt, as I never had before, the dwarfed perspective of our country and the foreigness of our literature. It was a thin feeling of the kind you have when you go off to college, or when you leave college and look for your first job.

I finally found our literature over the shoulders of a middle-aged woman thumbing cards on some African literature, under the legend "Literatures of the Americas," after "The literature of San Salvador." As I thumbed through the cards, I felt as if I were discovering an exotic literature. Orthography contributed to the feeling. Familiar names were blurred into unfamiliar transliterations, and I had to pause here and there and wait for Cyrillic characters to distill into recognizable focus. I had almost an eerie feeling of our literature living another life in a land hauntingly familiar but distant, alien in mind and spirit.

THERE was one unfilled drawer for translations into Russian of all nineteenth-century American literature, and a drawer and a half for translations of twentieth-century literature. I had known for a long time that Twain, London, Dreiser, and Cooper were very popular, and I knew that writers like Upton Sinclair, Norris, and Steinbeck must be. I could guess at some of the others. But it was still fascinating to come upon American writers in Cyrillic characters, to count the cards to measure their popularity by the thickness of the pile, and to wonder about the secret incubation of some American writers in this alien soil. I had trouble finding Hawthorne, and I couldn't find Henry James. I stopped counting with Twain, and there were more cards on Jack London than on all of nineteenth-century literature. Later I was to ask Russians repeatedly, "Don't you read James? He's one of our best writers." And I would always get the automatic answer, "Of course we do," before they were aware what they had agreed to. More than once he was confused with his brother, the philosopher William James, and at least once he was thought to be a journalist.

American literature for the Russians is not the literature of Hawthorne, Emerson, or James. It is the literature of

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Cooper, Dreiser, London, Harte, Twain, and today of Hemingway and Faulkner. I had come to Russia cynically convinced that what they read was governed by narrow self-interest. But as I read into the shades of the long afternoon, I began to wonder if what they read was uncomplimentary to us. To be sure, there were the abattoirs of Sinclair's Chicago, the ruthless financiers of Dreiser, and currently then on Moscow's stage the "Salem Witches" (*The Crucible*) of Arthur Miller. But there were also Huck Finn's Mississippi, Jack London's frozen and sublime wastes of the north, and Hemingway's carpets of pine needles along clear lakes and brooks in upper Michigan. Upton Sinclair rated only six cards, and Mark Twain half a drawer; all our "socialist realists" no more than two inches, and Jack London more than a foot.

THE Russians have their myth of America; perhaps it is naïve and wrong, but it is not uncomplimentary and unfair. They seem to have selected what is young and virile and strong, and to have rejected what is cultivated and imitative. I felt a kind of satisfaction that below the official manipulation of taste, there has run something in Russian literary taste that is enduring and strong. No bureaucrat could ever make an American writer—no matter how useful to propaganda—as popular as Twain.

I began to wonder about our own enthusiasm for Russian literature, our own mythical landscape, and I wondered if we were as fair. I thought specifically of our enthusiasm for writers like Chekhov and Dostoevsky, and recently for Pasternak's prose. I wasn't so sure. And I thought, too, of my surprise to find Hemingway and Faulkner currently popular in Russia. Faulkner I could understand: racism, degeneracy, dialectical conflicts in our form of government; but why Hemingway, our most unsocial writer, celebrating his anarchic individualism far from the collectivizing centers of population? I had asked this question belligerently of young Russians many times, and I had always received the same answer: because there was strength and manliness and purity in his world. As I listened I thought of Bunin's translation of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which has been unquenchably popular in pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary Russia. During the Stalin years when the *emigré* Bunin was anathema to the Soviets, his beautiful translation of a beautiful and mythic America was prized and loved, coming out in edition after edition.

The hour was getting late when I turned to critical works on American literature, hoping to catch some hint of where the intellectual pulse beat. I found a dutiful stocking of standard critical works in English. There were Arvin and Levin on Hawthorne; Beach, Edel, and Dupee on James; Blair, Smith, and Wagenknecht on Twain; Bowen, Miller, and Sealts on Melville; Schorer on Sinclair Lewis; Baker, Fenton, and a dozen more on Hemingway; and every book published on Faulkner since 1952. The teachers had done their work well, but it was again the Russian works I wanted to note as a sign of some living interest and concern. There were four cards on Henry James, but all in English; eighteen on Hawthorne, but none in Russian; seven on Emily Dickinson and none in Russian; but more Russian books on Upton Sinclair than English books; a surprising number of critical works in Russian on Whitman; and more doctoral dissertations on Dreiser than on any other American writer. The dissertation topics were fascinating, for they were a barometer of official approval, and it was of interest to see how the titles shifted with the changing political shades. Dreiser averaged about one and a half dissertations a year in the Fifties. In 1952 there were "Theodore Dreiser, Excoriator of American Imperialism" and "Theodore Dreiser in his Struggle Against American Imperialism." In 1956 a title safely ran, "An Approach to the Problem of Art in the Work of Theodore Dreiser"; and by 1959 a title courageously struck out with "American Realism as Represented by Theodore Dreiser." If someone were to bother to trace out the critical fate of American writers on the curve of a graph, many would drop out of sight in the Stalin period to reappear in the middle Fifties. But not Twain. There are twenty-two Russian critical works on him and no discernible pattern—only the straight, unchanged line of popularity in critical works and popular translations, among the people and the intellectuals.

When I left, I walked once more past the ghastly flowered candalabras that squatted on the hideous pink marble balustrade and down once again the wide staircase, past one guard who took my library pass, to another who gave me an exit slip, and to a third who took the slip, past those ever-milling Russians who clog every public building and fill its space past echoing with their ceaseless shuffling.

Again I found myself in the dulness and grayness of Soviet life. For a short time I had lost myself in what seemed deep and true of Russian character, seeing naïvely an America that answered to something naïve and young in these people. But before I had reached the exit I found it hard to believe that the feeling had been anything but an illusion. The entry was filled with notices of lectures on topics that all seemed to be made of the same words, over and over again. The faces of the Russians I passed were, as always, blank and inscrutable.

Soon I found myself among those numberless little carts that crowd Moscow's streets, selling ice cream, pirozhki, postcards, trinkets, and books. I stopped at a book cart; an illustrated edition of *Tom Sawyer* lay there. The cover had a boy in a straw hat leaning over a fence. I paused for a moment, thought of picking it up for a colleague of mine, but the hour was late, the subway was near, and I was tired. The next day, when I went back to get it, it was gone.

—*Sovfoto.*

In Moscow's Lenin Library—an image of America.

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NOVEMBER 22: WHAT DID IT MEAN?

By ELMO ROPER, *public opinion analyst and an editor-at-large of SR.*

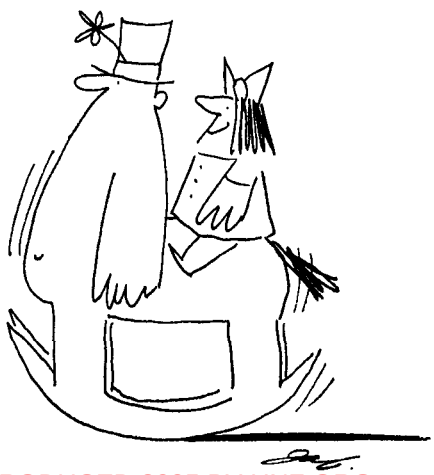
MANY Americans were shocked into a sort of national soul-searching by last November's bitter tragedy. Behind the solitary, twisted figure of a pathological assassin was a national question mark: How much responsibility must Americans generally accept for creating or permitting a climate in which such an act could happen? Is there a deep strain of latent lawlessness and violence always threatening to shatter the surface of American life? In the aftermath of assassination these questions continue to trouble many minds.

Americans are an extremely self-critical and self-accusing people. Not only does each succeeding generation take a dim view of its current moral standards, but we are inclined to suspect they are still on the downgrade. In a study conducted by our firm for *This Week* magazine, the vote was two to one that Americans are less religious than a generation ago, five to one that people are less considerate of their fellow man today, and nearly eight to one that people are less honest and truthful than they used to be. I have even heard people say of the President's assassination, "A thing like that couldn't have happened in the old days," completely overlooking the fact that it did happen three times within one century.

Is this harsh assessment of current American morality justified? There is some evidence for thinking so. Perhaps the greatest change this century has seen has been the transition from rural to urban life. In a small town, morality is personal and concrete, based either on concrete loyalties to friends or a concrete fear of busybodies. In a city, morality takes on an air of abstraction, and it is easier for some to cheat a supermarket than the corner grocer. Violence, too, takes on newer, uglier shapes under the urban cloak of anonymity. Factors other than the city have contributed to the breakdown of the old order. The machine has transformed twentieth-century life, and modern war has put that very life in jeopardy. Nevertheless, I think there are two reasons for some optimism about the state of American law and morality.

First, things were probably a lot worse a century ago than they are today. Law was a latecomer to the American frontier. If citizens were inclined to take the law into their own hands, it was often because there were no other hands in which to put it. There *is* an American tradition of lawlessness and violence. Many people came here originally to get away from the authorities of Europe, and they harbor to this day a certain suspicion of authority and government itself. Nor was this continent won by peaceful means. That this tradition still casts a spell on the American imagination is clear from the apparently inexhaustible appeal of the Western, in which a solitary hero faces the forces of evil and sets things right—more often than not by violence. Yet decade by decade, Americans are putting further behind them the myth of a world in which wrongs can be righted by solitary acts of violence and are placing their trust in the collective guarantees of democratic society under law. If some Americans still cling to such a simple view of morality and justice, their numbers are shrinking, and their fantasies have little relevance to the complex problems of today. Perhaps the President's assassination will demonstrate, once and for all, that the old frontier dream of justice through violence is, in fact, a nightmare.

THE second reason for optimism is that things are probably better today than many people think. Surveys over the years suggest that Americans are, by and large, a sensible and civilized people. Extremism in thought or action has little appeal to the average American: he may worry about keeping up with the Joneses but is unlikely to strive for a position far out in front of them. The study we recently completed for *This Week* on the subject of Sunday reinforces this view of the American character. While a survey of Sunday cannot measure the whole moral climate of a nation, it can produce a revealing vignette of American life. The survey found a characteristic American nostalgia toward the Sundays of a generation ago. Many people expressed the feeling that families were closer then and did more things together, that Sunday was a quieter, simpler, more restful day, and that people were more religious and spent more time in church. Yet when we turned to the present, we found that people look forward to Sunday more than any other day of the week—first, because it's the day they go to church, and second, because it's a day of rest and relaxation. And when we asked "What makes Sunday of greatest value to you?" two-thirds answered in terms of the satisfactions of family life, as the taken-for-granted background that enhances and enriches all the events and activities of that special day. The main contrast with the Sundays of yesterday seems to be that we are more active today. But whatever incursions hectic modern life may have made into the traditional Sunday, the texture of the day has changed little. The portrait drawn by this survey is of a people who, like an earlier generation, have religious commitments and deep family ties, and whose lives are grounded in the things that count.



America has two faces. There is a strain in the American character that is defiantly individualistic, suspicious of all authority, which prefers the shortcut of direct and violent action to the slower workings of justice under law. President Kennedy was not the only American struck down last year by the disease of lawless violence. His murder was preceded by that of Medgar Evers and six Alabama children, and followed by that of his own murderer. But there is another, and I believe a truer, face of America—gregarious, family-centered, and law-abiding, a people generous in their sentiments, practical in their methods, and moderate in their goals. There is no place in modern American life for the lawless spirit of our pioneer past. American individualism is a fruitful and creative force—when tempered with an understanding that only through due process of law can justice be achieved.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Oh to Be Poor in Paris

ACCORDING to a note by his widow, Ernest Hemingway began writing *A Moveable Feast* (Scribners, $4.95) in Cuba in 1957, and finished the revision of the book in Idaho in 1960. It comes out of his last literary phase, and since it concerns his first literary phase, 1921-1926, during which time he wrote *The Sun Also Rises* and some of his best short stories, the early Hemingway and the late are instructively juxtaposed. The comparison is not in favor of the later Hemingway.

The book begins:

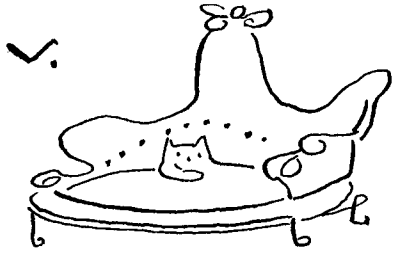
> Then there was the bad weather. It would come in one day when the fall was over. We would have to shut the windows in the night against the rain and the cold wind would strip the leaves from the trees in the Place Contrescarpe. The leaves lay sodden in the rain and the wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal and the Café des Amateurs was crowded and the windows misted over from the heat and the smoke inside.

This is Hemingway, all right, omission of commas and all; but it is Hemingway imitating himself, whereas there was once an inimitable Hemingway. The passage suggests that in this book, as in *The Old Man and the Sea*, the author was relying on technique and sheer will, instead of being able to count on spontaneous imagination.

The book ends: "This is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy." I am not so sure of the happiness, but for a time he was poor enough. He tells about complaining to Sylvia Beach, of that famous bookshop Shakespeare and Company, about his failure to make money with his writings, and then damns himself for self-pity. He tells of going without lunch on occasion. He does not seem to have been really desperate, but he was a long way from affluence.

As for happiness, one can see that there were many happy times, but this is by no means a happy book. Much of it is made up of Hemingway's distaste for people he met, or his eventual disillusionment with them. In talking about Gertrude Stein, for example, he says: "In the three or four years that we were good friends I cannot remember Gertrude Stein ever speaking well of any writer who had not written favorably about her work or done something to advance her career, except for Ronald Firbank and, later, Scott Fitzgerald." Further on he says: "I thought of Miss Stein and Sherwood Anderson and egotism and mental laziness versus discipline and I thought who is calling who a lost generation?"

He is peculiarly nasty on the subject of Ford Madox Ford. Not only does his report of their conversation make Ford sound like a fool; he says, "I had always avoided looking at Ford when I could and I always held my breath when I was near him in a closed room." (Ford had been one of the first editors to publish Hemingway's stories.) After Ezra Pound had introduced him to Wyndham Lewis, Hemingway told his wife, "I met the nastiest man I've ever seen today." Pound himself comes off relatively well: "Ezra was kinder and more Christian about people than I was. His own writing, when he would hit it right, was so perfect, and he was so sincere in his mistakes and so enamored of his errors, and so kind to people that I always thought of him as a sort of saint. He was also irascible but so perhaps have been many saints." Although he seems never to have met T. S. Eliot, he makes an unpleasant crack at him, as he has done elsewhere. He tells an unpleasant story about Ernest Walsh, whom he describes as an editor of the *Dial*. (Walsh is not mentioned in William Wasserstrom's *The Time of the Dial*.)



The most disturbing section of the book is that devoted to Scott Fitzgerald. The passage is all the more distressing because Hemingway seems to be trying to be kind to Fitzgerald, but each story he tells underlines his antipathy. He talks about Fitzgerald's drinking, his frank commercialism, his irresponsibility, and his hypochondria. He says flat-

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ly that Zelda Fitzgerald was trying to destroy her husband, and, to make his point, repeats what one would think of as a particularly private confession that Fitzgerald made to him. And there is a story that can only be malicious in intent about a bartender at the Ritz who couldn't remember ever having set eyes on Fitzgerald.

Although he says more than once how fine everything was in Paris in the early Twenties, the only passage in which one feels real nostalgia, a true passion to recapture the past, has nothing to do with Paris but is an account of skiing in Austria. "Skiing was not the way it is now, the spiral fracture had not become common then, and no one could afford a broken leg. . . . Anything you came down from, you had to climb up. That gave you legs that were fit to run down on."

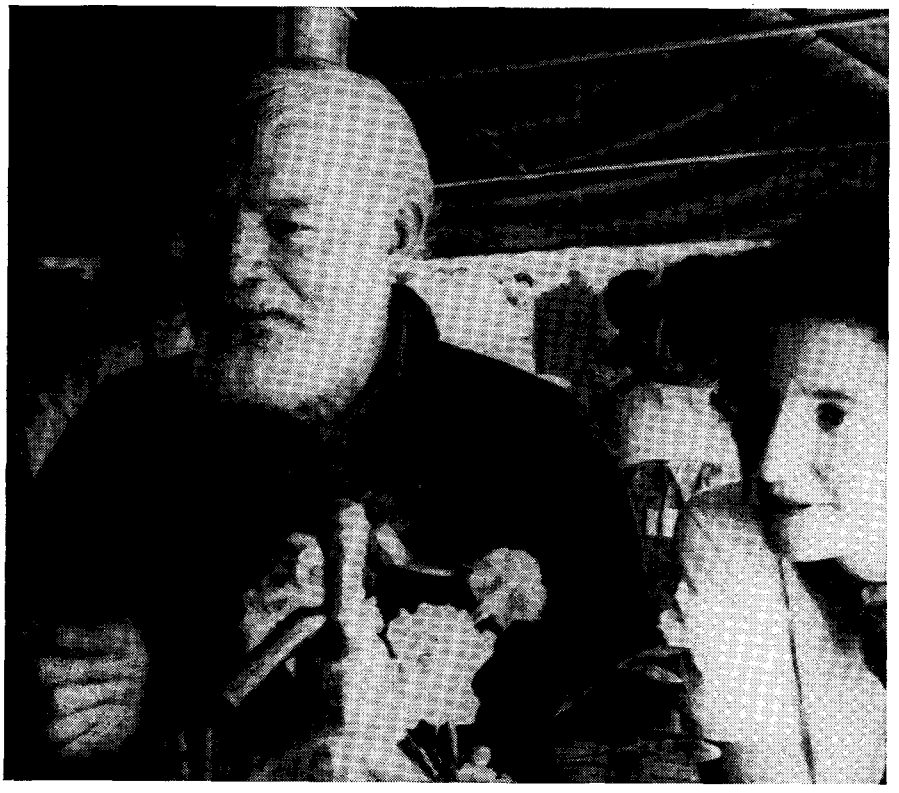
But there were serpents even in this Eden. He speaks of the coming of the rich and their sycophants, whom he calls "pilot fish." He was taken in by them. "I even read aloud the part of the novel that I had rewritten, which is about as low as a writer can get and much more dangerous for him as a writer than glacier skiing unroped before the full winter snowfall has set over the crevices." And there was another woman.

Hemingway's strong concern with sports of many kinds has often been commented on. But what was even stronger was his preoccupation with his job as a writer. Although what he says here about his apprenticeship is not particularly revealing, one does feel his seriousness, his determination, and his ability to discipline himself. Regarded at the beginning of his career as a primitive, a natural, he now seems to have been, above everything else, a sophisticated craftsman.

He remained a craftsman to the end, and there is some first-class Hemingway in the book, but there is little of the evocative power one finds in *The Sun Also Rises*. *A Moveable Feast* does, however, contribute to our understanding of Hemingway. It suggests that in the early Twenties, when he was shaping himself so rapidly as a writer, he was full of uncertainties. His uneasiness with people persisted, and, indeed, became greater and greater as his eminence was more and more widely recognized and as he became more and more self-conscious. If, then, we read between the lines, we can see the development of the talents that were to take him so far, but we also see within him qualities that were to limit his growth. The least one can say of the book is that, in the old phrase, no one who is interested in Hemingway will want to miss it.

—Granville Hicks.

Reminiscence of Hemingway



Ernest Hemingway and Valerie Danby-Smith at Auteuil—fifty-fifty with the francs

By VALERIE DANBY-SMITH, *who worked for the Hemingway estate assembling papers to be presented to the Kennedy Memorial Library.*

I FIRST became acquainted with *A Moveable Feast*, then in the form of manuscript and referred to as "The Paris Sketches," in the summer of 1959, when I was employed as Ernest Hemingway's secretary. The setting was the south of Spain, Málaga, and the manuscript rested in a well-labeled, old, worn leather brief case. That was the year of the "dangerous summer" in Spain, when every serious *aficionado* followed the violent rivalry of the famous bullfighter brothers-in-law, Luis Miguel Dominguín and Antonio Ordóñez.

In April the Hemingways had sailed to Spain, where Ernest wanted to gather material for an addendum to *Death in the Afternoon* while covering, for *Life* magazine, the bullfights that would establish Dominguín or Ordóñez as *El Numero Uno*. They made their base in Málaga, where they retired to swim and relax between the long treks that took them thousands of kilometers over the face of Spain, in the train of the bulls.

I had joined the "Hemingway *cuadrilla*" (a *cuadrilla* is a bullfighter's entourage) in July after the maddest of all the Spanish fiestas, that of San Fermín in Pamplona. There were never fewer than seven of us in the group, and frequently the numbers soared to twenty, as old friends of the Hemingways appeared and shared the journey to the next *feria*, or fiesta.

During the short spells in Málaga Hemingway would work each day in the quiet of the morning for several hours. I do not know whether he was working on the Paris sketches then, but one day in August he brought several chapters downstairs, and I remember reading them and thinking how wonderful it must have been to be poor, and a writer, and to have lived in Paris in the Twenties.

A month later we visited the French capital, and as Ernest rechecked the places and scenes he had written about the year before in Cuba and Ketchum, he would pause every now and then in our walk to point out a particular spot,

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or to relate an episode that just came to mind. Passing the house where Joyce had lived, he recalled how often he had brought the Irish novelist home after an evening's drinking, and Nora would open the door and say, "Well, here comes James Joyce the writer, drunk again with Ernest Hemingway." And he chuckled as he told it. On the way back to the hotel we would stop at Lipps for a beer, or at the Deux Magots or the Closerie de Lilas and order a glass of Muscadet and Cassis.

One morning we walked down the rue de Castiglione and turned right towards the Place de la Concorde. There, across the street, is the Jeu de Paume, the little art gallery which houses the Impressionists, the same Manets, Monets, Cézannes that the young Hemingway went to see nearly every day at the Luxembourg museum. Ernest drew our attention to his favorites and, in particular, to one Cézanne that had influenced his early work. "I always try to write as good as the best picture that was ever painted," he said.

In the early days, when he couldn't afford to buy books, he borrowed them from the rental library of Sylvia Beach's bookstore, Shakespeare and Company, on the rue de l'Odéon. In 1959 we walked along the rue de Rivoli to number 224, and browsed among the books on the shelves of the Librairie Galignani. I see about me several books purchased on one of those occasions, selections prompted by Ernest: J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, *The Man with the Golden Arm*, by Nelson Algren, John O'Hara's *From the Terrace*, the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, and Lawrence Durrell's *Bitter Lemons*.

The little bar at the Ritz Hotel in Paris became a familiar haunt. Seldom empty, by noon it was so crowded one could scarcely be heard amid the chatter and the clinking of glasses. Bertin the bartender, spectacled and ruddy-faced, presided. Here we would rendezvous before lunch or dinner, and here Ernest was sought out by old friends, acquaintances, or members of the press. Most of the characters who appear in *A Moveable Feast* were no longer in Paris; the people who came now were of a different era: Luis Quintanilla, the painter, a friend from the days of the Spanish Civil War; Juan Goytisolo, an angry young man of letters from Barcelona; Orson Welles, whom we had come across on our journey to Paris when we paused some three hours outside the city for a meal at a restaurant, where the proprietor had greeted Ernest: "Oh, Mr. Welles, we are so happy to see you."

But Georges, Georges of the Ritz bar, was still there. Always a welcome face,

(*Continued on page* 57)

Snafu Among the Stars?

The Rise and Fall of the Space Age, *by Edwin Diamond (Doubleday. 158 pp. $3.95), charges NASA and other government institutions with misjudgment and mismanagement with respect to interplanetary exploration. William Hines, science editor of the Washington Star, wrote the recently published "Conquest of the Moon."*

By WILLIAM HINES

EDWIN DIAMOND, a senior editor of *Newsweek*, with a generous assist from Henry Simmons of that magazine's Washington staff, has done the country a service with this brief and trenchant book. He undertakes to strip off the layers of baloney that have been spread over the American space effort. In so doing he reveals that with the baloney gone there is precious little left.

Mr. Diamond sets the stage by describing the "potlatch" ceremony of the Kwakiutl Indians, in which rival chiefs try to discredit each other by alternately destroying increasingly valuable possessions of their own. He ends his account by suggesting that the current U.S.-Soviet potlatch may be an illusion, with Uncle Sam the only chief involved. In between he recounts a shameful tale of misjudgment, self-serving, mismanagement, and waste on a truly astronomical scale. The only factor in our favor, according to Mr. Diamond, is the probability that the Soviet Union's space effort is even more horribly fouled up.

From his Washington vantage point, this reviewer feels the presentation is too restrained—that by blaming situations and institutions rather than people, the author glosses over the fact that people created the situations and staffed the institutions that have gone so sadly wrong.

In discussing the slow start of the U.S. space effort, Mr. Diamond refers to the "cool reaction" of President Eisenhower to the "frantic warnings of the gapsmen." In my judgment, Mr. Diamond imputes to the former President a greater grasp of the situation than he actually had; it seems more likely that Eisenhower's reaction (or nonaction) was motivated more by standpattism than by cold analysis. But this is a minor point on which to fault the book; certainly Mr. Diamond's major premise is correct, that immediately after Sputnik I there was an excess of uncoordinated running off in all directions—a Brownian movement that has not completely ceased to this day.

Mr. Diamond (and Mr. Simmons, who probably has a deeper knowledge and clearer understanding of the space effort than any other individual in or out of government) smite the news managers of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the secret-hoarders of the Pentagon, the contract-grabbers of industry, and the flacks *passim* with commendable accuracy but (again this reviewer must emphasize) with altogether too much gentleness.

It is particularly disturbing, in this connection, to read at one point that "there is an *unavoidable* tendency on the part of the space agency to exaggerate the number and diversity of the firms sharing in its awards." (Emphasis supplied.) Based on his own broad experience with NASA, this reviewer demurs from the notion that such a tendency is unavoidable. Deplorable, yes; understandable, perhaps; unavoidable, no. If the agency's leadership were more intent on serving the public than on conning it, the tendency would be not only avoidable but avoided.

THIS is a minor caveat about the book, perhaps, but a major caveat about the relationship between the federal government and the people it (supposedly) serves. To excuse NASA for small fibs now is to encourage big lies later—an encouragement that this agency in no way needs.

In connection with so-called "beneficial fallout" from the space program, Mr. Diamond does an excellent job of analyzing the business effects. That this analysis is not entirely his own does nothing to detract from its effectiveness. Similarly, his points about the national defense aspects of space are well taken (and taken, incidentally, almost entirely from Mr. Simmons's long and deep cerebration on this subject).

As befits a writer for the newsmags, Mr. Diamond has a felicitous turn of phrase which at times borders on the snide. Examples: His characterization of Southern Congressmen on key committees as a regional natural resource

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Japan: Of Dynamo and Destiny

NOWHERE in the world—not in New York, Los Angeles, West Berlin, Sydney—is there anything to compare with the raw energy and explosive thrust of Tokyo. The entire city is being torn apart and remade. Huge gashes are being cut into the heart of Tokyo to accommodate a network of elevated superhighways and monorail high-speed public transports. Crisscrossing the construction maze at many points is the underground steel jungle that is rapidly resolving itself into what is expected to be the finest subway in the world. The city has become the habitat of bulldozers, steamshovels, cranes, drilling and riveting machines. Literally hundreds of new structures are going up—office buildings, department stores, hotels, theaters, etc. Through the night and with only the briefest of pauses for changes of shift, the work continues. Tokyo is racing against a deadline. The Olympics.

Obviously, the building boom cannot be attributed solely to the Olympics, with its expectation of perhaps 100,000 visitors. Much of what is being built would probably be built in due course anyway; what the Olympics are doing is to provide incentive, acceleration, flurry. Basically, however, what is happening in Tokyo today is actually a magnification of what is going on all over Japan. It appears almost as though the entire populace has been entered in the four-minute mile.

The boom goes far beyond building. In the space of little more than a dozen years Japan has made itself into a highly skilled and diversified forcing-house of industrial production. Its annual rate of industrial growth for the past decade is the highest in the world. At one time it had a reputation for producing inexpensive, low-quality merchandise. Today, it can hold its own with any industrial nation in the manufacture of precision equipment and sophisticated products. It manufactures a wide variety of electronic computers, automation devices, vacuum tubes, transistorized television sets, and stereophonic units. Its automobiles go in for high styling and engineering innovations. Its taxicabs have features for the convenience of passengers and drivers that put European and American models to shame.

MEANWHILE, farmers are growing more food on less land. It has not been necessary, as in prewar years, to import large quantities of rice. Rice production has been increasing year by year.

Economic levels being relative, the Japanese standard of living is still substantially below that of the United States. But the average Japanese income of $400 per capita towers Mt. Fuji-like above the rest of Asia. The significant comparison, of course, is with Japanese history until now. Never before have the Japanese people been as well-fed, well-housed, well-educated, and well-entertained as now. More than 90 per cent of the families in cities own television sets. Eighty per cent of all families have TV. Family ownership of radios is in excess of 98 per cent throughout the country. The average housewife has a battery of modern drudgery-savers at her command—rice cookers, air conditioners, washing machines, refrigerators, sewing machines.

ONE of the characteristics of Japan not so long ago—not just in its manufactured goods but in many of its values—was its apparent imitativeness. This is no longer true. Japan today aims not just to compete but to lead. Its scientific laboratories and research facilities, like industry itself, are going full blast. Products are being invented every day. Design, whether in architecture, fabrics, or machines, has become as important as mass production.

The change in the economic condition and physical appearance in Japan is visible and dramatic. Less apparent but just as real are the changes within the people themselves. Psychologically and philosophically, the Japanese today seem like transients in their own country. They seem not quite connected with their past, somewhat befuddled by their present, and almost indifferent to the future.

Some European observers discern in these disconnections all the makings of an existentialist society. That may well be; but the quality of sustained introspection that would have to serve as the base for such a development is not readily discernible. Neither is it easily invoked. Indeed, it is the very absence of philosophical or spiritual foundations that defines the problem and in many ways the ordeal of contemporary Japan. Traditionalism, which used to be the vital ingredient in holding the nation together and in fixing the national purpose, has come unstuck. The mystic chords of memory, in Lincoln's celebrated phrase, have lost the power to evoke or impel.

Whatever the virtues of the old traditions, they were at least interrelated and cohesive. The Emperor was more than a monarch; he was the binding force for the spiritual, philosophical, and political values of the nation. The individual saw his importance in collective terms; he justified his existence only as he served and was responsive to the larger entity of group and nation, the supreme manifestation of which was the Emperor.

In the old days, because of the Emperor, any war which Japan fought was a holy war. And, because of the Emperor, victory was certain. How could a godhead lose a war? It was perhaps inevitable, therefore, that Japan's crushing defeat by the United States should be regarded by the Japanese in more than national or military terms. It was a defeat for tradition, for their total mys-

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tique, and for any sense of national origin or destiny.

For the victor, the spoils of war were not so much the resources of the nation as the souls of the people. Spiritually and psychologically, the Japanese gave themselves to the United States. This was not what we wanted or were prepared to receive. We wanted them to abandon the ideas and the institutions that led them to Pearl Harbor. And we had our own image and institutions as the only readily available alternative. What we were not prepared to receive was the totality of the moral surrender. The Japanese eagerly took in what we were saying but they couldn't metabolize it. They knew that what we wanted them to do and believe was right because we had demonstrated that rightness in the fact of our being there. But they couldn't seem to find a place in themselves where the new ideas would take hold. It was like trying to grow corn where only rice had grown before.

Democracy, we told the Japanese, meant the supremacy of the individual. The state or society existed for the purpose of serving the individual. Because of the traditional subordination in Japan of the individual to society and its needs, this was and still is a difficult concept for the individual to comprehend. He had been conditioned to duty and we steered him in the direction of freedom and responsibility. The result is that many Japanese have confused individualism with self-assertiveness or antisocial behavior. They don't easily make the essential distinction between vital initiative and predatory opportunism.

Even without the war and the Occupation, Japan tended to be caught in a straddle between East and West. These two events have compounded the disequilibrium, with the result that Japan in many ways today is a nation in search of its soul and even its name. In this sense, there is something heartbreaking about the place, despite the glitter of rising steel and neon signs. One wonders whether people are becoming so preoccupied with making things that there is no time for the contemplation of individual or national destiny. Turmoil and friction may create the raw electricity for generating ideas but some degree of serenity or spaciousness of spirit is required to bring them to full size. But the picture is not entirely bleak. There are signs that a new generation, neither molded originally by tradition nor scarred by the bombs, is coming of age. It has vast energy, intelligence, skill. And it is asking good questions. It is beginning to rediscover aspects of freedom from which it can derive creative growth and personal dignity. Most important of all, it is learning that there is no essential inconsistency between the two. —N. C.

Father and son at Kamakura:

—N.C. (Retina III).

"... a new generation is beginning to rediscover aspects of its past ..."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ends and Means

ROGER B. DOOLEY, in his article "The Womanless World of Edwin O'Connor" [*SR*, Mar. 21], shows very clearly the fact that we understand only what we are ready to understand. Mr. Dooley totally missed the depth of Edwin O'Connor's *The Edge of Sadness* because his own view of reality is far too superficial. Otherwise, why should he have chosen to criticize such a trivial point as O'Connor's womanless world? Although I cannot claim to be the head of an English department, may I suggest that O'Connor's intention was to recreate the inner life of a priest (which is of necessity to some extent a "womanless world") and that the fact that Charlie Carmody fades into the background at the end was in fact the author's purpose for him?

Furthermore, I take strong exception to Mr. Dooley's statement that O'Connor "confines himself to nice, safe priests with nice, safe problems." What is so safe about a man's struggle to release himself from the bondage of the past in order to face the present and future with an accepting faith and even joy? This is no superficial problem—this universal struggle of man to establish a relationship between his past and future that is vital for the here and now. Moreover, Edwin O'Connor deals with this problem with deep insight (which Mr. Dooley evidently mistakes for easy perception) and great gentleness (which Mr. Dooley seems to mistake for lack of understanding).

It seems to me, as a woman and a Protestant, that Mr. Dooley has done Edwin O'Connor a great injustice in his review. Is it not often the device of the artistically inept to superimpose on others their own inadequacies?

ANNE M. LEHFELDT.

New York, N.Y.

Battle of the Sexes

CLEVELAND AMORY [*SR*, Apr. 4] should not write so unkindly about Roger Dooley's criticism of Edwin O'Connor's novels. Mr. Dooley justifiably castigates Mr. O'Connor for his spiritless female characters. Men, writing in any age, cannot delineate us as we are—moderate, simple, and kind. Drawing us as saccharine angels or dreadful devils is the best that male writers can do. Most male novelists seem to suffer from an innate hatred of women. Can it be that they resent their dependence upon women for birth, sustenance, and love? We ask only to love and to be loved. We do not mind being the whipping posts for the deficiencies of men, the outlets for their frustrations, and the causes of their failures. Let men write of us as they will, Mr. Amory, but give Roger Dooley credit for his perspicacity. Mr. O'Connor has not done well by us in his novels.

MRS. MARGARET S. MILLER.

Buffalo, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST read Cleveland Amory's snooty remarks about Professor Dooley's review of Edwin O'Connor's new book. Dirty, dirty pool.

I don't know the professor, but I'll take his word for it a lot sooner than I'll take this kind of thing from "one Cleveland Amory."

BARBARA C. ROBERTS.

Harper Woods, Mich.

"Being of sound mind and body, I spent it all."

TV and Truth

AS A LONG-TIME SUBSCRIBER to *SR* and other periodicals, I have often wondered where some of the critics and commentators found their whipping boys. Finding the answer to be personal in *SR*'s March 21 issue, I write this letter to tell you that, in this instance, Robert Lewis Shayon's aim was misdirected.

In the first place, my friendly criticisms of Jack Neuman's distorted depiction of dropouts in *Mr. Novak* were sent to him in an effort to get a more positive story told. In the second place, Mr. Shayon admittedly discussed the situation with Mr. Neuman but made no attempt to discuss the matter with me before using portions of my letter to Mr. Neuman to infer meanings that a perusal of my entire letter would have shown to be unwarranted.

I spent over five years in the Bureau of Educational Research at Ohio State University analyzing radio and the visual media for educational purposes and must insist that the deliberate distortion of critical current issues for the purpose of dramatic appeal is not good television.

I was not advocating "managing television" in any way. My letter was, in effect, a complaint about the degree to which Mr. Neuman had already "managed" the dropout situation to warp it into his concept of "dramatic television." In fact, Mr. Neuman's reply to my letter revealed that it was, indeed, his intention "to scare the hell out of a hundred thousand potential high school dropouts," regardless of the truth. I question not only whether his program did this, but whether it is desirable for commercial television to attempt to do so.

If Mr. Shayon is still wondering "how the Chamber of Commerce defines education," please advise him that it defines education as providing a second chance for all dropouts and instruction and training for all persons up to their full potentials. Moreover, this is an objective which the Chamber is actively promoting.

JOHN R. MILES, Manager,
Education Department,
U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Washington, D.C.

Just the Facts

I AM WRITING about a review by David Boroff of *The Naked Society*, by Vance Packard [*SR*, Mar. 21]. I regret that the image of investigators which your reviewer gleaned from the book was one of "an army of rather dimwitted gumshoes." The next sentence refers to our organization as Fidelfacts. May I make the point that we are not so dimwitted that we cannot accurately report a proper name.

VINCENT GILLEN,
Fidelifacts.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Gillen, whose company is an international investigative organization staffed by ex-FBI men, got the goods on SR's proofreading department.*

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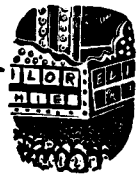

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

How New Is Realism?

A CURIOUSLY gentle, nostalgic quality is to be found in Mario Monicelli's *The Organizer*, which tells of the revolt of the textile workers in late-nineteenth-century Turin. Unlike Eisenstein's *Strike*, of 1924, with its scenes of strikers being murdered, the Italian workers confront authority in the form of some soldiers and a few police, one shot is fired, and the employees file meekly back into the factory. The "organizer" of the title is a gentle, shabby, nearsighted professor (played with his usual artistry by Marcello Mastroianni) who exhorts the workers to claim justice in the form of a thirteen-hour work day with an hour off for lunch instead of a fourteen-hour day. The name of Karl Marx is never mentioned, and one fleeting suggestion that a Communist may be involved in the unrest is given a scathing denial. It is almost as though Monicelli, director and co-author of the script, wanted to avoid all possibility of being dubbed too left-wing in his treatment of a subject that today hardly seems controversial at all.

But within the uncomplicated framework of the story a good deal of humanness emerges, as our sympathies are directed toward the extremely justifiable complaints of the working people. What Monicelli seems to be saying is: Look how it once was, people working from dawn to dark, no method of taking up grievances, complacency and arrogance on the part of the mill owners, until it is at last discovered that organization and solidarity of purpose can bring about change. We see a fatigued man losing his hand in a machine; the father of a hungry Sicilian migrant family who says he must work and is allowed to by the strike committee; a fight between the Turin workers and an unemployed group brought in from another town—vignettes that seem almost absurdly trite. But oddly moving, too, because the well-chosen backgrounds add realism, and because Monicelli uses his actors so well.

The director's skill, however, is aimed at evoking what is essentially a period flavor rather than any vivid portrait of the ferment of a time. These are simple people, hoping to make their lives a little less miserable, and the tears shed on their behalf (since the problems have long since changed) now seem slightly crocodile. Mastroianni's professor gives the film what depth it has, for we see in him a dedication that comes from an intellectual awareness of a situation. This kind of man (even though his derivations and social philosophy are vague) might well have had an effect on history. Otherwise *The Organizer* gives the feeling that neo-realism has gone a bit soft.

This is less true, though, in *Bandits of Orgoloso*, a harsh story of a Sardinian shepherd whose flock of sheep is his life until he loses them and becomes one more of the bandits of Sardinia. Vittorio De Seta is the dedicated young director who virtually made this film by himself on the rocky, somber island, using a cast of natives, creating a tale that I suppose must be called documentary fiction. Simple though the story is, it has great force.

The shepherd has accumulated a flock of sheep but must make payments to keep possession. Through the craggy, volcanic landscape he lives an elemental life with his son while seeking pasture. One mistaken involvement with some bandits turns him into a hunted man, and to survive he, too, turns to banditry. But the moral of the tale is less memorable than the sound of a tinkling sheep bell, the face of a boy who discovers a dying sheep, village women spending the night making bread. Somehow De Seta, using his camera brilliantly, has managed to synthesize documentary images with his thread of story and has captured emotion.

This film, like the austere *The Fiancés* of Olmi, probably won't fare too well at the art-house box offices. Both represent a kind of uncompromising purity in film-making that goes a bit beyond that of Antonioni, who compromises to the degree that he at least uses well-known actors. Such religious use of the documentary method (again blended in *The Fiancés* with a plain story of two people developing a stronger love for each other through an enforced separation) has evidently frightened away the larger public for good films, plainly because the subjects don't sound too entrancing or exotic when described, possibly because even the more sophisticated moviegoer often is after a form of escape. Yet the lack of box-office success doesn't detract from their artistry or their memorability. On the other hand, a certain audience fatigue may be setting in for the feature film that employs a rigorous documentary method. *The Bandits of Orgoloso* and *The Fiancés* represent the best of a type that perhaps is beginning to be overused. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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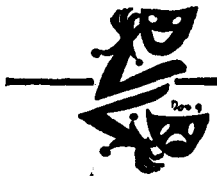

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Change of Tune

ALTHOUGH James Baldwin's new play, *Blues for Mister Charlie*, makes a fairly confusing evening of theater, one cannot help but respect its attempts to paint the country's current racial strife with contemporaneity and with new departures from the well-worn formula of merely showing the horror of racial discrimination and bemoaning its existence.

The play deals with what we all know to have happened and to be still happening—the beating and murder of Negroes by whites, followed by trials in which the murderers are acquitted. But what makes *Blues for Mister Charlie* more challenging than the usual play of this sort is its probing of a larger if not very surely stated situation. It is a situation in which the victim is not an accidental unfortunate, but rather the logical heir of his parents' and grandparents' well-intentioned but wrong choices.

AS portrayed with vehement relish by Al Freeman, Jr., the play's victim is contemptuous and vengeful because of a father's failure to act when his mother was, in his belief, pushed to her death. This young militant, Richard Henry, has returned to his Southern birthplace after working in New York City, feeling the need to assert himself by using bad language and publicly mocking the whites' usual attitude toward Negroes. While this might seem to weaken Mr. Baldwin's case—for any man of any race who so behaved would be asking for trouble—one feels that Richard's is the natural response to a long period in which older generations of Negroes followed a blind alley of absurd patience and hope. This generation is represented by Richard's father, the Reverend Meridian Henry, played powerfully by Percy Rodriguez, who finds himself now questioning Christianity. He asks, "Would I have been such a Christian if I hadn't been born black? Maybe I *had* to become a Christian in order to have any dignity at all. Since I wasn't a man in men's eyes, then I could be a man in the eyes of God. But that didn't protect my wife. . . . That didn't protect my son. . . That hasn't changed this town, where you couldn't find a white Christian at high noon on Sunday!"

Mr. Baldwin has peopled his play with other characters who have their moments, too. There is Parnell, a white man who loves and befriends the Negro at the same time as he tries to remain a member of the white community. As played by Pat Hingle, his best moment is when he confronts his white neighbors about their myths and attitudes. There is his buddy, Lyle Britten, a poor-white store operator who is good to his wife and baby, but who asserts his white supremacy by callously killing Richard. Rip Torn captures the quiet viciousness of the character but has little chance to show us any mitigating virtue. And there is Richard's girl friend, Juanita, who resolves that her illegitimate baby is going to be a *man*. In this role, Diana Sands fires up the audience with one long, violent speech in which she first curses God and then asks his help.

Burgess Meredith has staged the action in effective pools of light, and the Actors Studio cast is generally excellent. Thanks to them, most of the scenes seem to be part of an exciting play. But the total pattern is erratic, with numerous flashbacks that do not seem necessary to the relatively simple narrative of the play. Furthermore, many of the relationships between characters are sudden and unexplained. Perhaps this is inevitable in a play that tries to present so many aspects of such a modern incident. And perhaps more important than the play's imperfections are the glimpses it gives us of the spirit that moves militant young Negroes to assert their individual rights and let Mister Charlie—the white man—sing the blues for a change. —HENRY HEWES.

Sestina of Sandbars and Shelters

By Richmond Lattimore

HERE on the sandbar in a circle of friends
we lie at ease under the striped shelter
and watch the haze and water light a world
of chairs and children all a summertime
long afternoon before the light is gone.
The time, late summer, and the year is now.

O sky and sand and blue of here and now,
how shall we keep you always for our friends
and us, and for our sons when we are gone,
or save some certainty for all, and shelter
the dream of living for a piece of time
within a known and tolerable world?

This could be the last summer for the world.
The rat race into doom is running now,
and none can win the race run against time.
Where is our help? We can not trust our friends,
and God our hope holds out no visible shelter
from this stormblast. Perhaps our chance is gone.

The days of Noah and his ark are gone
when he escaped out of a drowning world
and held selected life inside the shelter
of that strong hull. How shall we shelter now
inside a world of fable and make friends
with simple beasts, and save some seed for time?

And still we walk as if we still had time
on our long sandbar till the light is gone,
sit in the boathouse and are gay with friends,
talk shop and sports and reassess the world
of art, as if in time just after now
the race would wait and we could find some shelter

other than that evil gray squat ashbrick shelter
that waits on every corner for the time
when the blast is no longer next but now,
the switch pulled and all chance to stop it gone,
where in the holocaust of the human world
we crowd inside and shoot our clamoring friends.

What shelter until the day has come and gone
is found in this sick time that blights the world
where all are enemies now and hate their friends?

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The Battle of Santa Monica

SYLVESTER L. ("PAT") WEAVER, JR., president of Subscription Television, Inc., also known as STV, is a highly articulate man. Tall, lean, peripatetic, eloquent, he has a capacity for verbal communication that is legendary to program, sales, and agency people who worked with him when he was chairman of the board of NBC in television's formative years. Anyone who ever read his staff memos knows his gift for "selling."

Currently the shaper of the first major profit-oriented pay television wire service, scheduled to begin July 1 in Santa Monica, California, Mr. Weaver is performing in characteristic style as he battles motion-picture theater owners, broadcasters, and organized pressure groups seeking to strangle subscription television in its crib. The STV president, talking volubly to reporters in recent weeks, has enlisted wide support in the press for his position that pay TV should be given its fair competitive chance in the market place.

If he could speak individually to prospective customers for his service who are now being canvassed in the Santa Monica area, he could no doubt persuade the 20,000 minimum subscribers he must have to get his system going. Nevertheless, for all his talent at communicating, Mr. Weaver is not making enough of one argument that could win him important support from certain viewers who are disenchanted with commercial television. These are the people who lament TV not because of its commercials and mass appeal programs but because of its inability to provide quality programs at convenient hours.

The heart of the argument is contained in the one word "wire." In Santa Monica and elsewhere, STV, if successful, will come into subscribers' homes via telephone company cables and wires, providing high-fidelity sound and compatible images. STV will furnish subscribers with a "Program Selector" box that can be placed on or near the television set in the home. It will have three channels and in no way will interfere with ordinary reception of the normal television channels receiving advertiser-supported programs.

Regular rates, once the service is under way, may be $10 for installation, $1 per week carrying charge, and from 50 cents to $3.50 for the various programs subscribers select. Subscribers are being promised Giants and Dodgers baseball games, movies, sports events, concerts, lectures, plays, opera, language lessons, spectacles, free news and music, a stock-ticker service, a "Cable Kindergarten" for children—in sum, a direct pipeline to high-quality entertainment not available on television, all unedited and uninterrupted by commercials.

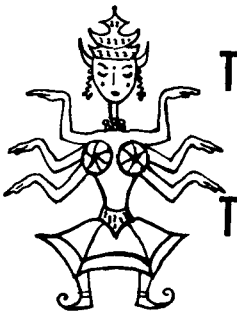
This is an attractive prospect to minority audiences whose taste in television programs does not correspond with that of the majority of viewers. The opponents of STV, nevertheless, are warning these very audiences that Mr. Weaver is dangling an illusion before their pocketbooks. Subscribers to wire pay-TV, they say, will soon find that the operators of the system will be unable to resist the lure of mass audiences. Even three channels will provide no refuge from lowest-common-denominator programs. Pay TV will outbid the networks for top talent, and the impoverished networks, with revenues diminished, will drop first the unprofitable minority-audience programs that are currently available.

Thus, argue the opponents, all that will have been achieved is the placing of a price tag on what is now available free of charge, without the addition of any superior programing for minority viewers. And they say, too, that the system will work to the disadvantage of low-income families with majority tastes. "America," LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, recently said, "does not need a class system in television based on the ability to pay."

Mr. Weaver's protest against all this is that, first of all, it is the viewer himself who should be given the opportunity to make the decision—with his dollars. Second, he asserts that his system will be different from television not in degree but in kind. He does not expect constant, expensive viewing by families. His prediction is five or six hours a week of average subscriber viewing at approximately $15 per month. STV, he claims, will furnish "open-throttle communications for viewer-purchasers who want to use their minds and satisfy the widest range of passionate individual interests."

STV, he says, is not television; it is a "telecommunications revolution." He is right; but for minority audiences, the revolutionary aspect is in the wire. In a recent conversation I had with him in

(*Continued on page 74*)



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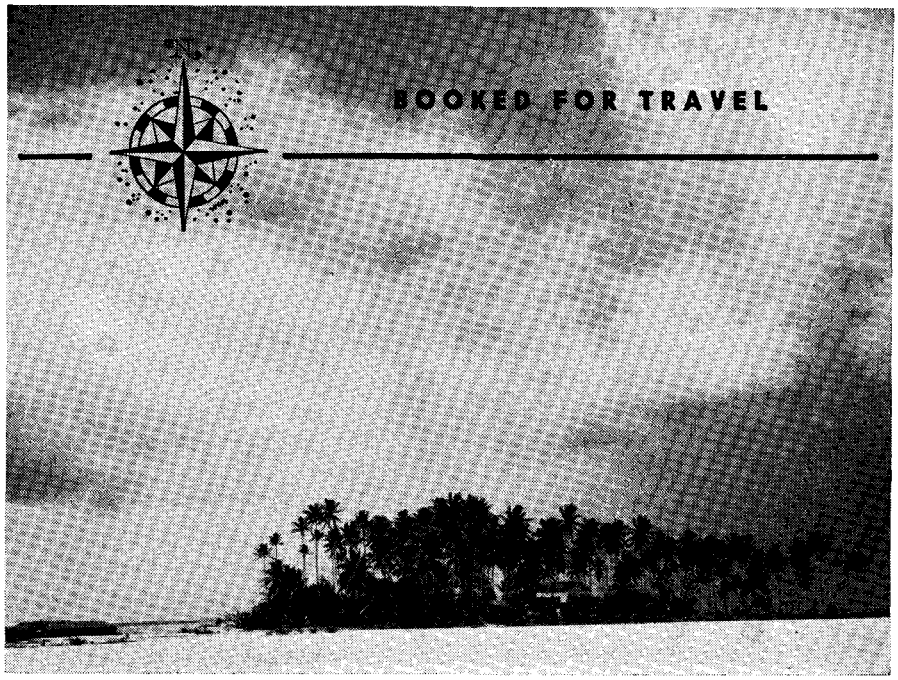

A Backwater Bacchanalia

THE WAY things have been progressing in the sylvan backwaters of the South Pacific, it is frequently possible, nowadays, to depart some relatively civilized center and fly off for a short hop to lands whose names are all but unknown in the glorious Technicolor of the travel ads.

I did just that the other day, buzzing off from Tahiti's new airport (after first paying 57 cents tax) and landing fifty-five minutes later on the informal landing strip at Raiatéa, a name not yet well known along the corridors of Thos. Cook & Sons. There was nothing on the strip except a stand of palms, a small shed, and Roland Morillot, the half-French, half-Polynesian hotel tycoon, of the island.

M. Morillot drove me off to his hotel, called the Hina Village, which he built along the water a mile or so removed from the metropolis called Uturoa. It proved to be a surprisingly attractive place, and although there were no guests in residence, six thatched bungalows stood ready, all of them neatly furnished with lamps fashioned from driftwood, mahogany tables, plaited bamboo screens, American mattresses, and tiled baths from which hot water flowed on call.

From a distance it looked like a small Polynesian village by the sea, and all there was to disabuse one of that impression was the steep roof of the large main house in which Morillot placed a bar, a dining room, and a dance floor. The orchestra, which arrives for festivities every Saturday night, seats itself in a tiny pavilion that sits on stilts in the water. For decoration, M. Morillot has hung a number of posters as well as one painting he inherited from his father, Octave, who arrived in Tahiti in 1902 and who was present at the auction of Gauguin's paintings on the docks at Pepeete. Octave, unfortunately, did not perceive the true value of Gauguin's work, a common shortsightedness of the day. He offered four francs for a painting, but a higher bidder offered seven and won. If Octave failed to leave his family a fortune in Gauguins, he left a handsome assortment of Morillots, many of which decorate Roland's home behind his hotel. They have lately been exhibited in Papeete and may go on to New York.

NOT a painter like his father, and not a hotel operator either, Roland Morillot is leasing his inn to three young Americans from California who have made a success with their Bali H'ai Hotel on the island of Mooréa. Matching their success with South Seas festivals on Mooréa, the American group hopes to introduce firewalking, a famed occult ceremony still performed on Raiatéa, as a regular featured floor show for tourists.

It is going to take just such showmanship, however commercial it may seem, to bring all but the most diligent tourists to Raiatéa. Two who came last fall were Tumi Toriipaia and Marlon Brando. Tumi, who carried an infant, registered her birthplace as Bora Bora. Brando gave his birthplace as Omaha, Nebraska, his home as Beverly Hills, and his profession as *acteur*.

But they were probably looking for seclusion. Raiatéa, once a fountainhead of religion, has little that is handy to see except perhaps for Uturoa, the second largest settlement in the Society Islands. But Uturoa is largely a collection of Chinese shops and flophouses. Of Raiatéa's 4,000 inhabitants 500 are Chinese and they form, as they do almost everywhere in the Pacific basin, the merchant community. In Uturoa they sell bags of oysters, green oranges, limes, red bananas, ice cream cones, watermelons, avocados, as well as bolts of cloth printed in far-off Lyons.

Lately the world of the Chinese shopkeeper has been invaded by a shining new supermarket run by Tahitian interests. It carries ice boxes, washing machines, fish traps, life jackets, and double-decker beds. You can buy mosquito coils, cap pistols, Campbell's soup, bottles of Evian, baskets of mangoes, bunches of breadfruit. Scotch is $5 a bottle and a decent Muscadet is $1.50.

Raiatéa has Hertz cars to rent, bicycles to hire, and twenty-seven little islands to visit. It is eighty kilometers around the rim of the island, and once the rode is finished it will become an easy place to visit. There are ten horses at Marillot's hotel, however, and plenty of boats. The excursions are unlimited, for one can trek off to the big river to bathe in fresh water, or roam the valleys, or visit the Marae Opoa, largest religious relic in Polynesia.

It is four miles across the lagoon to Tahaa, a journey to be made, in the South Seas tradition, by *pirogue*, a sailing canoe made in Raiatéa. Tahaa has many *maraes* and pretty rivers and beaches, and on the plateau of Temehani it grows five-petal flowers called tiare apetahi, which grow nowhere else. They open at the very onset of dawn, their petals exploding in an audible pop and never closing again until nightfall.

Only three miles from the airstrip, at a place called Apoiti, the local sorcerers still practice the ancient art of firewalking, frequently inducing neophytes to march across the hot coals with them. The ceremony begins at six in the morning when the attendants prepare the walk by dropping dry coconuts in a hole and placing large stones on top. The fire is started and burns until the fuel is gone. By four in the afternoon there is nothing left but hot stones. The head sorcerer dusts the stones to remove bits of hot charcoal that might indeed burn the soles. He faces the guests, pronounces an incantation, then leads the prome-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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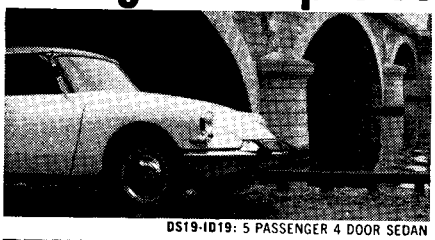

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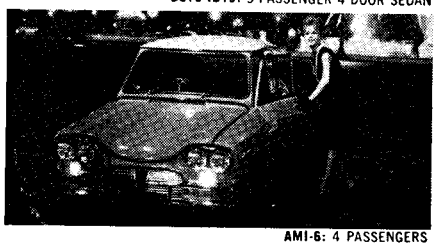

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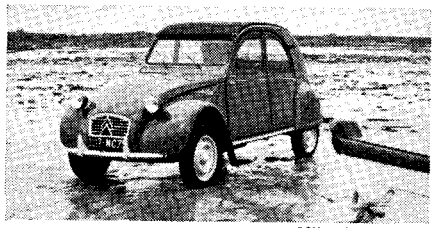

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Continued from page 38

nade. The invitees walk behind. None has ever been burned, including the Europeans who have dared to try it. All you feel, they say, is the oppressive wave of heat from the stones.

As a land of sorcerers, Raiatéa was well known to Captain Cook, its discoverer. The home of the *Arioi* society, it was a center for fertility cults, phallic symbolisms, and organized infanticide, all of which were equally abhorrent to the captain. "More than half of the better sort of inhabitants," Cook wrote, "have entered into a resolution of enjoying free liberty in love without being troubled or disturbed by its consequences. They mix and cohabit together with the utmost freedom and the children who are so unfortunate as to be thus begot are smothered at the moment of their birth. Many of these people contract intimacies and live together as man and wife for years in the course of which the children that are born are destroyed. They are so far from concealing it that they rather look upon it as a branch of freedom upon which they value themselves." Cook reported that the men amused themselves at meetings by wrestling or boxing, while the women danced suggestively, "in the course of which they give full liberty to their desires but I believe keep up to the appearance of decency."

Cook might well have been disappointed. In his new book, *The Golden Haze*, Roderick Cameron says, "Had Cook ever seen one of the meetings he would have known that the performers gave frank demonstrations of sexual technique." The *Arioi*s were religious in concept, but they traveled from one island to another as voluptuous, entertaining missionaries. They stood for free love, but they worshipped nature, and their plays and dances commemorated seasons and history and satirized events of the time. Their members were attractive and had spent long months of probation. Only the children of the nobles were allowed to live—a practice that preserved the bloodlines and held down the population.

In *Love in the South Seas*, Bengt Danielsson, who still lives in Tahiti, fancied an arrival of the *Arioli* with "nude

(*Continued on page* 45)

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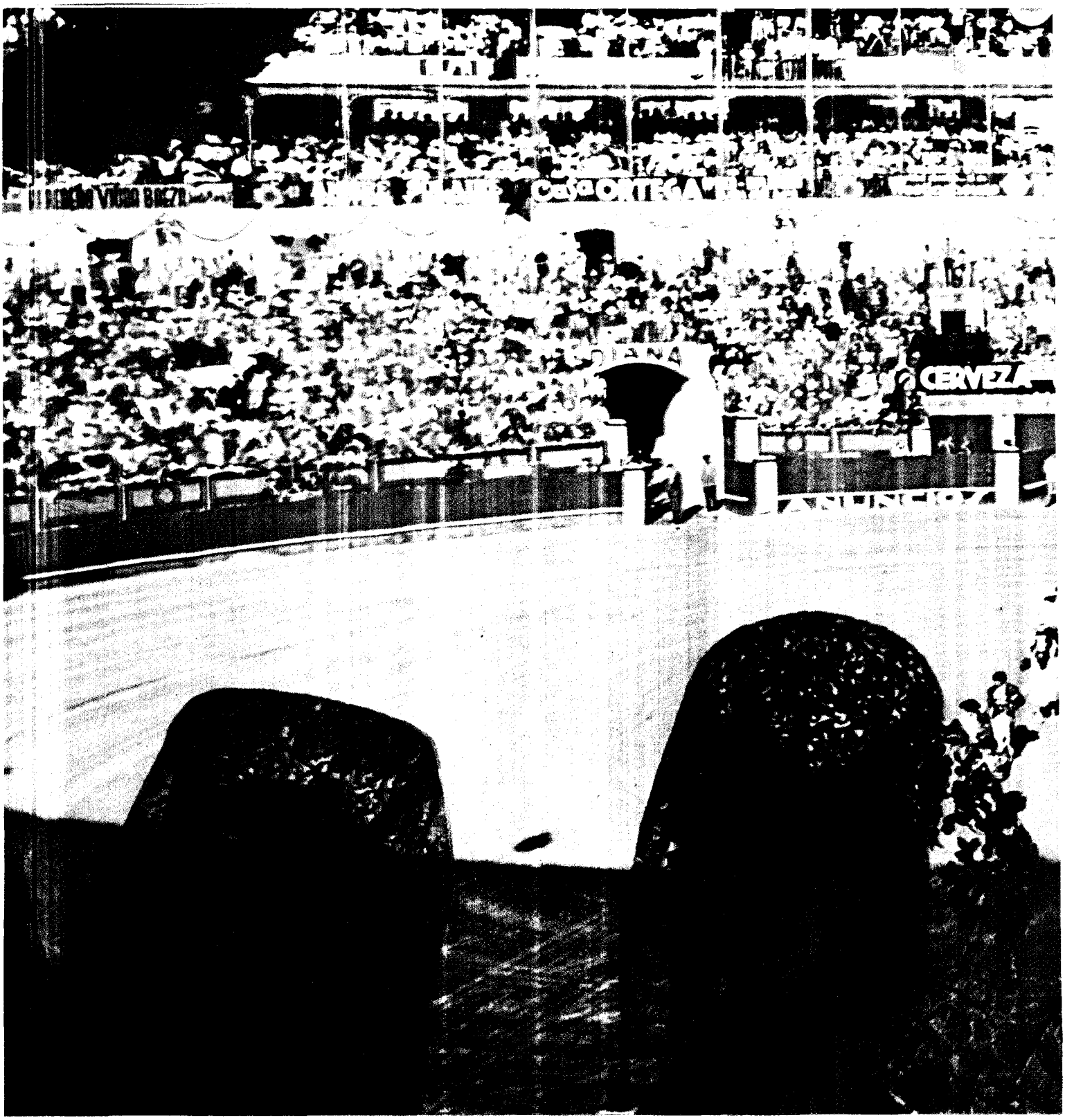

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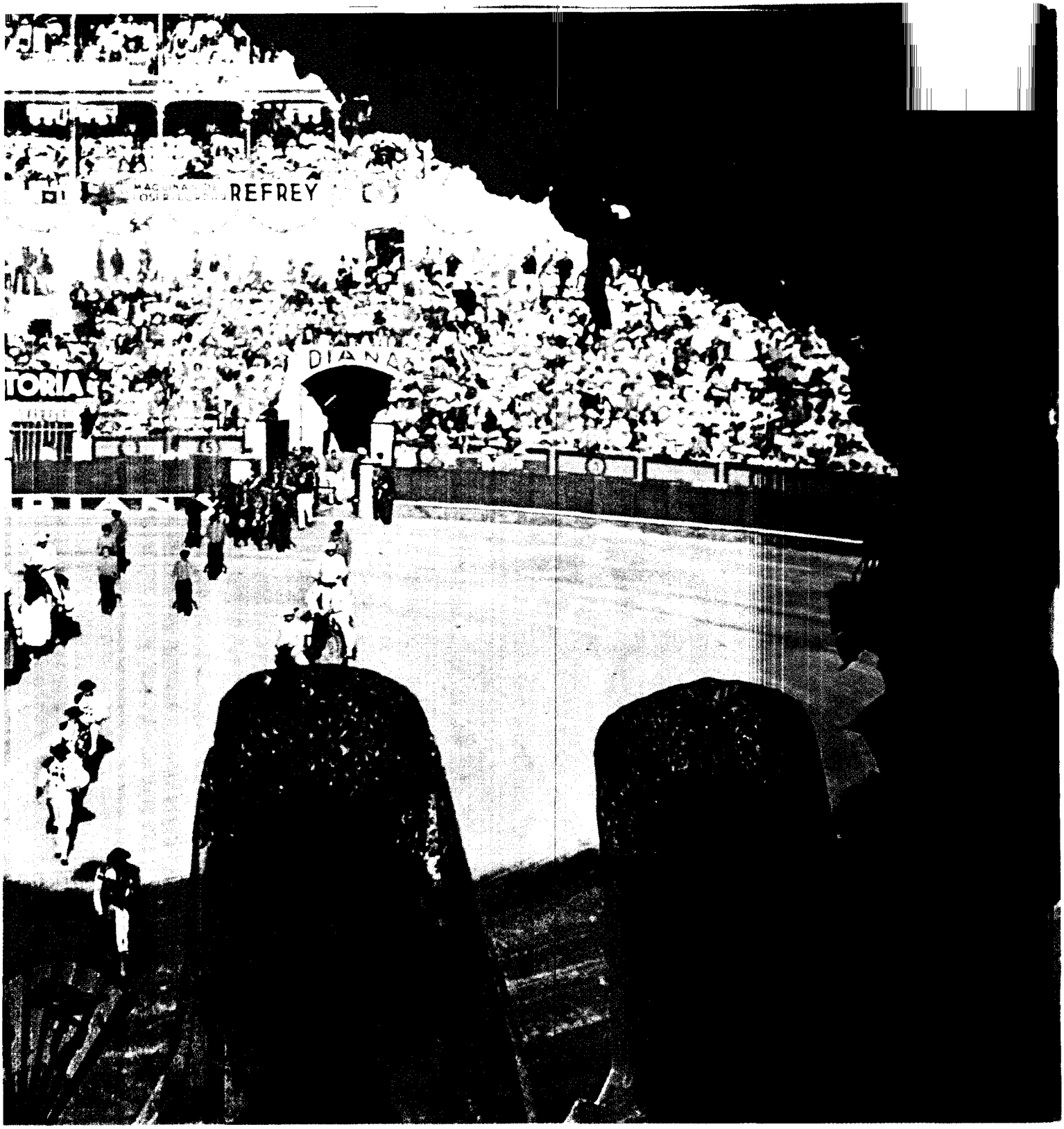

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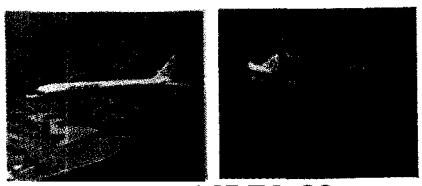

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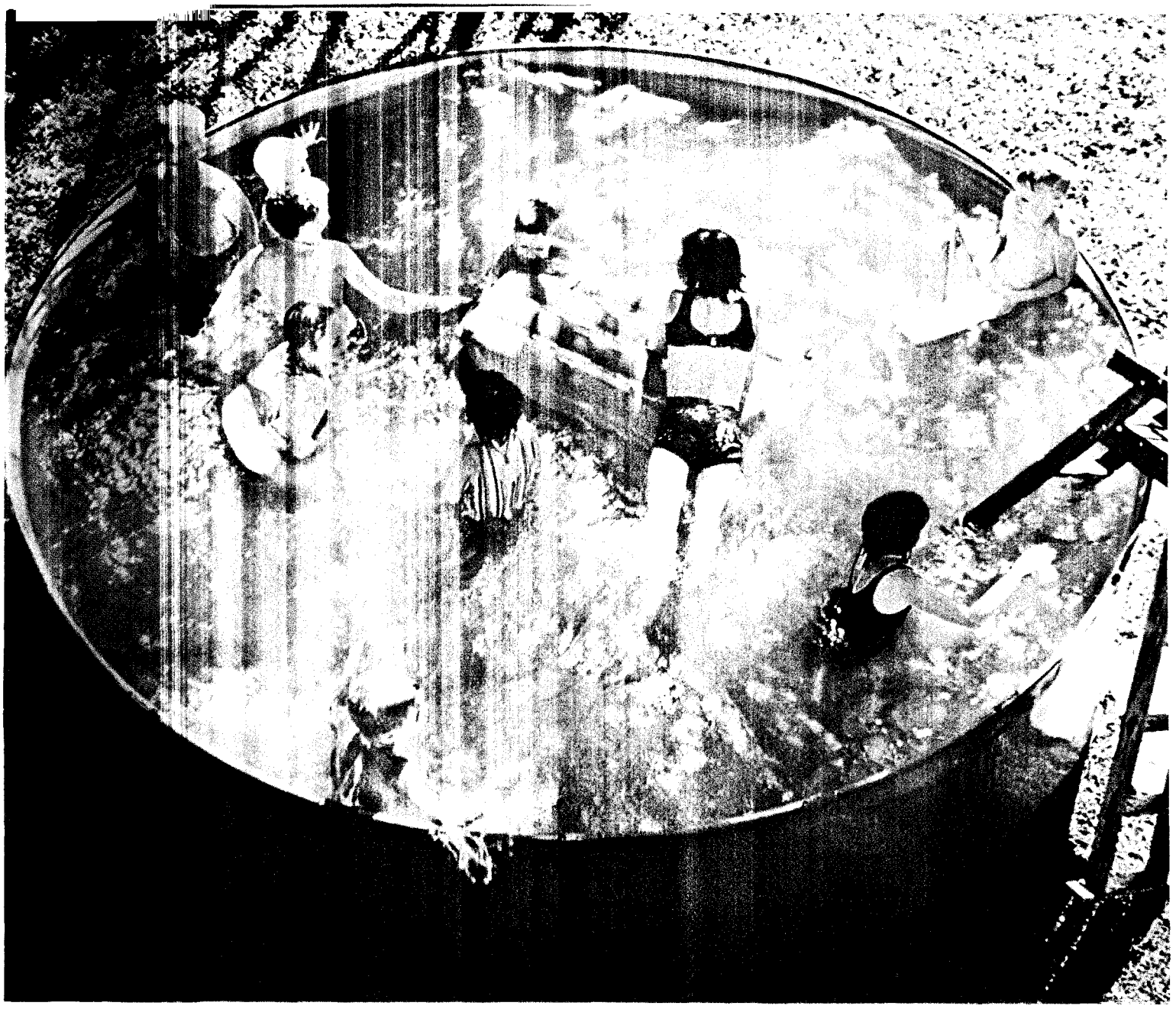

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Continued from page 40

dancers swaying on raised platforms to the dull beat of shark-skin drums. . . ." He envisioned that "a mighty chorus, as rhythmical as the sea itself, rose to the bright summer sky . . . while the drums beat sensuously, the flutes were played, and the blast of the grand master's shell trumpet, heard above all the rest of the noise, served as an overture to the festivities."

With that kind of heritage, which is not yet popularly known, Raiatéa, properly promoted, could soon become a playland of the Pacific. The fact that *Ariois* are no longer in evidence except perhaps in certain parts of Rome and California hardly matters. Although many visitors have come to linger in Raiatéa at the Hina Village Hotel, and more will come under the new management, only one American, to my knowledge, has chosen to settle here. His name is Edson Raff, a retired colonel who also maintains a residence on Bora Bora. He is a graduate of West Point, class of 1933, and I found him one sun-swept afternoon, shirtless and in shorts, playing tennis in the broiling sun. Fifty-six and still fit, he told me he had jumped with the First Parachute Battalion in Africa, commanded an armored task force on D-Day to rescue elements of the 82nd Airborne, then swept across the Rhine with the 17th Airborne.

After the war he studied in Hawaii on the G.I. Bill and started writing a thesis on Bora Bora. Hawaii got too crowded for him and he went to have a look at Bora Bora. He bought a Comanche, which he flies back and forth between Raiatéa and Bora Bora, sometimes helping to bring people to the hospital in advance of the thin airline schedules. Even without that service, the French government, in deference to his war record, has awarded him full privileges of residence. He almost married Shirley Kahn, the Bora Bora daughter of a long-departed serviceman. Shirley's brother lives at Mahina near Point Venus in Tahiti and her father comes from Long Island. Shirley's mother, who gave birth at sixteen and would still be young today, came to Raiatéa after the American troops went home. She took up with a *kahuna*, or *tahua* as they are called here, and he fixed her with a curse. If she left Raiatéa she would die, the sorcerer told her. She left and shortly after the war's end she died.

Colonel Raff has no desire to return to what he called "America's smog-filled civilization." He is making a study of comparative religions and living on his pension. After we had talked for a while, he excused himself and went back into the fiery sun to continue his singles match with a young Polynesian boy. I rode off with Morillot to the airstrip to wait for the plane. There was a great sweep of land with nothing on it except that stand of palms stretching up toward a great sweep of sky, the white cloudheads booming out of the horizon like a roll of kettle drums. It was a lonely place and an alien one, and I couldn't help but wonder if Raff ever thought back to his days on West Point's Plain and the times of the war, and I wondered how he made the loneliness of the nights fit the splendor of the smog-free, sun-baked days. —HORACE SUTTON.

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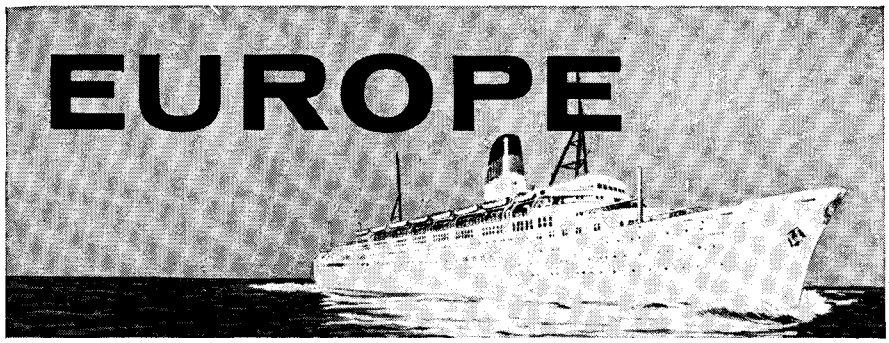

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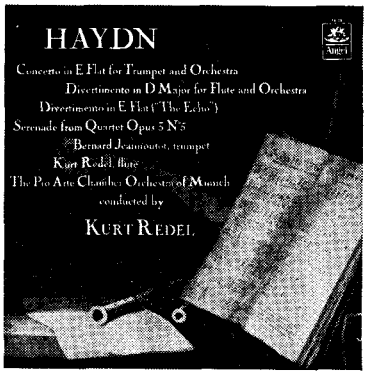
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

New Theater at Lincoln Center—M. Horne

APRIL in Paris is justly celebrated, and to Robert Browning it was the month when thoughts turned homeward to England. But to some, April in New York will always be memorable for the opening of the New York State Theater at Lincoln Center. The night was mild, a star glittered somewhere in the distance, the water of the plaza fountain soared and splashed, and a brass quintet played. The only thing that justified turning a back on all these outdoor enticements was the promise of what was within.

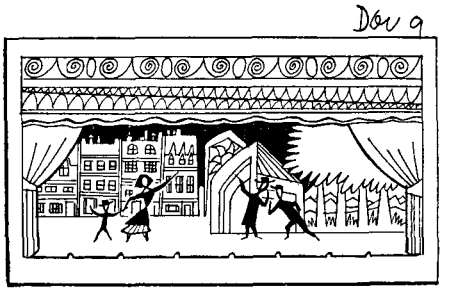
Even to those who had watched it rising out of the ground, concrete layer by concrete layer, there was a sense of uncertainty as well as anticipation in the prospect of seeing the theater come alive. Like any debutante at a coming-out, the unexpected can always be expected. But to the credit of architect Philip Johnson on down to every technician who put a bolt in place, what happened was what could least be expected: it worked in every visible detail, and in every vital invisible one, too.

All the arts that helped to bring it into being were accounted for—not only the twin arts of ballet and music that were represented by the New York City Ballet, of which George Balanchine is the artistic director, and the Music Theater, of which Richard Rodgers is president, but also the art of politics, in the persons of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and his lieutenant, Malcolm Wilson, who is head of the state commission on the World's Fair. Financed in large part by state money, it represents a happy alliance also of municipal and private support, working in harmony to an outcome that will benefit all.

For that matter, the theater itself is the happiest kind of alliance of the elegant and the utilitarian. So far as could be determined from a seat in the first Ring (balcony) the New York City Ballet has a stage of operation to delight creator and audience alike. It is spacious, but not overwhelmingly so. The proscenium opening has a height that will enable those in the most distant seats to see the whole stage, and (best of all) it provides infinite possibilities for development to a company that has, literally, been seeing the seamier side of theatrical life for much of its existence. What is past, it is often said, is prelude; but here it is delightful fact.

The gold and garnet auditorium, for all its 2,729 seats, is but the core of a kind of reactor in which many kinds of fusion can take place. The areas around it are spacious beyond any prior possibility in a New York theater where square feet and round dollars lock in mortal combat. Only in a structure incorporated, as this one is, in a grandiose plan of civic development could the heartless realities of economics be vanquished on behalf of a Promenade even larger than the famous foyer of the Paris Opera, and as true to the artistic spirit of today as that one was to the time of its origins. Meant to be occupied and alive with an audience alert for an evening of enjoyment, it has an *ambience* in keeping with the excitement of theatergoing at its best.

FOR THIS inaugural evening, when congratulatory speeches were to be expected and were not lacking (likewise TV cameras to communicate the happenings to millions), the program was properly ceremonial. Maria Tallchief and André Prokowsky shared solo opportunities in *Allegro Brillante*, to Tchaikovsky music, and John Philip



Sousa's rhythmic pulse provided a heartbeat for the lively evolutions of *Stars and Stripes* featuring Jacques d'Amboise. Observing the latter via TV, one could see a vista of countless exciting events to come, especially with color added to CBS's aboriginal black and white.

There was also a living composer honored and present, in Richard Rodgers, whose *Carousel* provided Joan Weldon as Julie and the imaging John Raitt as Billy Bigelow, to give a taste of the theater's possibilities for the specially American form of "musical." Prior satisfaction with the natural sound of the ballet orchestra was seconded by the amplification artfully provided for the Broadway species of vocal ability the house is also meant to serve. Vilhelm Lassen Jordan, the acoustical consultant, and Sound Systems Inc., which designed the speaker system arranged (invisibly) around the proscenium, can

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offer these results as credentials to any prospective customer.

Hope springs eternal, etc. In the New York State Theater it has been translated into an accomplishment which, when Will Shakespeare's 500th anniversary comes around, should still be serving handsomely as a monument to one generation's planners and doers.

The remarkable vocal abilities of Marilyn Horne, hitherto restricted in New York to spectacular secondary parts in concert performances of opera, were the subject of a full-length exposition at a recital in Philharmonic Hall. Whether Miss Horne is a mezzo with a long top, or a short soprano with a deep bottom range, she displayed her competence over a compass that was gradually extended from low B—high A in Handel's "Here Amid the Shady Woods" (from *Alexander Balus*) to low G sharp—high B in "Non piu mesta" from Rossini's *Cenerentola*. By this time, one half expected Miss Horne to take the upper E at the end of it, and was slightly disappointed that she didn't.

This, however, is the penalty for an exhibition that turns in large part on virtuosity; when it reaches certain immutable limits, it tends to the question "Is that all?" In Miss Horne's case, the lovely suavity in the middle and the brilliance at the top are extended to include a resonance at the bottom that is all the greater contrast for what is above it. There is a break around F sharp-G sharp where some tones fall into cracks between, but this is on the whole an extraordinarily well-disciplined voice. Miss Horne also has the musical intelligence and temperamental resource to take three Handel arias in stride, including the intricately ornamented "Iris Hence Away" (from *Semele*), and to alter her vocal character soon afterward to suit the challenging high spirits of Rossini's showpiece.

In between Miss Horne shifted vocal gears for a sequence of Wolf lieder that spoke more of aptitude than accomplishment. It takes more than technique to make an impression with *Auch kleine Dinge*, and *In dem Schatten meiner Locken*, for all its surface charm, does not yield its full meaning easily. The big sound she commands made something more consequential of "Kennst du das Land?" but it went in several installments rather than building steadily to a climax. Gwendolyn Koldofsky's piano performances, though satisfactory for Handel and Rossini, lacked the sharpness of articulation and the finesse in coloration to make her an equal partner to a total impression, as Wolf intended. Miss Horne had a rapturous success with her audience in a program that went on to include groups of songs by Hindemith and Nin.

—Irving Kolodin.

A Long, Relentless Reign of Wrong

Negro Thought in America, 1880-1915: Racial Ideologies in the Age of Booker T. Washington, *by August Meier (University of Michigan Press. 336 pp. $7.50);* ***The Negro Revolution in America,*** *by William Brink and Louis Harris (Simon & Schuster. 249 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.45);* ***An Education in Georgia: The Integration of Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes,*** *by Calvin Trillin (Viking. 180 pp. $3.95), and* ***Integration vs. Segregation,*** *edited by Hubert H. Humphrey (Crowell. 314 pp. $4.95), examine from different viewpoints the varied manifestations of slavery's aftermath. Dwight L. Dumond is the author of "Antislavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America," which won an Anisfield-Wolf Award.*

By DWIGHT L. DUMOND

BECAUSE the United States today is powerful beyond all precedent, rich in material wealth and manpower, and complacent to the point of misanthropy, we are in deep trouble. Either we do something about it or we confess abandonment of the high principles on which the nation was founded. Great segments of our people have lost their sense of justice and equity and their respect for due process of law. Racism runs rampant. Hate controls our emotions.

Four recent books make some contribution to an understanding of the issues. *Negro Thought in America, 1880-1915*, by August Meier, is a historical analysis of Negro intellectual leadership in the age of Booker T. Washington. This was the period when the politicians abandoned the former slaves to the tender mercies of the white people of the South; when the man of color was beaten down again in a determined and successful effort to restrict emancipation to the narrowest possible limits. It was the period of defilement of Negro bodies, national ideals, and institutional life; of an almost complete acceptance of the Washington theory of economic and cultural achievement as a necessary prelude to political rights; and of entrenched segregation, denial of the franchise, and economic slavery. When the nation abandoned the Negro, the Negro abandoned politics. It was the price of staying alive; politicians like Vardaman and skid-row bums had crawled into bed together. Meier does not say why, though the answer is perfectly obvious.

W. E. B. DuBois, one of the great men of the century, threw the full weight of his learning and prestige against this enforced self-effacement. He did not win recognition of human dignity and equality, but he put a curse on cooperation that gave renewed courage to people of color and produced at least the beginning of soul-searching in enough whites to provide hope for ultimate atonement, retributive justice, and the triumph of humanity over pigmentation. Meier's narrative leaves little doubt in the mind of the sensitive reader that, if America intends to keep the people of color a group apart within the land of their birth, then America has failed, democracy has failed, and we had better liquidate the whole establishment.

Turning from the scholar in the area of Negro intellectual history to the practitioner of public-opinion sampling, one becomes conscious of a feeling of utter futility. *The Negro Revolution in America*, by William Brink and Louis Harris, is based on a *Newsweek* survey. One finds here questions directed to Negroes as to what acts of discrimination left the deepest impression on them; whether they are willing to fight for their country or to participate in direct action for attainment of civil rights; whether they favor violence or nonviolence, and who they think would win in a test of strength; whether they are registered voters, and, if not, why not; and what they think of white people. Some of the questions are intelligent, some are plain silly, some are insulting, and all are basically wrong because what we face is not a Negro problem but a problem of morality and ethics. We have a revolution in progress, worldwide in scope, greater than the Reformation, moving with tremendous power and speed, resisted by deliberate acts of containment and obstruction on the part of the white population. We will not find our way across the mountain by asking Negroes a lot of questions.

Integration vs. Segregation, edited by Hubert H. Humphrey, is the politician's approach to integration in the public schools. It would be interesting to see what a prominent member of the opposing party might include in such a

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book. This one is strongly legalistic and at points picayunish, with arguments for and against segregation, desegregation, and integration, against a backdrop of the Fourteenth Amendment, Plessy *v.* Ferguson, Brown *v.* Board of Education, and the Southern Manifesto. Condemnation of the Supreme Court and a discussion of racial inequality appear to receive a disproportionate share of attention, the first being of no practical value and the second beyond the pale of respectability.

The reader who has not followed the progress of school integration through the past ten years will find very interesting and enlightening the discussion by Hodding Carter of school-closing, massive resistance, state interposition, private school subsidization, economic pressures, and other proved or possible avenues open to segregationists. A discussion of the problem of school integration in the North and West is of little consequence. There is no recognition in this book of the degree to which integration in schools is collateral to the main issue of abandonment of pigmentation as a determinant in human relations, of the degree to which the battle against segregation cloaks enormous and widespread acts of violence, or of the effort to prolong and magnify the contest over integration in schools in order that the main issue may be lost to sight.

An Education in Georgia, by Calvin Trillin, is a case history by a highly competent journalist of the two young people who broke the white solidarity of the University of Georgia. One can almost hear the cries of children sacrificed to Moloch as he follows these two youngsters into the cesspool of bigotry and hate that is the Black Belt; where everyone, Negro or white, who favors integration, be he student, freedom rider, newspaper editor, Chief Justice of the United States, or Attorney General, is a tool of the NAACP and the Communists, bent on destroying the Constitution, racial purity, and the Kingdom of Heaven; where Negroes are held to be racially inferior, immoral, indolent, promiscuous; where their poverty is proof that they like it that way, and where victims of mob violence are always the trouble-makers.

All of this is revealed with crystal clarity in a quiet narrative that covers irresponsible tirades by public officials, threats to abolish public education, selling public facilities to private owners, thinly veiled invitations to violence, token acceptance of court orders, intolerable delays, evasions, and hypocritical lying. One can hear the insults to youth by youth, by undisciplined minds and hearts reeking with the venomous hate of their environment. One can almost laugh at the tragic shallowness of half-learning when the social prestige of sorority or fraternity forbids an act of common decency toward one's fellow man. One can weep in solitude that color could bar a man from a lunch counter and from the House of God.

No one who has stood in the presence of the young people of color in the colleges of this country and felt the depth of spiritual power they have gained through centuries of oppression can fail to sense it in the experience of these two college students—nor their dignity, nor their disagreement on many things but never on the search for equality as human beings and as citizens. What is not emphasized by the author, though it illumines the entire narrative, is the steadfast determination of Charlayne Hunter to be herself, an individual, and above all a woman.

So the historian, the pollster, the politician, and the journalist have spoken, each to his own purpose and we hope to some value in the days of our tribulation. Collectively, they do not satisfy the man who wants to know how long a nation dedicated to freedom, justice, and equality can devote its creative energies to crass materialism, reject the dignity of man as basic to the achievement of democracy, or deny to 20 million citizens their individual and constitutional rights. How long can a people hate, persecute, and kill without smothering in its own rottenness?

A Man Against Myth and Malice

Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes, *by Harry Golden (World. 315 pp. $4.95), pays tribute to "the first President . . . since Lincoln to declare publicly that racial segregation and discrimination are morally indefensible." The author of seven books, Saunders Redding is currently at work on his second novel.*

By SAUNDERS REDDING

THE TITLE of Harry Golden's new book is not to be taken as an exact designation of the subject matter. In the dedicatory introduction the author explains that he was inspired to write the book and moved to give it its title "because the late Mr. Kennedy was the first President of the United States since Lincoln to declare publicly that racial segregation and discrimination are morally indefensible." *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes* is a sympathetic observer's story of the new Negro revolution. It is as frankly personal as Mr. Golden's newspaper, *The Carolina Israelite,* or as any of his half-dozen books—and it is more passionate than most.

Of course passion inheres in the subject matter, and any account of it that left passion out would be dishonest. But if passion inheres in the subject matter, cynicism often attaches to it, and Harry Golden makes nothing clearer than the fact that there are those who enlist the passion to their own selfish ends and to the detriment of the Negro revolution's laudable purposes. The author names names and cites instances. Indeed, the book begins with names and an instance —Governor Byrnes introducing General

—*From the book.*

The late John F. Kennedy with leaders of the March on Washington, August 28, 1963.

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Eisenhower to a huge crowd of South Carolinians, the band striking up "Dixie," and the General leaping to his feet, grabbing the microphone, and shouting, "I always stand up when they play that song." The General went on to say that he was the first Republican candidate to bid for Dixie votes since the Civil War, and "the crowd went wild."

If later (as, conceivably, even then) Mr. Eisenhower was less manipulating than manipulated, those who took encouragement from his moral apathy when the Supreme Court issued its desegregation ruling were not. They knew what they were doing when they devised obstructive stratagem after stratagem—the so-called interposition, the so-called freedom of choice, the so-called local-option gimmick—and when they helped to organize the White Citizens Councils for the purpose of imposing economic sanctions against those Negroes who dared hope to exercise their hard-won rights. Judged on the basis of their expressed attitudes, such men as Senators Byrd and Russell, Sam Erwin and Lister Hill (all of whom Mr. Golden names) are not less cynical, self-seeking, and racist than Governors Faubus, Barnett and Wallace (all of whom Mr. Golden also names). Shunning violence themselves, they have not influenced others to avoid it. They, too, exploit ignorance and play upon fear in order to perpetuate a system that they know is immoral and evil. Proclaiming themselves reasonable men, they are yet in thralldom to those myths with which the unreasonable seek to justify a social situation based on injustice. The first of these myths "insists the Negro is happy," and, Mr. Golden goes on, if it could corrupt the imagination of a Faulkner, "think of the less astute it enslaved, and think of the malice it encouraged."

The malice thickened as the Supreme Court decision was followed by the Montgomery bus boycott, the Greensboro sit-ins, the Nashville protest parades, the Atlanta selective-buying campaign, and the rise of new Negro leaders. Not yet President, Mr. Kennedy plunged into this atmosphere with a courageous disregard of political consequences. When a Georgia court sentenced Martin Luther King to prison for a minor traffic offense, Senator Kennedy's reaction was, "Four months for a traffic violation? But it is wrong!" Thus he committed himself to a battle which he fought with all the political weapons he could command, with the prestige of his high office, and with all the strength of his moral conviction.

In *Mr. Kennedy and The Negroes* Harry Golden follows every turn of fortune in that struggle, describes every significant action, applauds every hero, and excoriates every villain.

The Universe by Twos and Threes

***More Roman Tales,** by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus. 255 pp. $4.75), offers vignettes of Italian life away from the Via Veneto. Warrington Winters, a free-lance critic, teaches a course on the contemporary novel at Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.*

By WARRINGTON WINTERS

THE BITTER naturalism of Alberto Moravia was born in his first story "The Tired Courtesan" (1927). Two years later his first novel made him famous in Italy at the age of twenty-two. (America did not discover Moravia till *The Woman of Rome* was published here in 1949.)

This quick and yet leisurely growth of a talent occurred in a tuberculosis sanatorium. There, unhindered by financial or temporal pressures, unburdened by the clanking chains of a formal education, the young writer matured a special style which, in thirty-five years of steady production, has shown little variation—for better or worse.

So it is with these new Roman tales, all of which postdate the *Roman Tales* of 1956. Here we are in the world of the Roman proletariat—the world of de Sica, not of Fellini; but the passions are universal: lust, hatred, envy, sado-masochism, betrayal, and love. The stories unfold sometimes in duo, most often in trio form. The duo seems to demand as a third element the classical surprise ending; thus, assuming that he has impregnated his girl friend, the hero of one tale asks for her hand in marriage, only to find out—of course—that she was never pregnant at all. Again a detective discovers, long after we do, that he has spent a long, hard day on the trail of the wrong woman. Yet again, an uncle, investigating the attempted suicide of his niece, finally perceives that she was motivated by unrequited love for him.

Requiring no such outworn devices, the trio form is much better suited to the little universe of Moravia. A boy spends the day at the beach with his estranged fiancée and another girl; he favors first one and then the other; finally the three are again united. A boy

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Alberto Moravia—"bitter naturalism."

takes his friend and his girl for a drive in his new car; his jealousy brings them close to death on the highway; in the end, he becomes engaged to the girl but retains the friendship of the boy. A man pays a visit to a married couple; he had been the friend of the husband and a suitor to the wife, and now he strives to save their marriage.

In his easy manipulation of the triangle, Moravia often assigns the third role to a mother. A boy loses his girl; on the rebound he pays court to her young mother; the mother returns her daughter to the boy. A mother browbeats both her son and her lover until they unite against her. A beggar employs a five-year-old girl as his assistant until her jealous mother ruins the fruitful collaboration. A man has been making his living by stealing for his mother, who is a fence; he takes an honest job in order to marry the daughter of her friend.

Whether it be short story, novella, or novel, Moravia seems to hatch each work from within, so that it grows around him, like the apple around the core. It is entirely self-sufficient, a finite universe.

Coming May 30

University Press Issue

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Dr. Kien's Mad, Mad, Mad World

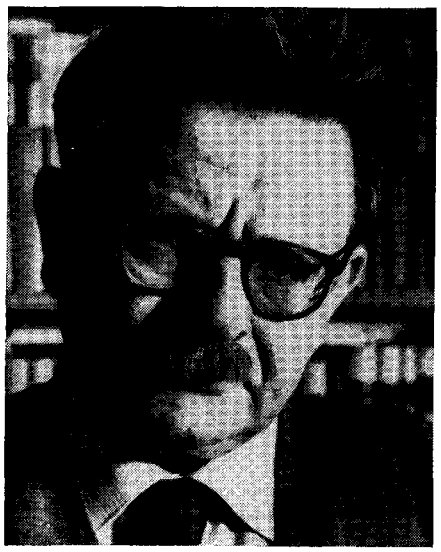
***Auto-da-fé,** by Elias Canetti, translated from the German by C. V. Wedgwood (Stein & Day. 464 pp. $5.95), pictures a Bedlamic world in which a portly vampire and her loutish lover conspire against the arrogant Orientalist who is her quasi better half. Sergio Pacifici, whose "Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature" appeared in 1962, is working on a study of modern Italian fiction.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

ELIAS CANETTI'S cryptic novel, whose title brings to mind the ceremonial death imposed during the Inquisition upon those heretics who failed to recant their beliefs, is a narrative that is amusing and terrifying, as well as ponderous and pretentious.

It is a story, *sui generis*, about an arrogant savant, Dr. Peter Kien, and his confrontation with a mad, improbable world. The first fourteen chapters introduce us to the isolated life Kien leads in his windowless ivory tower, where he produces those great papers on Oriental language and culture that bring him fame but no happiness. One day he decides to marry Thérèse, a stout, middle-aged housekeeper who has been faithful to him, his cause, and his books. But she soon turns out to be a vampire whom he must, at all costs, escape. The first part of the story moves along clearly and smoothly. But the pace soon changes, and the narrative becomes tortuous and jumbled. Dr. Kien begins associating with Fischerle, a hunchbacked dwarf, who is a master chess player and pimps for his own wife. Meanwhile, Thérèse takes Pfaff, a brutish concierge, as her lover, and together they conspire to sell Kien's precious library. A brawl that takes place between the four causes the arrest of Kien. After a lengthy interrogation, the scholar is sent back to his apartment, where his former wife and her lover keep him locked in, hoping to finish him off by starvation. Alerted by Fischerle, Kien's brother George, who is a successful psychiatrist, rushes to the aid of his brother. He tries to diagnose his complexes and, when he believes Peter is well enough to be alone, goes back to Paris. But shortly after he leaves, Dr. Kien sets his library on fire, and dies in the blaze.

Perhaps Mr. Canetti intends to dramatize the predicament of the intellectual living in a society whose values he no longer accepts, let alone understands. If that is the case, the author should have tried to make his hero a more credible human being. As presented in the tale, Kien is a selfish, nasty boor, totally without compassion and (in so far as we can perceive) without commitments, a scholar whose professional competence is, in the last analysis, insignificant. Nor is the connection between the scholar and the community illuminated by Mr. Canetti, for the world created by his vivid imagination is one distressingly monotonous in its confusion and brutality. There is, in short, no genuine meaning in the protagonist's final sacrifice.



—*Helen Craig.*

Elias Canetti—"cryptic."

Return to Winter of Torment

***The Long Voyage,** by Jorge Semprun, translated from the French by Richard Seaver (Grove. 236 pp. $4.50), reflects on five days of torture during the winter of 1943. Emile Capouya's column The Real Thing appears regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

JORGE SEMPRUN'S *The Long Voyage* won the Formentor Prize, which assures that the book will be issued more or less simultaneously in thirteen countries. For all the extraliterary considerations that govern the awarding of literary prizes, I think the custom a good one. It pays lip-service at least to literature, and in the best cases heart-service too. Then it rewards an author with a purse, mostly unlooked for, and substitutes a kind of regal largesse for the ordinary condition of literary production. The great majority of writers, including some of the most useful ones, keep body and soul together by some occupation that has nothing to do with writing; they wring their proper work out of their leisure time, and mean and sweated work it often proves. The plain fact is that literature is at a discount with us. We must have it in order to survive, but we are unwilling to pay for it properly, and luckily we need not, for there is a literary proletariat ready to labor for the sake of our blue eyes. So all honor to the literary prize-givers, who evoke for a moment Pericles and Lorenzo de' Medici.

Particularly when they choose an excellent novel like *The Long Voyage*. The author, Jorge Semprun, is the son of a diplomat of the Spanish Republic, and thanks to General Franco he was raised and educated in France—one of the many talented Spanish writers now contributing to a literature other than the one they were born to. For *The Long Voyage* was written in French; Richard Seaver's English version successfully reproduces the vigor and beauty of the original.

Literally, the long voyage is a journey in a boxcar across France and Germany to a concentration camp. There are 120 men in the car, and among them is the narrator. His thoughts, ranging backward and forward in time—the story is told nearly twenty years after the winter of 1943, in which this and similar journeys took place—give a larger meaning to the five days of torture recorded. Memories of the Resistance, of the Liberation, of childhood, of the concentration and extermination camp, are evoked and

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orchestrated with a kind of Proustian authority. I should have thought that I would never want to read another story of the camps. This book, unsparing as it is in its recital of horrors, doggedly moralistic too, somehow turns those elements to beauty and makes them assimilable to one's experience as no other I have read.

From the complexion of the Formentor committee, one would expect its choice to fall on a book that is thoroughly modern in spirit. It is our good fortune that in this case modern does not mean defeated or decorative. Nothing could be less dejected or less superficial than this account of a dolorous voyage of body and spirit, recorded by a courageous man.

Bundling in Britain: A story of the adventures of a young American soldier in London during the Second World War, Julius Horwitz's *Can I Get There by Candlelight?* (Atheneum, $4.50) seems to be not so much a novel as a series of reminiscences. It is most successful in its early moments: the descriptions of wartime London are excellent (Horwitz is particularly good at suggesting atmosphere), and there are fine passages on the bombardment of England and Germany in which the sufferings of both peoples are handled with tact and understanding.

When it comes to delineating individuals, however, Horwitz is less adroit. Lenny, the girl with whom Paul, the narrator, has an affair, is scarcely characterized; we know she is good to look at and tremendously proficient in bed, but, aside from the facts that she works at a publishing house and is an adulteress, that is all we are told about her. Paul himself is something of an enigma. He appears to be totally unaware that there are any moral problems involved in either his or Lenny's actions. He does feel slightly uncomfortable in the presence of Lenny's husband, but he has no intention of giving up a good thing.

Much better drawn than either Paul or Lenny is Nora, an old slut of a painter who was once a mistress of Modigliani, and with whom Paul spends his time whenever Lenny isn't available. I doubt that I would have found her quite as appealing as Paul does; but who knows what can happen to one in wartime?

Perhaps Paul conveys so little of Lenny's living quality because for him she was merely a convenience and not a real person at all. He philosophizes interminably about the beauties of sex, but I wonder whether, like Marcher in Henry James's "The Beast in the Jungle," Paul didn't miss the real experience, whatever it was.

—Cecil Hemley.

Wages of Collision: It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Elizabeth Janeway's finely articulated novel *Accident* (Harper & Row, $5.95) shows the results of a car crash, which were not all bad: a college student was crippled and his girl left forlorn, but the other people directly or indirectly involved emerged slightly better for the way they were jolted out of their various rages and despairs.

The story is told by a series of first-person accounts of how each one tried to deal with the immediate crisis of the accident in addition to the other complications in their lives. This narrative method is distracting but well suited to the subject, for we see in human terms a spectacle resembling what happens when an ant heap is disturbed. There is drama in plenty, including marital rape in New York and a revolution in Latin America; these violent episodes, however, are less important than the disclosures of hidden secrets, missed opportunities, vain illusions, and the gradual emergence of intentions to pick up the scattered pieces and fit them into an improved pattern of living.

Of course, so honest, unsentimental, and skilful a novelist as Elizabeth Janeway offers no easy solutions, merely a modified optimism that recognizes hard facts while admitting the possibility of a modicum of choice in the way people act. A reckless, defiant youngster accepts responsibility; his millionaire father loses fortune, health, and an invaluable secretary-mistress, but becomes less of an intolerable bully; his mother struggles out of self-pity and withdrawal, and the reunited family drink cocktails together without having a three-way row. Since these people have been shown at their raging, whining, wisecracking worst, one accepts this possibility of mutual adjustment as quite an achievement. There is no miracle, this is not the best of all possible worlds, but at least they will try to make the best of it.

—Aileen Pippett.

—*Arnold Berchman.*

Elizabeth Janeway—"a modified optimism that recognizes hard facts."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ACES UP, ALSO DOWN

The ace is a powerful card, and here are fifteen of them, each the terminal sequence of a word. The words and the aces have been supplied by Alicette Power of San Antonio, Texas, who asks you to fill in the blank spaces and thereby match the supplied definitions. Answers on page 57.

1. — ace	sign of authority
2. — — ace	visible mark
3. — — — ace	imposing residence
4. — — — — ace	rising series of ground levels
5. — — — — — ace	back covering of certain animals
6. — — — — — — ace	type of printing
7. — — — — — — — ace	reckless person
8. — — — — — — — — ace	ordinary
9. — — — — — — — ace	place of origin
10. — — — — — — ace	weave together
11. — — — — — ace	the masses
12. — — — — ace	expression of pain
13. — — — ace	consolation
14. — — ace	serenity
15. — ace	rate of movement

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Forever the Bambino: A novel of rather conventional construction, in a way something of a period piece, Antonio Barolini's *A Long Madness* (Pantheon, $4.95) is not without some of the old-fashioned virtues. To an Italian reader the background (the Veneto), the milieu (upper bourgeoisie), and the psychology (religious obsession with a touch of paranoia) will recall the works of Antonio Fogazzaro half a century and more ago. The American reader will find his chief pleasure, I suspect, in the depiction of the first two elements. The central theme of the obsessive mother, the spoiled and unstable son, is a familiar one nowadays; we can plot almost from Giovanni's birth and certainly from the time of the death of his father, Pietro, the curve of his development and his relations with his mother even if we cannot foresee the tragic dénouement. Yet both central characters are, I think, at once too conventional and too overdrawn to be entirely convincing.

The strength of the novel lies, it seems to me, in its picture of the rural life of an Italy rapidly disappearing, lusty, materialistic but essentially healthy, and typified by Regina, old Pietro's mistress, the most credible figure in the book. It is evident that Barolini rather deplores the nature of the world he is depicting but its evocation is authentic and basically attractive, more so, I think than the portrayal of the histrionic and hysterical mother and son. *A Long Madness* is not a great novel but it is off the beaten track and, in spite of an occasional gaucherie of language in the translation by Helen Barolini, quite readable.

—THOMAS G. BERGIN.

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A RADICAL APPROACH TO CHILD REARING BY A. S. NEILL

With a Foreword by ERICH FROMM

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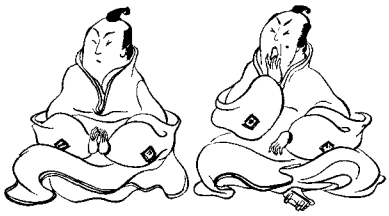
Zany Zen: Why someone hadn't thought of applying the rituals and mystique of Zen to baseball until now is far more bewildering than Tom Ziegler's text and Hal Barnell's pictures in a delightful new spoof called *The Zen of Base and Ball* (Simon & Schuster, $2.50). The reader discovers, among many other things, that "the pitcher stands on a little hill because he is the deliverer of the ball and therefore should not stand on common ground . . ." and that "stealing bases is honorable only if no one sees the theft."

The umpire decides exactly what is to be the meaning of each play.



When not opposing the enemy, the players sit.
It is expressed by the phrase "sitting lost in sitting."
We sit just to sit.

. . . merely swing to where the ball ought to be.

After the "hit," run vigorously (but with dignity) toward first base.

. . . it would be unseemly to appear overanxious.

However the game goes, the spectators are invariably incensed.

When too many batters become runners . . . the pitcher loses face.

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The Uneven Road to Equality

Liberalism and the Retreat from Politics, *by William J. Newman (Braziller. 190 pp. $5), and* ***The Liberal Dilemma,*** *by Harvey C. Bunke (Prentice-Hall. 339 pp. $6.95), score the left-of-center intellectuals of the Fifties for abandoning politics and politicians as hopeless. Walter Johnson, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, wrote "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue: Presidents and the People Since 1929."*

By WALTER JOHNSON

EQUALITY of opportunity under freedom has long been the purpose of American politics. "You should understand what I deem the essential principle of this government . . . Equal and exact justice to all men of whatever state or persuasion. . . ," Thomas Jefferson explained in his first inaugural address. And Abraham Lincoln, as he faced the crisis of the Civil War, observed that what had held the nation together was "that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance."

During the nineteenth century the American people had the unique and exhilarating experience of both vertical and horizontal mobility—even though the institution on slavery and continued restrictions after 1865 on the freedom of the Negro were tragic denials of the American purpose.

By the 1890s the closing of the frontier meant to many people that the limit of horizontal mobility had been reached. At the same time the rapid development of transportation, industry, and finance threatened to produce a situation where vertical mobility as well would be checked.

When the crisis in both vertical and horizontal mobility was reached, Americans reacted with pragmatic experimentation. Across the nation there arose the demand that government curb monopoly and protect human and natural resources from exploitation at the hands of those whom the Republican Roosevelt called "malefactors" of great wealth, and that, by playing a larger role in economic activity, a strong government protect equality of opportunity under freedom.

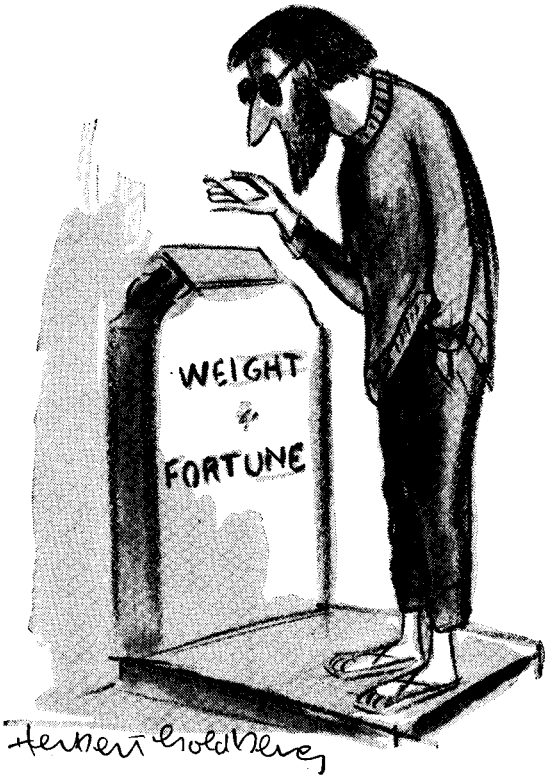
Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, as liberal reformers, were trying to make the benefits of the new frontiers of industry and technology accessible to the mass of Americans. Theodore Roosevelt once remarked that it was ". . . our task . . . to strive for social and industrial justice. . . . If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing. . . ."

By World War II the United States had come face to face with the problem of power and had increased public power to check the economic and political strength of private wealth. With the prosperity of the war years and those that followed, the American purpose of equality under freedom continued to flourish inside a new political, social, and economic context. After 1945 Americans were still the most mobile people on the globe. And the fact of equality of opportunity for most was just as breathtaking to foreign observers as it had been to Alexis de Tocqueville in the 1830s.

Why then the need for books entitled *Liberalism and the Retreat from Politics* and *The Liberal Dilemma*? William J. Newman, critic of conservatism in *The Futilitarian Society,* is equally critical in his current book of the way "intellectual" liberalism in the 1950s reached the point of "pessimistic exhaustion." Such social critics as David Riesman, C. Wright Mills, and William Whyte, Professor Newman wisely observes, not only reflected the era "in their despair at its failure and meaninglessness but also and most importantly in their fundamental acceptance of its postulates. The exhaustion of American creativity in the realm of social and political change is the basic datum from which they start."

IN *The Liberal Dilemma* Harvey C. Bunke of the University of Iowa presents a widely ranging analysis of the dynamics of various stages of capitalistic development and discusses the influence on American thought and values of, among others, Plato, Adam Smith, and Lord Keynes. Professor Bunke is concerned over the lack of "robust vitality" to meet pressing needs. He states that the energizing and the organizing force behind our capitalistic society "centered on simple economic

(*Continued on page* 57)



"Inside you a Babbit is trying to creep out."

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Countries in Search of a Character

The Middle East and the West, *by Bernard Lewis (Indiana University Press. 160 pp. $3.75),* ***The United States and the Middle East,*** *edited by Georgiana G. Stevens (Prentice-Hall. 182 pp. $3.95), and* ***People and Policy in the Middle East,*** *by Max Weston Thornburg (Norton. 247 pp. $5), look into why we have not made friends with and influenced the Arab nations as extensively as desirable. Emil Lengyel wrote "The Changing Middle East" and other books.*

By EMIL LENGYEL

THESE three books exhibit remarkable unanimity about America's Mideast policy under the ministrations of John Foster Dulles. It was a "calamity." The volume edited by Georgiana Stevens uses the Aswan High Dam as a case study. Dulles had made a tentative offer about assistance in building it and then withdrew it "in such a way as to be a deliberate, public, and inescapable insult to the Egyptian president and his people." What motivated this brusque act? It seems that Washington was bent on wrecking Nasser's plan of Arab integration and delivered the slap so as to disfigure his "face." The Dulles policy boomeranged, and the angry riposte "sent Nasser truly into orbit as the deliriously acclaimed national hero. . . ."

American foreign policy again boomeranged in the Baghdad Pact, engineered in Washington to erect a strong glacis adjacent to the Soviets in the Middle Eastern "northern tier." Iraq's signature on the pact was acclaimed as a historic victory for the West. Thus the Arabs' neutralist bastion was pierced. And what was the result? American policy was rendered thoroughly distasteful in the most important portions of the Middle East, while the local architect of the glacis, Nuri al-Said, Iraq's until-then perennial premier, was destroyed.

The "Eisenhower Doctrine" turned out to be a catastrophe, too. Proclaimed after the British and French invasion of Suez, it pledged help to Middle East nations against "international communism." As Max Weston Thornburg observes, this doctrine was fathered by an illusion. He questions the value of any Western-sponsored military force in the Middle East, save for that in Turkey.

The black-and-white nature of the Dulles policy was no less disastrous. To quote Richard H. Nolte in *The United States and the Middle East,* the substance of it was: "You are either with us, or against us, and we'll make it worth your while to be with us." Our policy should not be to align the Middle East countries with the West, Mr. Thornburg states, but to persuade them not to be aligned with the Communists. The damage done by a cavalier policy has not yet been repaired by the more delicately balanced moves of the United States in recent days.

WITH the exception of Turkey, Israel, and Iran, the nations in this region indict the United States for "colonialism"—in company with Britain and France. But America has no dependencies in the area—so why the indictment? As Bernard Lewis points out, discontent on this score can be understood only if we view the conflicts as being among civilizations—not nations. The U.S. is distrusted in the Arab world because it is the very incarnation of Western civilization. Even now, after his liberation from the West, the sensitive Arab is painfully aware of his subordination to the Occident. He has his historic memories. Also, he knows only too well that it is the West that is extracting his richest natural resource, petroleum. Moreover, the West provides him with the models of his armed forces, which are his greatest pride,

teaches him even the lessons of his own history, inspires his literature and art, and supplies him with the gadgets of his everyday life. "It is a deeply wounding, deeply humiliating experience."

Wounding and humiliating for the West, in turn, is the fact that where it has failed the Soviets appear to have won. Yet, it is the Kremlin, not the West, that rules over millions of colonial people among the Middle Easterners' fellow-Moslems in Soviet Central Asia. Unfortunately for us, the Soviets have succeeded in representing the Kremlin as the mighty shield of the coreland of the Middle East. For erstwhile colonial subjects are disposed to see colonialism only when it comes from across the seas —not when it expands overland, as in the Russian case.

The apparent failure of the Arab nations to effect their much-desired unification is another important subject covered in these books. At present there are thirteen independent U.N. member Arab nations. They know that individually they are much weaker than if there were only one Afro-Asian Arab nation extending from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Why have the Arabs failed to come closer to integration? For one thing, they have not found a common denominator of their aspirations, in spite of many common traits. "Thirteen countries in search of a character" might be an apt description of their fruitless endeavor.

THERE are many other interesting features in these books, among them a particularly revealing chapter by William R. Polk on "Social Modernization: The New Man" in the volume edited by Miss Stevens. Mr. Lewis's scrutiny of the revolt of Islam, patriotism and nationalism, and the quest for freedom is enlightening, as is Mr. Thornburg's penetrating study of social and political change as they have affected American foreign policy.

Mr. Lewis's study is comprised of the six lectures he delivered at Indiana University last year. He is co-editor of the classic *Encyclopedia of Islam* and professor at the University of London. The volume edited by Miss Stevens was prepared as "background reading" for last year's American Assembly meeting, Columbia University, at Arden House, Harriman, New York. She served in the Office of Intelligence Research, Department of State, and her six authors are recognized specialists. Mr. Thornburg's book is published, alas, posthumously. He was the embodiment of C. P. Snow's "two civilizations," at home in the natural and social sciences, an engineer-business executive-sociologist. The layman, as well as the specialist, will find all of these books valuable.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Archeology

SEARCH IN THE DESERT. By John Marco Allegro. Doubleday. $4.95.

Art, Architecture

ITALIAN TEXTILES. By A. Santangelo. Abrams. $25.

WORLD ARCHITECTURE TODAY. Edited by John Donat. Viking. $15.

Business, Economics

THE FUTURE OF PRIVATE PENSIONS. By Merton C. Bernstein. Free Press. $12.50.

THE VESTED INTERESTS: Their Origins, Development and Behavior. By Edward Ziegler. Macmillan. $6.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE BOOSTER AND THE SNITCH: Department Store Shoplifting. By Mary Owen Cameron. Free Press. $5.95.

THE COIN OF CONTRABAND: The True Story of United States Customs Investigator Al Scharff. By Garland Roark. Doubleday. $5.95.

TO HIDE A ROGUE. By Thomas Walsh. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

WILL ANYONE WHO SAW THE ACCIDENT . . . By Jeffrey Ashford. Harper & Row. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICA: The Way Ahead. By Jack Woddis. International. $3.75.

ON DEALING WITH THE COMMUNIST WORLD. By George F. Kennan. Harper & Row. $3.

WHERE DID YOUR MONEY GO? By Andrew Tully and Milton Britten. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Essays

ESSAYS OF A HUMANIST. By Julian Huxley. Harper & Row. $5.

THE HAIRCURL PAPERS. By William K. Zinsser. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Fiction

THE BIG KNIVES. By Bruce Lancaster. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

BUDDWING. By Evan Hunter. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

DRAGON COVE. By Carter A. Vaughan. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE GOLDEN KELL. By Desmond Bagley. Doubleday. $4.95.

STRANGERS AND COMRADES. By Alfred Slote. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

A SUMMER BURNING. By Harry J. Boyle. Doubleday. $4.50.

History

THE FORMATIVE YEARS: 1607-1763. (Volume IV in the Making of America Series.) By Clarence L. Ver Steeg. Hill & Wang. $5.

Literary Criticism

FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND: Literary Reminiscences 1917-1940. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $4.95.

INTRODUCTION TO WALLACE STEVENS. By Henry W. Wells. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.

Miscellany

THE BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK. By Elaine Balcomb. World. Paperback, $1.95.

EARL WILSON'S NEW YORK. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

EATING THE RUSSIAN WAY. By Beryl Gould-Marks. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.75.

CLASSIC CARS IN COLOR. Introduction by Colonel J. R. Buckley. Viking. $2.98.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE MAMMALS. By William Henry Burt and Richard Philip Grossenheider. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

IN HIS OWN WRITE. By John Lennon. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

LOOK YOUR BEST. By Candy Jones. Harper & Row. $4.95.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE: The Meaning and Practice of Sexual Love in Christian Marriage. By Dr. Henri Gibert. Hawthorn. $4.95.

PEACOCK MANURE AND MARIGOLDS: A "No-Poison" Guide to a Beautiful Garden. By Janet Gillespie. Viking. $3.95.

SCHOLARSHIP GUIDE. By Clarence Lovejoy. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.95.

STAR MAPS FOR BEGINNERS. By I. M. Levitt and Roy K. Marshall. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.50.

TWELVE WAYS TO BUILD A VOCABULARY. By Archibald Hart. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, $1.25.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOURS. By Mel Allen and Ed Fitzgerald. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Personal History

HAYES, THE DIARY OF A PRESIDENT, 1875-1881. Edited by T. Harry Williams. McKay. $6.50.

HIROSHIMA PILOT. By William Bradford Huie. Putnam. $4.95.

LARRY GORMAN. "The Man Who Made the Songs." By Edward Ives. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.

MARK TWAIN IN VIRGINIA CITY. By Paul Fatout. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE REST OF THE STORY. By Sheilah Graham. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

ROBERT FROST: A Backward Look. By Louis Untermeyer. The Library of Congress. Paperback, 25¢.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS OF HORACE GREGORY. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

THE MERRY MUSES OF CALEDONIA: A Collection of Bawdy Folk Songs, Ancient and Modern. Written and collected by Robert Burns. Edited by James Barke and Sydney Goodsir Smith. Putnam. $5.

Reference

A TREASURY OF GREAT AMERICAN QUOTATIONS. Edited by Charles Hurd. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Religion

THE INTERPRETATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, 1861-1961. By Stephen Neill. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.50.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GOSPEL. By Amos N. Wilder. Harper & Row. $3.50.

THE PROTESTANT MYSTICS. Edited by Anne Fremantle. Little, Brown. $6.75.

THE TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: Its Transmission, Corruption, and Restoration. By Bruce M. Metzger. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

Sociology

THE HONORED SOCIETY: A Searching Look at the Mafia Conspiracy. By Norman Lewis. Putnam. $5.

INTERMARRIAGE: Interfaith, Interracial, Interethnic. By Rabbi Albert I. Gordon. Beacon. $10.

Travel

ALONG THE RIDGE. By Edward Streeter. Harper & Row. $4.95.

CAMPING MAPS U.S.A. AND CANADA. By Glenn and Dale Rhodes. Macmillan. $2.95.

CEYLON. By S. A. Pakeman. Praeger. $6.95.

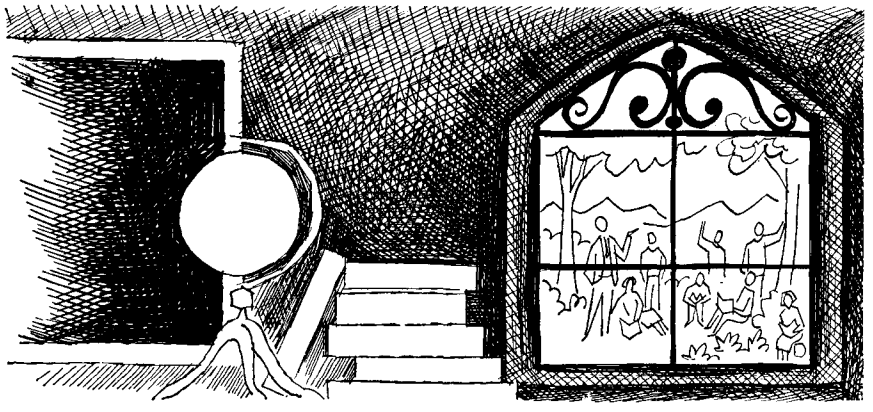
EGYPT. Text by Peter P. Riesterer. Photographs by Hed Wimmer and others. Hill & Wang. $6.95.

GREECE. Water colors by Anne Poor. Text by Henry Miller. Viking. $6.50.

SAN FRANCISCO AT YOUR FEET: Great Walks in a Walker's Town. By Margot Patterson Doss. Grove. Paperback, $1.95.

SCANDINAVIA: Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland. Baedeker's Touring Guide. Macmillan. $7.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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Space Age

Continued from page 31

along with mild climate; his statement that the Pentagon flyboys "have had almost as much trouble naming their projects as they have had getting them into space."

The ethical myopia of the astronauts and their advisers on such questions as memoir-peddling, motel ownership, and acceptance of free houses is dealt with at length, as indeed it should be. Precisely because this handful of young men are at the focal point of national attention on the space effort, their wheeling-dealings have long disturbed many space observers, this reviewer included. In his chapter entitled "The Show Business of Space," Mr. Diamond performs a nice clinical examination of the whole rather sleazy matter.

Mr. Diamond states in his introduction, "This book is an account of the rise and fall, and possibly rise again, of the space age." If there is a fundamental weakness in this generally admirable little book, it is the author's failure to suggest a way this new rise could come about, within or without the framework of the political animals and political institutions that govern the space effort today.

On Liberty and Liturgy

Religion and Freedom in the Modern World, *by Herbert J. Muller (University of Chicago Press. 302 pp. $5.95), and* ***Religion Ponders Science,*** *edited by Edwin P. Booth (Appleton-Century. 302 pp. $5), seek the relationship between belief in another world and the human and physical facts of life in this one. Richard F. Humphreys is president of The Cooper Union in New York.*

By RICHARD F. HUMPHREYS

MAN'S sedulous struggle to achieve personal freedom has always been, and is yet, a fight against long odds. Where stands religion in this unending engagement—friend or foe? Herbert Muller, who holds a chair of English and Government at Indiana University and who has been making an extensive study of the history of freedom in both the ancient and the modern world, faces the question in a forthright discussion. He approaches it as a historian, with the bias of an "unconverted agnostic," as he has described himself elsewhere. His analysis is limited largely to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, to the Western world and particularly to America (founded by colonists who knew the full measure of religious oppression), and to the Christian religion. His conclusions are slightly left of neutral:

> Regarding the issues that concern me, some thinkers today view Christianity as the very fountainhead of the Western tradition of freedom, others as the major historic enemy of the cause of freedom. As I see it the truth lies somewhere between these extremes, but not in a comfortable middle ground.

In a word, the role of the Christian religion in the growth of freedom is "ambiguous."

Lest the reader feel that a conclusion no more definite than this may not be worth the effort of analysis, he should know that Professor Muller is by no means fearful of drawing firm conclusions, and does so frequently. But as a good historian he is not lured into traps of dogmatism and absolutes. Paul Tillich notwithstanding, the author believes that religion has social utility both helpful and harmful to the cause of freedom, and that the complex interaction of Christianity with social and political man does not allow answers of crystalline clarity.

To develop this analysis Professor Muller discusses in several chapters the place of the Christian religion in political, industrial, and intellectual revolutions, in our moral and ethical standards, in the growth of American democracy, and in the social and political crisis facing the world today. Interposed is a critique of two "modern revolutionaries," Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky. If one may employ a rank oversimplification, which the author certainly would never do, his thesis might be stated thus: To the extent that Christianity has placed emphasis on dogma and absolute truths, on the heresy of doubt, and on its own entrenched establishment, to that extent it has lent little help or encouragement to man in seeking his individual freedom; but to the degree that it has supplied to man a rational ethic of behavior, a meaning to his life that transcends his personal concerns, a concept of the ultimate in which he can freely place his faith, to that degree his efforts to free himself have an ally in religion.

In an all-too-brief discussion of the conflict between religion and science Professor Muller calls it a "dreary story." Edwin P. Booth, editor of *Religion Ponders Science*, apparently disagrees. The questions he used to stimulate the present series of essays are the same old windmills that have been tilted at again and again. True, several of the seventeen authors have some perceptive thoughts that make worthwhile reading. However, many of the contributions are disturbingly defensive, apologetic, or simply unaware of what the shouting is about. Science is confused with technology, with naturalism, with "truth," with other things that science is not.

I recommend to the interested reader that he start with the essay by P. A. Schilpp, who has the candor to point out that the average religionist does not ponder science "except insofar as he may be afraid of what science might do to his religion." The discussion by S. L. Fahs, Rabbi R. B. Gittelsohn, and S. H. Miller are also thoughtful and reasonably to the point. But anyone taking the normal approach to a book—that is, beginning at the beginning—will require true courage to survive the first essay, a distressing account of how to soup up one's religious experience with the help of hallucinogenic drugs.

The Meeting

By Hollis Summers

IN the Mexican town of San Miguel
Where rich Americans such as I live well
I saw two women stop on a street
To look at each other for longer than strangers meet.

My kind of woman wore golden shoes
The Pekinese in her arms wore scarlet bows
To match his scarlet sweater and socks;
The native woman bore her son on her back.

I have no comment about our encounter
Hardly knowing where lies pity or terror.

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Politics

Continued from page 53

materialism" in the past. But, he adds, "Unfortunately, as we have become more affluent and more powerful the challenge inherent in private materialism has not been equal to the immense capacity of the system."

Surely, the American purpose of equality of opportunity under freedom has not had only "simple economic materialism" behind its appeal and successes. The vitality of such liberal reform movements as the Populists, the Square Deal, the New Freedom, and the New Deal consisted of much more than just the desire to divide American wealth more equitably.

Despite this oversimplification by Bunke, both authors see political action through group pressures as a way to social change. Both, but particularly Newman, are sharply and correctly critical of the liberal intellectuals of the 1950s for abandoning politics and politicians as hopeless.

The Riesmans and the Whytes in their pessimism ignored the resiliency of American politics and failed to understand that in the past there had been other periods of great apathy and conformity. Moreover, in their negativism these social critics could not perceive that democratic politics, despite rigidities in the power structure, can be responsive to those who make use of their freedom to organize and take action to alter society. Unlike these, Newman and Bunke write with a sense of the continuity of history and a recognition that there were undertakings and events in the Fifties leading to constructive change. For example, the Supreme Court could not have made important decisions without the law cases launched by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in the 1940s and 1950s.

After a hard-headed analysis of what the liberal can accomplish through the manipulation of political institutions on both the national and local levels, Newman observes that the liberal "will change the society in which we live, and in doing so will keep liberalism and freedom alive by restoring them to the realm of history and society." Although activity by voluntary groups and mass protests are essential to progress, he insists in this well-written and perceptive book that government is the vital ingredient in achieving significant change. The Civil Rights Movement, he believes, "may lead to the creation of a wider liberal political movement that will postulate an increased role for government in other areas of American life. . . . The Negro protest movement has shown, once again, how the government can be used to posit and achieve objectives for a whole society because it is the only organization concerned with the whole society."

Professor Bunke, on the other hand, seems to have allowed himself to be trapped somewhat by the pessimism of the social critics of the 1950s. At home, he sees untapped challenges in the need for more schools, hospitals, and roads and, overseas, the greatest challenge "ever known to mankind" to assist other peoples to rise out of poverty and ignorance. Our foreign-aid program, he feels, has been "inadequate to provide an outlet for our immense national energy, which, because it cannot find expression, is frustrated and a source of general social discontent."

But, he contends, to meet such great challenges there has to be an energizing force to change the state of mind of the nation. The civil rights movement, which Bunke unwisely ignores, has already become just such a force, having revived and renewed the liberal movement. Our approximate democracy at home and the need to help overcome poverty and ignorance abroad are challenges enough to any liberal unless he traps himself by a refusal to participate in social and political action.

Throughout American history, each generation has had to struggle to expand human rights and push forward the frontiers of free speech and free association. For those who become discouraged and frustrated by the injustices of the time, the words of Bernard de Voto in 1950 are apposite: "The difference is that tomorrow is another day. It has always proved to be. No estimate of what the United States could achieve in population, power, comfort, wealth, or living standards has ever proved adequate."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

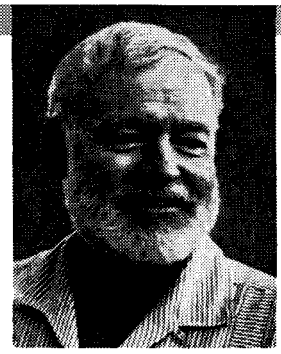
1. mace. 2. trace. 3. palace. 4. terrace. 5. carapace. 6. blackface. 7. scapegrace. 8. commonplace. 9. birthplace. 10. interlace. 11. populace. 12. grimace. 13. solace. 14. peace. 15. pace.

Hemingway

Continued from page 31

and a man who could be relied upon to impart any amount of information on a variety of subjects. "How are the horses?" Ernest asked. A visit to Paris would not be complete without a day at Auteuil. Well prepared, as was his habit in any venture, he had already bought the racing paper and studied the form. Now he compared notes with Georges. Before we set out for the track Ernest supplied himself with betting monies from his French royalties—francs that he took great delight in splitting equally among us to see who would come out ahead at the end of the day.

It was nine months later, spring of the following year, before I was to read *A Moveable Feast* again. Down at the Finca Vigia, the Hemingways' home in Cuba, Ernest had finished writing *The Dangerous Summer,* and in May he took out the Paris sketches to add a couple of chapters and prepare the manuscript for publication that fall or the following spring. It was a quiet, pleasant spring and summer; none of the political turbulence penetrated the finca, where the people worked and swam, ate and drank, and were happy.



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You can't win 'em all...but she came close.

She is LOOK's Laura Bergquist. A senior editor. And while she hasn't won *every* major journalism award this year, she hasn't missed many either. These four, for example. On April 4, she won the National Headliners Club's only magazine award for "consistently outstanding feature writing." On April 7, she became the first magazine writer ever to receive two awards in the same year from the Overseas Press Club—one for "the best magazine reporting of foreign affairs," the other for "the best article on Latin America." On April 24, she received a Newspaper Guild of New York Page One Award—for "the best magazine reporting of the year." These awards are a tribute to the talent and dedication of Miss Bergquist. They—and the many other awards presented to LOOK editors and photographers in 1964—are also evidence of the kind of journalism that makes LOOK the biggest-selling, fastest-growing magazine in its field. We are proud of Laura Bergquist. If there ever comes a time when you *can* win 'em all, she may just be the gal who wins 'em.

LOOK
A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, INC.

SOME 1963-64 BERGQUIST ARTICLES

"My 28 Days in Communist Cuba"

"The Inscrutable Mr. Smith"

"The President and His Son"

"French Canada's Strange Revolt"

"Valiant Is the Word for Jacqueline"

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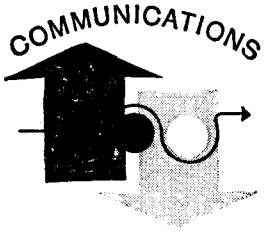
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Two Hits and a Strikeout

THREE widely separated items in the world of communications struck us this past month as meat for editorial comment. Two of these involved selfless acts over and above the call of duty in the service of others, while the other concerned a forthcoming investigation by the antitrust division of the Department of Justice which seemed to us, to put it mildly, about as silly as anything a communicator could imagine. Let's take a look at these events in their chronological order.

The first item came from an advertisement privately inserted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *New York Times* by Howard Gossage, top Pacific Coast advertising man. The ad deplored the shutting down of the Western edition of the *New York Times* and, at the same time, helped save the Portland *Reporter* from having to cease publication. Mr. Gossage is an intelligent and highly creative man, and he applied to his advertisement those tenets of good copywriting that have made him one of the peers in the business. Under the heading "What good is freedom of the press if there isn't one?" (a quotation from the late A. J. Liebling), Mr. Gossage commented on the passing of yet another newspaper, the Western edition of the *Times*. The Portland *Reporter* reprinted Mr. Gossage's ad and, along with the determination of the Portland *Reporter's* staff not to let its own paper die, Mr. Gossage's persuasive copy helped convince the Portland board of directors to give prior notice of plans to suspend publication. The response was absolutely amazing. Contributions started pouring in and more than $50,000 was raised within five days. So the Portland *Reporter* didn't die after all, at least in part because of Howard Gossage's telling personal ad on the passage of another newspaper.

The second item this month involved Xerox Corporation, which recently announced sponsorship of six ninety-minute fictional TV films designed to create greater understanding of the global services and general usefulness of the United Nations. Xerox will spend more than $4,000,000 to underwrite production costs at prime evening time on two major networks. It will avoid product advertising entirely; identification of Xerox will be limited to an institutional one-sentence message only. The Xerox TV series on the U.N. will begin next January on a monthly basis and each show will be in prime evening network time. Madison Avenue looks upon the whole thing with some trepidation as the most controversial ad investment in years, which is undoubtedly true. But it may not be as stupid a venture as some admen suspect. In the long run, courage like this may create the finest sort of institutional—and product—advertising, and we applaud a gallant and far-seeing communications decision.

Now for the strikeout after two solid hits. The Justice Department will soon investigate the newspaper syndicate business, ostensibly looking into "discriminatory preferences such as exclusive territorial rights." Surely there are more evil dragons to slay in this vast and careless nation than this one facet of journalism. The whole premise of the syndicate business is selling exclusivity. That's what copyright means, fundamentally; and if it were not for stringent copyright laws there would be no profitable private publishing

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at all in this or any other country. As *Editor & Publisher* points out editorially, "No one would think—at least we hope not—of forcing a writer, photographer, or artist to offer his material to *Life*, *Look*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* for simultaneous publication. Or, are we going to force Hemingway, for instance, to offer his books to all publishers for simultaneous printing?" The surest way to destroy an important segment, if not the fundamental core, of the newspaper and magazine business is to make illegal the right of exclusivity in features. What other editorial system does the Justice Department suggest to replace exclusivity and copyright? There simply is no other in private enterprise. What good is a copyright, issued by one federal agency, if another federal agency says that the author, his agent, his syndicate, and his eventual market can in no way protect the use of his creative work?

With juvenile crime soaring beyond the imagination of older generations, with gangland's bloody fingers in everything from trucking to the heavyweight championship fight, with civil rights moving into what may well be a violent summer, the Justice Department would seem to have enough on its hands without "investigating" a sensible publishing system based on the logic of the copyright statute and the inherent initial exclusivity of all creative works, a system particularly logical to the requirements of print media. —R.L.T.

FOR THE SECOND straight year, enrolments have increased in U.S. schools of journalism. The number of early applicants for the 1964-65 matriculation has doubled at such top journalism departments as Columbia, Missouri, and Northwestern. Several factors account for this —the population explosion, now at college age; the drive by the American Newspaper Publishers Association to make journalism more attractive to young people; the greatly diversified curricula of modern journalism schools. In any case, a total of 14,624 journalism majors are now studying the profession, an increase of 1,427 students over the 1962-63 enrolment, and the largest journalism body in U.S. schools since 1949, when the G.I. Bill of Rights helped all enrolments, particularly in graduate schools.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Ads We Didn't Bargain For

I READ YOUR "Advertising Awards" [*SR*, Apr. 11] with great interest. Recognition of those agencies and their clients who have realized that advertising requires a highly developed sense of public responsibility and have acted upon this knowledge is very gratifying. I was also happy to see two favorite advertisers on your list—Container Corporation and Weyerhauser. It was an omission, however, that prompted me to write this letter.

I think it can safely be said that most of us have accepted advertising as an inescapable factor in our daily lives. Self-inflicted exposure to it is part of the price we pay to support some common vehicles of information and entertainment, such as newspapers, magazines, radio, and television. It helps, of course, when the advertiser does not, as is sometimes the case, pit our desire to continue the enjoyment or enlightenment against an ad that is an outright insult to the intelligence of a six-year-old. But this form of advertising, whether good or bad, is part of what we bargained for and anticipated.

One form of advertising, however, stands alone. It seems to be set apart from those forms that are accepted as the legitimate "price of admission" for the stimulation we seek. I refer to that domineering invader of the right to visual enjoyment and relaxation, despoiler of the American countryside, and unwelcome but ever-present automobile companion—the highway billboard. Not the sign on a post casually informing the traveler that "Ma's Joint" is five miles ahead, but the garish extravaganzas that are so large and compelling that one can't even appreciate the little scenery left that isn't blotted out by the signs themselves.

The point is that we really have no choice. Our society is wedded, in pleasure and business, to the automobile. We can't pull a shade down over the windshield of our auto when we get the sickening feeling that "America the Beautiful" has become a phrase that has nothing more than historical significance.

But we can turn off the TV or stop buying a magazine.

I make it a point to avoid the products of manufacturers who use highway billboards and of the roadside establishments that exceed the bounds of good taste. Unfortunately, this group includes firms that are otherwise highly thought of. As for the others, all I can give is my thanks and patronage for having the decency and sense of public responsibility to refrain from using this intrinsically obnoxious form of publicity. A word of commendation to this group in your awards next year would be appreciated by me and, I hope, others.

FREDERICK G. BARRETT.

Durham, N.C.

SINCE I AM A RELATIVELY NEW subscriber to *SR*, your awards to advertising interested me very much. I would especially like to compliment you on your choice of a citation for the Richard Boone Show, sponsored by the Reynolds Metals Company. It is my sincere wish that one of the other networks would take the series and let some of us who deplore the trivia of the usual offerings of nighttime television have a few moments of enjoyment while the rest of the populace is laughing at their situation comedies *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*. In my humble opinion, your only omission regarding the handling of advertising was *SR*'s decision suspending advertisements from the tobacco industry pending further investigation of the possible harm from smoking. I say orchids to *SR*!

EUGENE HILL.

Denver, Col.

That Parrish Blue Again

THE EXCELLENT ARTICLE by G. Elizabeth Gillett on Maxfield Parrish [*SR*, Mar. 14] brought back many beautiful memories. Vivid blue skies, yellow sunshine, and the joy of life truly describe his work. Those were the days when anyone could look at a picture, appreciate it, breathe in its beauty. Today one must try to figure out whether it is the work of a shoemaker or a nut. This brings back to us some other great artists of the past: Penhryn Stanlaws, Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, and the Leyendecker brothers, Frank and Charles. I do not think any of these greats are still living. I am glad to know that Mr. Parrish is still with us.

JAMES F. BOARD.

Milford, Mich.

IF MISS JERRY ROSENTHAL [*SR*, Apr. 11] went to the Sheraton-Palace in San Francisco instead of the St. Regis in New York to see a Maxfield Parrish mural, she would not be allowed in. The mural is in the men's bar, closed to all females, including art fanciers.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Mel Allen and the Cliché

I AM A METS FAN. I am a former full-time, now part-time Dodger fan. Yet whenever I have the chance, I tune in the Yankee games on the radio just to listen to Mel Allen. While all too many sportscasters, both the ex-big leaguers and the professional announcers, spout the clichés parodied so well in Mr. Schoenstein's recent article

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[*SR*, Apr. 11], Allen continues to provide the most interesting reminiscences, commentaries, personality portraits, and anecdotes on the air today. You can imagine how embarrassing it is for a life-long Yankee hater to reveal such a preference. But I thought it only fair to note, for those whose only chance to hear Allen comes in October, that he is the best there is in the early innings of an ordinary, dull American League ballgame.

GRACE LICHTENSTEIN.

New York, N. Y.

Not So Fast, Not So Far

WHILE JOINING Messrs. Tobin, Brucker, and Black in applauding the Supreme Court decision reversing the Montgomery libel award against the *New York Times* [*SR*, Apr. 11], I most vigorously object to your editor's implied approval of "malicious" criticism as a proper and acceptable journalistic exercise in the name of freedom. The real need seems not to be one of defending the citizen's interests through legally sanctioned use of vicious techniques, as is implied, but rather one of defending his individual rights against the use of such techniques. In the long run the citizen would be better served, and more effectively protected, by exposure to more facts and less distortion than seem characteristic of a major segment of today's free press.

And what about E. W. Scripps? With all due respect, wasn't he guilty of oversimplification in his tidy platitude about "good" men and "bad" men; "good" measures and "bad" measures? Is the press truly living up to his credo: "no lies—for money?" When, for instance, does a "deliberate and malicious" half-truth, distortion, or innuendo become a "deliberate and malicious" lie? Really Mr. Tobin, isn't the fourth estate in danger of smothering in self-righteousness?

T. B. DELCHAMPS.

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

IN REFERENCE TO YOUR EDITORIAL "The *New York Times*'s Vital Victory" [*SR*, Apr. 11], I find that I, too, am in concurrence with the United States Supreme Court ruling in the recent libel suit brought against the *New York Times* by various present and former officials of the State of Alabama and the city of Montgomery. In reaffirming that libel must be deliberate and malicious, the court has refreshed the memories of many Americans who have forgotten the chain of precedent set on this issue, beginning with Andrew Hamilton's brilliant defense of Peter Zenger in a libel suit brought forth by the Royal Governor of the Colony of New York in 1735. The right and duty of a free press to criticize public officials is the best means of safeguarding representative democracy.

But as to the concurring opinions of Justices Hugo Black and Arthur Goldberg expressing their desire to exempt the press from every threat of suit for libel even when malice and intent are clearly evident, I feel I must take exception. In this age of chain journalism, when the great majority of Americans read, hear, and view editorial opinion expressed by a few large newspaper chains and broadcasting networks, a ruling sympathetic to the Black-Goldberg concurrence could possibly pave the way toward oligarchical control of public opinion through propaganda by similarly oriented news-disseminating agencies. Like the children of Hamelin, the American voters, led by a new Pied Piper, might very well find that they had lost their government and by their very misguided will had established a new government of, by, and for the few that would be content to oppress the many.

DAVID A. BLYTHE.

Monessen, Pa.

The Tragedy at Dallas

MAY I EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE to all the editors of *SR* for what you have and have not said on the subject of the Dallas tragedies? I address this letter to R.L.T. because I want to thank him especially for the editorial on the coverage of the Kennedy story in the December 14 issue and John Tebbel's article in your department.

It is extremely hard to understand why the Associated Press is offering the "complete drama of the assassination" in a book that is to include "fresh, unpublished material." I can see no justification for not covering the story completely in the daily press, the weekly magazines, and the other news media—and then letting it go at that, until such time as historical perspective may give a new reason for telling it. The AP, of all organizations in the world, should be out there seeing that the public gets the facts to which we are entitled, from day to day. No communications organ should feed appetites for sensational or maudlin details, or lull to sleep the deep need that we all have to see every fact in perspective and to judge for ourselves wherein we, our American society, failed. The fact that our Presidents must be able to trust "the people," that the President is essentially the head of our state, symbol of our union, should be receiving much analysis and thought right now. For if one among us can rise up and strike such a blow, each one of us has failed.

The peace for which Mr. Kennedy was working can only be realized by a body politic whose citizens seek to develop wisdom, judgment, understanding, and a new commitment of their own lives, after such intimate involvement in a national series of crimes. These Dallas tragedies have shown us two sides of the coin of the power of television, for example. On the one hand, the whole country was there in Dallas. At the same time, we have permitted TV sets to bring into our homes the "fictional" violence on which the fantasies of a sick thirteen-year-old could feed.

There are searching questions we should be asking ourselves about how we should treat the deviates, the "loners," the potential criminals once they are spotted, the people with incipient mental illnesses—to say nothing of the justice guaranteed by our Bill of Rights to one accused of crime.

The sympathy and admiration accorded Mrs. Kennedy by millions who mourn with her should really make clear to us in the language of love that it is our obligation to think deeply about what the life of our fallen President stands for. We need many memorials.

The communications media in general might take a long look just now at the insidious dangers of "momism." Peace is not going to be built by women; I as a woman say this with all due respect to the powers of my own sex. The Prince of Peace is the "Everlasting Father," and it is in His image that mankind must find ways of adjusting their differences. The Greek text of "Peace on earth to men of good will" could be better rendered: "Peace on earth to men who consent to live in peace." Mr. Kennedy knew this. He was trying to lead us in learning how we could give consent. We have everything to learn still, so far as the means of consent are concerned. But the memorials to Mr. Kennedy must inevitably, if they are true to his spirit, aid us in giving consent, and doing so wisely. . . .

ESTHER A. SAVAGE.

Midland, Mich.

"I wish someone would buy my husband for fifty thousand dollars!"

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Two Centuries of the Hartford *Courant*

By HERBERT BRUCKER, *editor of the Hartford Courant.*

IN RECENT YEARS we have heard much about the disappearing daily, otherwise the fading American newspaper. Yet some newspapers refuse to fade and disappear. This fall the Hartford *Courant* will celebrate completion of its second century. Few American institutions, even the United States Government, are that old. The *Courant* had already been published a dozen years by the time it printed the full text of the Declaration of Independence as news. And when the Constitution was adopted in Philadelphia in 1787 that, too, was published as news.

It is true that in this century American newspapers have tended to become monopolies, squeezing out the competition in the process. Therefore their total number has shrunk despite our booming population. In 1910 we were a nation of only 92,000,000 but had 2,600 daily newspapers. Today we number more than 191,000,000 and are down to 1,761 dailies. But the trend to fewer papers seems to be leveling off. For one thing, even though an occasional metropolitan daily does still fade and disappear, others of weekly or semi-weekly publication turn into dailies. This is especially true in our automobile-age suburbia and exurbia, where community papers are growing lustily.

Then, too, in 1956 *Editor & Publisher*, the newspaper trade journal, listed all the newspapers it could find that were a century old or more. There were more than 200. By now there must be quite a few more whose hale and hearty old age disputes the theory that the newspaper is on the way out. It seems safe to assume that the printed newspaper, the only medium that can give the citizen an ordered, detailed, non-vanishing account of the news every day, will still be here 200 years hence. No doubt it will be as different from the 1964 newspaper as today's *Courant* is different from the *Courant* of Colonial times. But each in its own way and age gives the citizen the ordered, written information about the world he lives in, without which our democratic republic cannot live.

As far as we have been able to find out, there is today only one newspaper anywhere in the world that is older than the *Courant*, and that is Copenhagen's *Berlingske Tidende*. This was founded in 1749, or fifteen years before the *Courant's* birth on October 29, 1764. There are some British claimants to even greater antiquity, and an occasional one on the Continent. But apparently none has been published from the beginning to this day without interruption, under the same name, by a continuing management. Indeed, even the *Courant* missed an occasional number in its early days, as for example a few issues skipped in protest against the Stamp Act. But the publishing firm remained intact and continuous throughout the two centuries, and publication of the paper was never really interrupted in all that time.

IT was Thomas Green, a twenty-nine-year-old printer from New Haven, who issued Number 00 of the Connecticut *Courant* in Hartford "At the Heart and Crown, Near the North-Meeting-House." This was a sample issue, which "will, on due Encouragement be continued every Monday, beginning on Monday, the 19th of November, next." And so it was, except that the second issue came out a week late.

By then Hartford was already a century and a quarter old. It is hard to recapture now, in one's imagination, the appearance of this town of 4,000 on the west bank of an unspoiled Connecticut River. George III was sovereign, in Connecticut as in the other colonies. But by the time Green got his hand press to producing perhaps a few hundred weekly copies of a four-page paper of about 8½ by 13½ inches, there was already widespread irritation among native-born Americans at Britain's rule from across the sea. Before the paper was a year old, in June 1765, *Courant* subscribers read about an obstreperous Hartford group, a contingent of the Sons of Liberty, that deposed one Jared Ingersoll, Esq., as he came up from New Haven to take over his duties of receiving the hated stamp tax. He was met outside of town and not only forced to resign his office but "he was then desired to pronounce the words Liberty and Property three times." After Mr. Ingersoll arrived in Hartford he "again read his resignation in Publick, when three huzzahs more were given, and the entire company dispersed without making the least disturbance." The Stamp Act, symbol of taxation without representation, was repealed the next year.

How is it that the *Courant*—since 1837 the daily Hartford *Courant* instead of the weekly Connecticut *Courant*—survived from Colonial times to our own?

The answer seems to be that it stuck to being a newspaper instead of giving all to some cause, as did many another paper now defunct. For example, in 1841 Hartford, by then a town of 13,000, supported no less than thirteen newspapers of various intervals of publication. Some were devoted to abolition or other special purposes. But the *Courant*, whether in the 1760s or the 1960s or in between, put its major effort into getting and printing the news as it found it.

Last year the New York *Mirror* gave up the ghost, though still selling more than 800,000 copies a day and so boasting the second largest circulation in our biggest city. The chief trouble was that the *Mirror* had been founded on a formula of 10 per cent news, 90 per cent entertainment.

THANKS to the *Courant's* continuing loyalty to the news, you can read, in its files, American history as it happened. Of course, in a day in which the horse and the sailing vessel were man's swiftest means of communication, it sometimes took a while to get any event into print. The storming and burning of the Bastille in Paris on July 14, 1789, was news to the *Courant's* readers when they first read it in the issue of September 21. And the Declaration of Independence, adopted July 4, 1776, was not printed in the *Courant* until the issue of July 15. Not bad at that, in the day of the horse and the weekly paper.

Sometimes the paper gave just the bare bones of the news, but often it printed colorful detail as well. To be sure, in its pages the pageant of our past is not set into perspective as neatly as in the history books. But you can follow the dramatic events as they happened, from the Boston Tea Party to Yorktown, from Waterloo to Appomattox, and on to World Wars I and II, from the assassination of President Lincoln to the assassination of President Kennedy, and so on down to what happened yesterday.

By sampling the almost complete files that survive, one can sense, even today,

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something of what our forebears felt and thought as they passed the milestones in our history. Take for example this account of Paul Revere's ride (note that his name was not mentioned) and of that shot heard round the world. It appeared on page 2 of the four-page issue No. 541 of May 8, 1775, under a headline that said simply "Worcester, May 3." This source makes one wonder whether it did not originate with the patriot-printer Isaiah Thomas, lately fled to Worcester with his newspaper the *Massachusetts Spy* from a Boston controlled by British redcoats:

"AMERICANS! forever bear in mind the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON;—where British troops, unmolested and unprovoked, wantonly, and in a most inhuman manner fired upon and killed a number of our countrymen, then robbed them of their provisions, ransacked, plundered and burnt their houses! nor could the tears of defenceless women, some of whom were in the pains of childbirth, the cries of helpless babes, nor the prayers of old age, confined to beds of sickness, appease their thirst for blood!—or divert them from the DESIGN of MURDER and ROBBERY! . . .

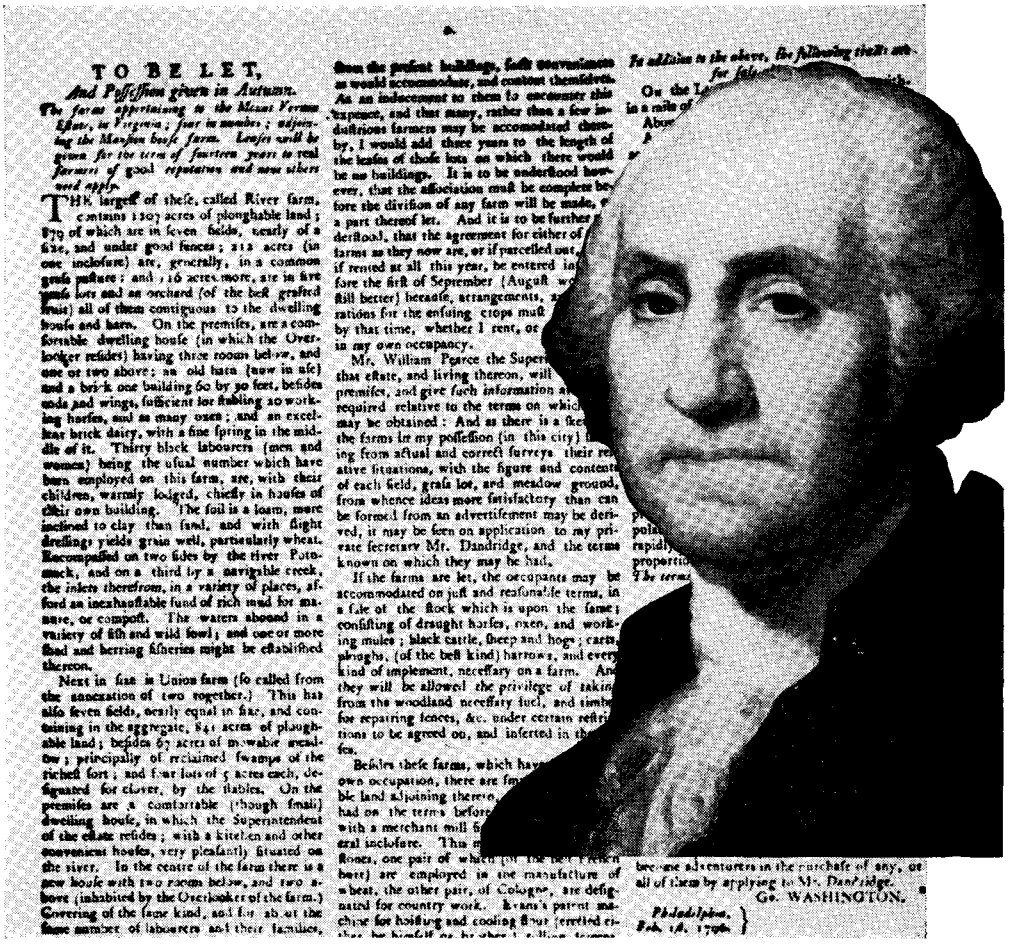
"A few days before the battle, the grenadier and light-infantry companies were all drafted from the several regiments in Boston, and put under the command of an officer, and it was observed that most of the transports and other boats were put together, and fitted for immediate service. This manouevre gave rise to a suspicion that some formidable expedition was intended by the soldiery, but what or where the inhabitants could not determine—however, the town watches in Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, etc. were ordered to look well to the landing places.

"About 10 o'clock on the night of the 18th of April, the troops in Boston were discovered to be on the move in a very secret manner, and it was found they were embarking in boats (which they privately brought to the place in the evening) at the bottom of the common; expresses set off immediately to alarm the country, that they might be on their guard. . . .

"The body of the troops in the mean time, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Smith, had crossed the river, and landed at Phipp's Farm. They immediately, to the number of 1000, proceeded to Lexington, 6 miles below Concord, with great silence: A company of militia, of about 80 men, mustered near the meeting-house; the troops came in sight of them just before sun-rise; the militia upon seeing the troops began to disperse; the troops then set out upon the run, hallooing and huzzaing, and coming within a few rods of them, the commanding officer accosted the militia in words to this effect, "*Disperse you damn'd rebels!—damn you disperse!*" Upon which the troops again huzzaed, and immediately one or two officers discharged their pistols, which were instantly followed by the firing of four or five of the soldiers, and then there seemed to be a general discharge from the whole body; it is to be noticed, they fired upon our people as they were dispersing, agreeable to their command, and that we did not even return the fire: Eight of our men were killed and nine wounded; . . .

"Another party of the troops took possession of the Northbridge. About 150 provincials who mustered upon the alarm, coming towards the bridge, the troops fired upon them without ceremony, and killed two upon the spot!—Thus did the troops of Britain's King fire FIRST at two several times upon his loyal American subjects, and put a period to ten lives before one gun was fired upon them.—Our people THEN returned the fire, and obliged the troops to retreat, who were soon joined by their other parties, but finding they were still pursued, the whole body retreated back to Lexington, both provincials and troops firing as they went. . . .

"The enemy having halted above an hour at Lexington, found it necessary to make a second retreat, carrying with them many of their dead and wounded. They continued their retreat from Lexington to Charlestown with great precipitation; our people continued the pursuit, firing till they got to Charlestown Neck, (which they reached a little after sun-set) over which the enemy passed, proceeded up Bunker's Hill, and the next day went into Boston under the protection of the Somerset man of war of 64 guns."



TO BE LET,
And Poſſeſſion given in Autumn.

The farms appertaining to the Mount Vernon Eſtate, in Virginia; four in number; adjoining the Manſion houſe farm. Leaſes will be given for the term of fourteen years to real farmers of good reputation and none others need apply.

THE largeſt of theſe, called River farm, contains 1207 acres of ploughable land; 879 of which are in ſeven fields, nearly of a ſize, and under good fences; 212 acres (in one incloſure) are, generally, in a common graſs paſture; and 116 acres more, are in five graſs lots and an orchard (of the beſt grafted fruit) all of them contiguous to the dwelling houſe and barn. On the premiſes, are a comfortable dwelling houſe (in which the Overlooker reſides) having three rooms below, and one or two above; an old barn (now in uſe) and a brick one building 60 by 30 feet, beſides ſtalls and wings, ſufficient for ſtabling 20 working horſes, and as many oxen; and an excellent brick dairy, with a fine ſpring in the middle of it. Thirty black labourers (men and women) being the uſual number which have been employed on this farm, are, with their children, warmly lodged, chiefly in houſes of their own building. The ſoil is a loam, more inclined to clay than ſand, and with ſlight dreſſings yields grain well, particularly wheat. Encompaſſed on two ſides by the river Potomack, and on a third by a navigable creek, the inlets therefrom, in a variety of places, afford an inexhauſtable fund of rich mud for manure, or compoſt. The waters abound in a variety of fiſh and wild fowl; and one or more ſhad and herring fiſheries might be eſtabliſhed thereon.

Next in ſize is Union farm (ſo called from the amalgamation of two together.) This has alſo ſeven fields, nearly equal in ſize, and containing in the aggregate, 841 acres of ploughable land; beſides 67 acres of meadow or marſh-low; principally of reclaimed ſwamps of the richeſt ſort; and four lots of 5 acres each, deſignated for clover, by the ſtables. On the premiſes are a comfortable (though ſmall) dwelling houſe, in which the Superintendent of the eſtate reſides; with a kitchen and other convenient houſes, very pleaſantly ſituated on the river. In the centre of the farm there is a new houſe with two rooms below, and two above (inhabited by the Overlooker of the farm.) Covering of the ſame kind, and for ab ut the ſame number of labourers and their families,

From the preſent buildings, ſuch conveniences as would accommodate, and content themſelves. As an inducement to them to encounter this expence, and that many, rather than a few indiſtrious farmers may be accommodated thereby, I would add three years to the length of the leaſes of thoſe lots on which there would be no buildings. It is to be underſtood however, that the aſſociation muſt be complete before the diviſion of any farm will be made, a part thereof let. And it is to be further underſtood, that the agreement for either of farms as they now are, or if parcelled out, if rented as all this year, be entered into before the firſt of September (Auguſt will ſtill better) becauſe, arrangements, rations for the enſuing crops muſt by that time, whether I rent, or in my own occupancy.

In addition to the above, the following ſtalls are for ſale:

Mr. William Pearce the Superintendant of that eſtate, and living thereon, will premiſes, and give ſuch information as required relative to the terms on which may be obtained: And as there is a ſcarcity of the farms in my poſſeſſion (in this city) ing from actual and correct ſurveys their relative ſituations, with the figure and contents of each field, graſs lot, and meadow ground, from whence ideas more ſatisfactory than can be formed from an advertiſement may be derived, it may be ſeen on application to my private ſecretary Mr. Dandridge, and the terms known on which they may be had.

If the farms are let, the occupants may be accommodated on juſt and reaſonable terms, in a ſale of the ſtock which is upon the ſame; conſiſting of draught horſes, oxen, and working mules; black cattle, ſheep and hogs; carts, ploughs, (of the beſt kind) harrows, and every kind of implement, neceſſary on a farm. And they will be allowed the privilege of taking from the woodland neceſſary fuel, and timber for repairing fences, &c. under certain reſtrictions to be agreed on, and inſerted in the leaſes.

Beſides theſe farms, which have own occupation, there are ſmall land adjoining thereto had on the terms before with a merchant mill ſtones, one pair of which (for the uſe of which bers) are employed in the manufacture of wheat, the other pair, of Cologne, are deſignated for country work. Evans's patent machine for huſking and cooling flour (erected either by himſelf or by other

bre one adventurers in the purchaſe of any, or all of them by applying to Mr. *Dandridge*.

Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1796.

GO. WASHINGTON.

George Washington was President when he ran in the *Courant* two ads, shown in part above. The first offers four farms around his beloved Mount Vernon estate for lease "to real farmers of good reputation and none other need apply." The second advertises for sale land in present-day Ohio.

WHEN later the British took New York, the *Courant* became important to the Revolutionary cause throughout the Colonies. According to Isaiah Thomas, who in 1810 wrote a history of printing in America, the *Courant* of that time had a circulation "equal to, if not greater, than that of any other paper printed on the Continent." After the Revolution the *Courant* acquired Noah Webster, a local boy who later wrote the famous speller and dictionary, as a contributor. Another staffer was Oliver Ellsworth, whose Connecticut Compromise had made possible the Constitution, who put the words "United States" into the Con-

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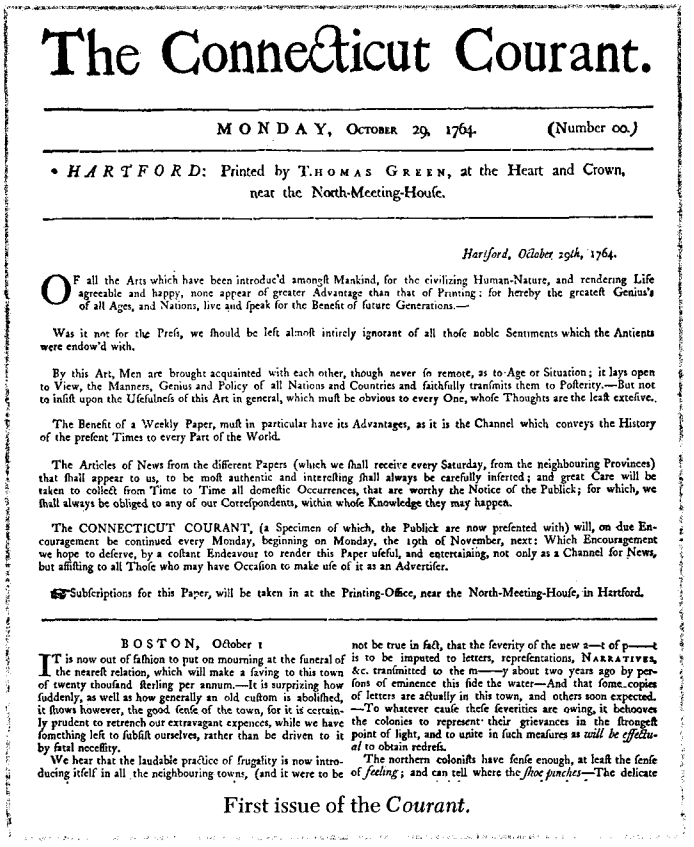
stitution, and who was later a Senator and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In his retirement Ellsworth wrote for the *Courant* what would now be called a farm column.

How do we know that the *Courant* is the country's oldest paper? When you get into it, this seemingly simple question becomes complex. That is why the *Courant* calls itself the oldest newspaper of continuous publication in America. Other claimants either haven't published continuously, or else not as long. And there are other qualifications. For example, some of the encyclopedias credit the Alexandria *Gazette* in Virginia, across the river from Washington, with being the "oldest daily in America." Perhaps it is, because the Alexandria *Daily Gazette* was launched in 1808 while, as noted, the *Courant* did not start its daily until 1837. But the *Courant* is a daily, and older than the *Gazette*.

Then there was the Newport *Mercury*, founded in 1758. It survives today as the Newport *Mercury and Weekly News*, a supplement of Rhode Island's daily Newport *News*, which was not founded until 1846.

Until 1942 there used to be, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a New Hampshire *Gazette* that dated from 1756. But it survives today only as the title of the weekly picture supplement of the Portsmouth *Herald*, a youngster dating from 1884. There is also the Annapolis *Gazette*, which sometimes claims antiquity. But it was founded in 1809 as the Maryland *Republican* and did not take the name Maryland *Gazette* until 1922. You could start a new paper in Boston today, call it *Publick Occurrences*, and then boast that you had the oldest paper in the United States, founded September 25, 1690. But *Publick Occurrences*, our first newspaper, died with that first issue of almost three centuries ago. It was suppressed by Governor and Council for daring to appear without "License first attained."

Finally there is the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which last year began calling itself "The Oldest Daily Newspaper in the United States." If you pick up the *Sunday Courant* today, you will find on its editorial page quotations from its own issues of 50, 100, 150, and 175 years ago. Soon there will be items from two centuries ago. You won't find anything like that in the *Inquirer*—because there was no *Inquirer* until 1829. Its recent claims to antiquity rest on a series of mergers with earlier papers. The *Courant* rests its case with the historian of American journalism, Frank Luther Mott, who wrote me in 1950: "Everything considered, it looks to me as though the Hartford *Courant* has the best claim to priority. . . ."



The Connecticut Courant.

MONDAY, October 29, 1764. (Number 00.)

HARTFORD: Printed by THOMAS GREEN, at the Heart and Crown, near the North-Meeting-House.

Hartford, October 29th, 1764.

OF all the Arts which have been introduc'd amongſt Mankind, for the civilizing Human-Nature, and rendering Life agreeable and happy, none appear of greater Advantage than that of Printing: for hereby the greateſt Genius's of all Ages, and Nations, live and ſpeak for the Benefit of future Generations.—

Was it not for the Preſs, we ſhould be left almoſt intirely ignorant of all thoſe noble Sentiments which the Antients were endow'd with.

By this Art, Men are brought acquainted with each other, though never ſo remote, as to Age or Situation; it lays open to View, the Manners, Genius and Policy of all Nations and Countries and faithfully tranſmits them to Poſterity.—But not to inſiſt upon the Uſefulneſs of this Art in general, which muſt be obvious to every One, whoſe Thoughts are the leaſt extenſive.

The Benefit of a Weekly Paper, muſt in particular have its Advantages, as it is the Channel which conveys the Hiſtory of the preſent Times to every Part of the World.

The Articles of News from the different Papers (which we ſhall receive every Saturday, from the neighbouring Provinces) that ſhall appear to us, to be moſt authentic and intereſting ſhall always be carefully inſerted; and great Care will be taken to collect from Time to Time all domeſtic Occurrences, that are worthy the Notice of the Publick; for which, we ſhall always be obliged to any of our Correſpondents, within whoſe Knowledge they may happen.

The CONNECTICUT COURANT, (a Specimen of which, the Publick are now preſented with) will, on due Encouragement be continued every Monday, beginning on Monday, the 19th of November, next: Which Encouragement we hope to deſerve, by a conſtant Endeavour to render this Paper uſeful, and entertaining, not only as a Channel for News, but affiſting to all Thoſe who may have Occaſion to make uſe of it as an Advertiſer.

☞Subſcriptions for this Paper, will be taken in at the Printing-Office, near the North-Meeting-Houſe, in Hartford.

BOSTON, October 1

IT is now out of faſhion to put on mourning at the funeral of the neareſt relation, which will make a ſaving to this town of twenty thouſand ſterling per annum.—It is ſurprizing how ſuddenly, as well as how generally an old cuſtom is aboliſhed, it ſhows however, the good ſenſe of the town, for it is certainly prudent to retrench our extravagant expences, while we have ſomething left to ſubſiſt ourſelves, rather than be driven to it by fatal neceſſity.

We hear that the laudable practice of frugality is now introducing itſelf in all the neighbouring towns, (and it were to be not be true in fact, that the ſeverity of the new s—t of p——t is to be imputed to letters, repreſentations, NARRATIVES, &c. tranſmitted to the m——y about two years ago by perſons of eminence this ſide the water—And that ſome copies of letters are actually in this town, and others ſoon expected. —To whatever cauſe theſe ſeveritics are owing, it behooves the colonies to repreſent their grievances in the ſtrongeſt point of light, and to unite in ſuch meaſures as *will be effectual* to obtain redreſs.

The northern coloniſts have ſenſe enough, at leaſt the ſenſe of *feeling*; and can tell where the *ſhoe pinches*.—The delicate

First issue of the *Courant*.

Though the United States still qualifies as a young country, one gets a sense of ancient times from poring over the *Courant's* old issues. It isn't only the news and comment that conveys this—and in earlier days it was hard to tell where news left off and comment began. Advertising, which goes back to the beginning, is also interesting. Take this one from the *Courant* of March 14, 1796. It was one of two inserted by a gentleman farmer from Philadelphia. His name was George Washington, and he was at the time President of the United States. He offered the following:

"TO BE LET, *and possession given in Autumn. The farms appertaining to the Mount Vernon Estate, in Virginia; four in number; adjoining the Mansion house farm. Leases will be given for the term of fourteen years to* real *farmers of* good *reputation.* . . ."

The farms were described in detail over one and a half columns.

Sometimes, too, the early *Courant* did not forget that while it must publish news first of all, people like to be entertained. So there appeared in every issue a variety of items. Take, for example, the following, printed under the heading "Legislative Anecdote" in the issue published November 20, 1876:

"A member of a certain Honorable House, who from accustoming himself to take a nap after dinner when at holme, could not dispense with the custom even when attending to give laws to a mighty people. . . . A day was assigned for the second reading of a Lumber Act, which, as it interested him, our sleeper requested his friend who sat next to him, that . . . if the bill was discussed when he was asleep he would wake him—this friend promised—but, happening to go out for a few minutes, the Bill was called for, and after a little debate was committed. Immediately the bill for preventing Fornication was brought on—this occasioned some debate, the sleeper's friend returned, and finding the Lumber Bill was dismissed, thought he would indulge his friend in his nap; however, as luck would have it, he accidentally trod on the toe of this votary of Morpheus, who supposed it a signal for his waking, immediately awoke, rubbed his eyes, and finding that there was a pause in the debate, rose, and addressed the Speaker as follows: Sir, I wish to speak a few words on the bill now in question—it affects, Mr. Speaker, my constituents very much—for above half our town get their living by it."

And some people take exception to the kind of thing the *Courant* prints today!

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1083

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1083 will be found in the next issue.

NOW HE HAD MY MURMG OWL

CHUD MY COKEDGYYL.

KO CYWMOHWD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1082
"Know thyself?" If I Knew myself, I'd run away.
—GOETHE.

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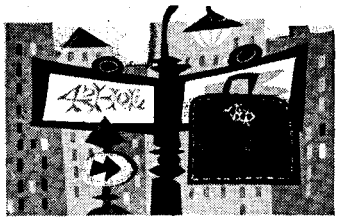
Madison Avenue



Marketing the Poverty Programs

By MARION HARPER, JR., *president and chairman of the board of Interpublic, Inc.*

IN recent months national attention has been focused upon the problem of poverty in the midst of unprecedented national prosperity; and since the Administration's and certain local programs were announced, a spirited debate has been going on—not about the goal, but about the methods put forth for achieving it.

Traditionally, poverty has been the concern of sociologists, economists, political leaders, and philanthropists. It has just as much importance, of course, for businessmen. Setting aside for the moment all considerations of human dignity and decency and the goals of our democracy, U.S. poverty has its coldly economic side. It means the blanking out of otherwise important markets—as large as those of Canada, Australia, and Venezuela combined. It means the inability of a large proportion of our population to contribute to the economic progress of the nation, the local community, and the individual industry. Certainly business has no small stake in the elimination of poverty.

But a businessman, reading about the discussions and proposals, may be struck by the fact that nobody seems to have suggested two basic strategies that have proved effective in lifting the economy as a whole to its present high level: one, the providing of incentives to self-betterment and more comfortable living; and two, a "marketing" analysis of situations at the local level. Such a "marketing" analysis could increase the efficiency of direct assistance and also provide incentives where they will do the most good.

There can be little doubt that the proliferation of goods and services—and their widespread availability through modern marketing—have had much to do with present-day prosperity. The presence and desirability of a host of new things and experiences—from television to jet travel to access to advanced education—have been spurs to activity and ambition.

Never before have so many people been offered so many choices among goods and services and ways of living. It is the opportunity for options in life that distinguishes the cultured from the Yahoo, the educated from the illiterate, and the well-to-do from the poor.

The poor live isolated from options—from the very hopefulness and excitement that have carried middle-class America to new heights of prosperity.

It is a paradox that while the marketing process has been contributing so much to raising living standards, there are those who fail completely to understand its vital dynamics. They talk of "waste," or "persuading people to buy things they don't need," and utterly miss the main point: that marketing not only makes products available to match people's interests and preferences but also develops motivation. And motivation leads to completion of a high school or college course, or writing a symphony, just as it does to buying a magazine or an electrified barbecue.

THE current definition of a "poor" family in America is one whose income is $3,000 or less. To bring it down to cases: a four-person family with a $3,000 income spends about $1,800 for food and shelter. That leaves $1,200—or less than $25 a week—for clothing, transportation, medical care, insurance, books, school supplies, home equipment, recreation—everything else.

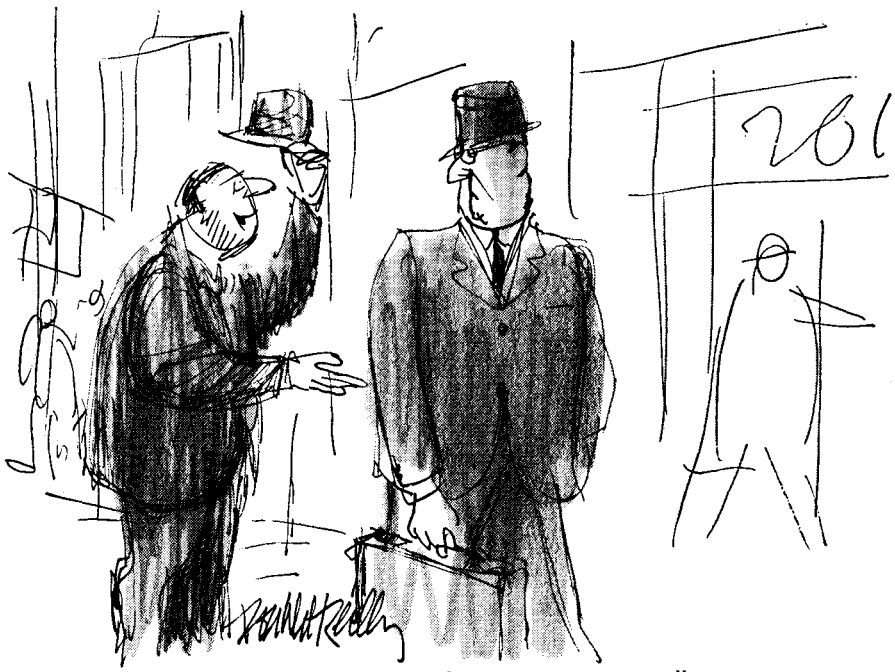
Some of these "extras"—clothing, transportation, medical expenses—are essential to minimum living. In effect, therefore, all the other things that might bring joy, comfort, or enlightenment go out the window.

This is the pattern for a family of four at the very top of the poverty level. There are millions of families with more members, and one-eighth of American families have incomes below $2,000. Moreover, the poverty level varies from one locality to another—in New York, for example, the poverty line for a family of four is $4,000.

All these people—from the below-$2,000 level to the top of the poverty scale—live without choices, deprived of the psychological forces that tend to lift family living and bring forth ambition.

Up to now, we have regarded poverty as an unfortunate inevitability and dealt with it by handouts—both personal and governmental—to insure subsistence for the needy. But in providing the basic necessities and no more, society works against the symptoms rather than the disease. Ironically, the result has been to freeze a segment of the population in a state of perpetual poverty and to institutionalize the relationship of guardian and ward. This is seen, most unhappily, in the history of our Indian reservations, where continuing minimal support has helped create our most static economic class.

A more recent example is the regulation governing postwar public housing, where a common condition of tenancy is a maximum income, set at a low level;



"I assure you that anything you can spare will be immediately plowed back into the economy."

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the consequence has been that tenants who move up the income ladder must leave and be penalized by having to scramble for less desirable housing at higher rents, at the same time depriving their neighbors of their example of industry and leadership and serving to perpetuate their housing projects as the last stand of the poor and hopeless. Or, worse, some tenants have rejected the opportunity to move up, because of their fear of added housing costs, and have thereby condemned themselves to a lifetime of poverty. What is needed, obviously, is the spur to move people upward from subsidized living and to arouse their hope and aspiration. What we must try to do away with is the subsidizing of stagnation as a matter of public policy. We must guard against Indian reservations twenty stories high.

To provide the poor with aspiration means to provide them with something more than subsistence. It means, in the end, to provide them with options.

How can society create the conditions among the poor to develop individual options?

First of all, the individual must be capable of vital response to the choices available to those in the income level next above his own. This means he must have health, literacy, and exposure to communication—in short, the basic capacity to be motivated.

Second, the environment must encourage and permit the individual to rise from one level to another without discrimination. It cannot subscribe to a caste system or any variation of a caste system. It must provide the educational facilities to develop mass literacy and the training to keep pace with the ongoing revolution in technology. It must provide an economy that offers employment and that makes available many choices in the market place, to engage the interest and desire of a wide range of individual preferences.

It is quite clear that higher living standards will result from an active interchange of the values that society and the individual can contribute to one another. Society's contribution should be regarded as investment spending with the expectation of a return in the form of social advancement.

The young and the old command top priorities. The young command it in part because they constitute an increasingly large proportion of our people. Illiteracy, school drop-outs, inadequate or irrelevant job training help swell the ranks of the poor and, what is more significant, perpetuate a povertied class. And the aged deserve a top priority because their numbers are also increasing; because many of them are not covered by social security or pension plans; and because enforced retirement, plus the almost inevitable medical burdens of age, can thrust good people into poverty—at a time of life when poverty is most intolerable and hopeless. (Incidentally, as Michael Harrington points out in *The Other America,* the "aged" in terms of job availabilities are not just the statutory sixty-five years or older but, in many industries, anybody over forty—the majority of the present victims of so-called technological unemployment, whether the unskilled or the one-skilled.)

But what of the *top* segment—those who are close to the breakthrough level in income? Why include those in the first priority?

Simply, and importantly, because they are the closest to getting a foot on the option ladder. If they can be nudged up just a bit—given some hope for a better life, some incentive to try—they might climb into the American world and, in doing so, help move those in the segment just below them to the point where *they* can take off.

Might we not devise a vast incentive program to give that nudge? Is it too far-fetched to imagine that society might offer rewards for taking steps that lead out of perpetual stagnation and hopelessness? If the upper levels of the poor could be tempted onto the "option track," through very specific acknowledgment of effort, it seems more than likely that a large number would follow and start to move.

In practice, unemployment or welfare benefits could be augmented by specific sums, to be spent as the recipient sees fit, provided he accomplishes a definite feat, *i.e.,* completion of a high school, college, or vocational course of study, or of a job-retraining program, or relocation in an area of higher employment. Families might be rewarded, as well, for their record of children completing schooling or for other defined accomplishments.

The addition of just a small sum of discriminatory income, as the result of the kind of effort that has made the majority of U.S. society so prosperous today, might be the spur to ambition and aspiration that is needed.

Such a program of "differential assistance" would offer extra benefits to those who try hardest to achieve complete self-support. It would relate corrective action to the capability of the individual to be motivated at elementary levels.

The consequence could be to generate a kind of artesian force to lift the impoverished up from the bottom—the kind of artesian force that has lifted American society well above levels in the rest of the world. In my opinion, an assistance program that recognized the "Effort Qualified"—joined with the option motivation of the market place—could create a kind of Marshall Plan for our own nation and achieve just as historic a success.

Before such a program of incentives—or any other, for that matter—can become effective, another technique of marketing might be applied. And that is the detailed analysis of the individual "market." If government funds are to be applied at the local level, as has been proposed, each local community should respond by making a thorough study of its own needs, its own kinds of poverty, in order to establish priorities for the use of both money and personnel. Market surveys, which examine a local situation country by country and even block by block, provide a model—not simply as to who are the local poor—by sex, age groups, and ethnic composition—but who can best use pump-priming help to escape from poverty. What are the principal weaknesses and opportunities? Agricultural, industrial, professional manpower shortages or oversupply should be noted and matched to those of other communities with the ultimate goal of creating a national census of present and future industrial, business, and professional needs, a foreshadowing of the skills that are going to become expendable and a program for training men and women for the jobs that are going to be meaningful and profitable in years to come.

In short, "market" studies should be undertaken that are concerned not only with present needs but with family capacities, responsiveness to incentives, and employment opportunities of today and tomorrow. Through the results, society will enable the impoverished to join the rest of the country in the enjoyment of choices and the motivational forces that make for constantly rising living standards.

It has been cited a number of times recently that an annual sum of $11 billion would be sufficient to raise every citizen of this country above the level of poverty. There is also wide agreement that providing such a sum would not attack the root causes of poverty. The poor do not wish dependence. There is a real longing to earn one's rewards oneself. A specific set of incentives to move up into the world of options, into the market place where so many Americans are, could prove to be the one dynamic force that has been missing—and that is now needed to help programs against poverty succeed.

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NEW WAYS TO PERMANENT FILES

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY, *editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch and chairman of the publications committee, Virginia Historical Society.*

AN epochal advance in publishing, especially scholarly publishing, has recently been made possible by the production in several American mills of handsome, durable, and reasonably priced book and magazine papers, calculated to last from 800 to 2,000 years. Availability of these papers should go far toward solving the problem posed about four years ago in *SR* by former Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard College.

Dean Gildersleeve, in her article "The Lost Half-Century," pointed to the prospective early disintegration of nearly everything published in this country during the first half of the current century. She warned that similar disintegration would continue indefinitely into the future unless better materials were used.

Fortunately for this and future generations, the Council on Library Resources, sponsored by the Ford Foundation and endorsed by the American Library Association, has been at work since the late 1950s with a view to stimulating and promoting effective research in this field. Working through the W. J. Barrow Research Laboratory—which it finances—and an ALA committee, and with the aid of paper manufacturers in various parts of the United States, it has had a crucial role in developing the long-lasting papers that have recently become available.

The principal task remaining is to persuade publishers of scholarly books and journals to use the durable materials. Most of them are not doing so at present, except in rare instances.

An idea of the problem's magnitude may be had from the statement of Verner W. Clapp, formerly chief assistant librarian of Congress and now president of the Council on Library Resources, who says: "Many libraries spend nearly half as much time in preserving their existing collections as in adding to them."

Robert E. Kingery of the New York Public Library estimates that this great repository should be spending $12,000,000 right now to keep its collections from going to pieces. He says that within a few years, repairing the books and other publications already on its shelves will cost as much as getting new ones.

About half of all the research done by the human race since the first groping primate staggered up from the prehistoric bogs is estimated to have occurred since 1950. But a huge proportion of these studies is being recorded on sleazy materials, certain to fall apart in a relatively short time.

New electronic devices and processes, such as microfilm and electronic files, may have extremely useful roles to play in this entire situation. However, the experts are not yet fully informed about the durability of microfilm and various types of electronic recording, in terms of centuries.

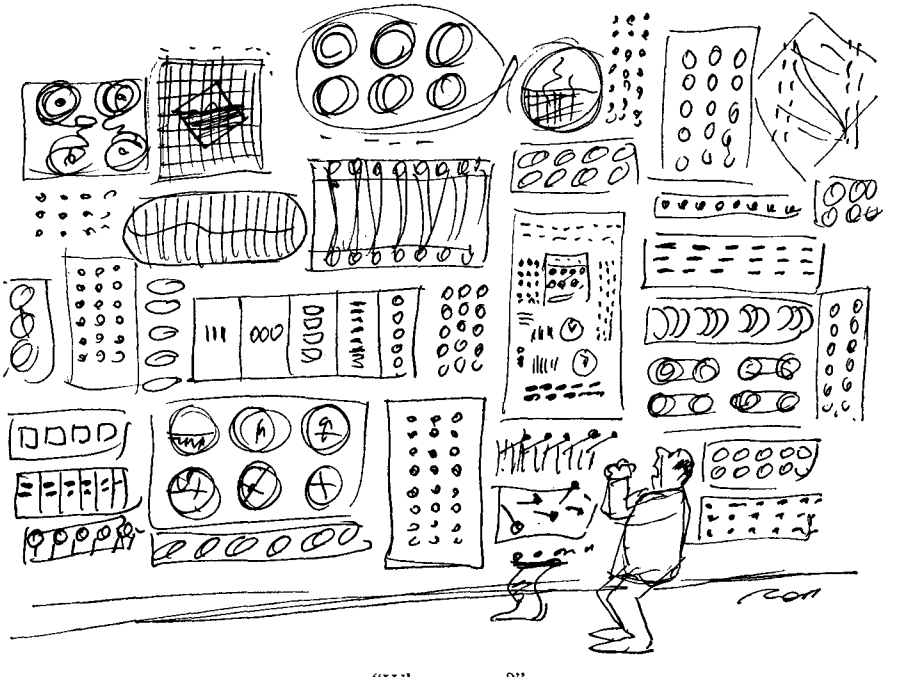
THE drastic decline in the quality of paper in this country can be traced to about the year 1870. That was when ground-wood fibers were first used extensively in the manufacture of American paper. Prior to that time, in the decade 1830-40, the use of alum and rosin sizing had become general, with the result that acidity was a prevailing characteristic of most paper manufactured thereafter.

The man most responsible for bringing this situation to public notice is William J. Barrow, a quiet Virginian with a flair for research and a burning determination to preserve for posterity the printed and written record of mankind's earthly journeyings. He enjoys an international reputation.

Mr. Barrow's first permanent base was in the Virginia State Library in Richmond, where he still has a shop for the restoration of deteriorated documents. But in 1961, with the aid of the Council on Library Resources, he was able to move his research laboratory into much more commodious quarters in the new home of the Virginia Historical Society, also in Richmond. There, with a small, competent staff and some of the finest laboratory equipment of its type to be found anywhere, he is pursuing his investigations.

In contrast to the shockingly weak papers used so widely today, we have numerous examples of all-rag papers manufactured 500 or more years ago by mechanical means beside pure mountain streams; they survive with virtually their original strength and whiteness.

One might be inclined to assume from the foregoing that any all-rag paper made nowadays would have similar lasting qualities, but such is not the



"Who *are* you?"

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case. Leaving aside the high cost of such paper, which prevents its use in the modern age, except in special situations, there is the fact that chemicals employed in the past two centuries in the making of some rag papers have caused serious deterioration.

All-rag editions of newspapers have been abandoned in recent years for the far more compact microfilm, but, as noted above, the durability of the latter remains to be explored.

The conclusions of William Barrow and others as to the probable durability of modern papers are based on elaborate scientific experiments. Specifications for the durability of papers were established by the Barrow laboratory with the aid of grants from the Council on Library Resources.

Largely as a result of the laboratory's experiments, several different papers in the "permanent-durable" category are now being made by mills with headquarters in Richmond, Boston, Pisgah Forest (North Carolina), and Modena (Pennsylvania). They are estimated to be good for anywhere from 1,000 to 2,000 years, depending on storage conditions, temperatures, and so on. While there is an admittedly substantial margin of error in calculating the lasting qualities of these papers, they are vastly

superior to those that begin deteriorating badly in fifty years or less.

It would be financially impossible for publishers to use the most expensive papers for all their books and magazines, and it would not even be desirable. But it is not generally realized that attractive-looking papers, easily handled by printers and of much better lasting qualities than those now generally employed, can be had at prices no higher than those of far inferior types. These new papers are estimated to be good for 800 or more years.

Thus there appears to be no valid reason why all significant works of research and scholarship cannot be printed on materials of much greater durability than are now being utilized for most of them.

It is gratifying to report that progress is being made. In scholarly book publishing, for example, the Harvard University Press is setting a fine example. In collaboration with a leading Boston manufacturer, it created the long-lasting paper known as University Text. The Harvard Press is using this handsome material not only in its *Adams Papers* but also in other works of lasting value. Moreover, University Text has been released to the publishing trade, with the result that others are using it, notably the University of Chicago and the University of Virginia in their joint sponsorship of the *Madison Papers*.

The paper known as Permalife, one of the most durable of all, is slightly more costly than the above, owing to the long fibers used in its manufacture. *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, published by the Virginia Historical Society, has been issued on Permalife for several years, to the complete satisfaction of the society's officers and members. This same paper is being used by the Ohio University Press in its *Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*.

Another long-lasting, good-looking paper, and one that is competitive in price with much less permanent papers, is known as Byrd Book. It is manufactured in Richmond and is being used satisfactorily in some of the more erudite magazines, including the *Biophysical Journal*, published for the Biophysical Society by the Rockefeller Institute Press of New York, and the *Journal of Mathematics and Mechanics*, published at Indiana University. (By contrast, several outstanding and nationally known scholarly journals that ought by all means to be using high grade paper are not doing so.)

Then there is the long-lasting, lightweight paper known as Waylite, made in Pisgah Forest, North Carolina, and now being used in a majority of all the Bibles being published in the United States.

THE most recent addition to this family of permanent-durable type book papers is Milletex, manufactured at Modena, Pennsylvania, in regular weights.

Yet given the amount of attention that has been focused on the lasting qualities of paper, it is remarkable that so many publishers of learned magazines and directors of university presses, as well as other publishers of scholarly books, have shown so little interest.

One finds it impossible to believe that this state of things will continue. It seems probable, furthermore, that commercial book and magazine publishers will become alert to the desirability of using better materials in many of their publications. Since handsome, long-lasting papers are now available at no higher prices than many of the impermanent types so widely used, the means for substantially rectifying the existing situation are at hand.

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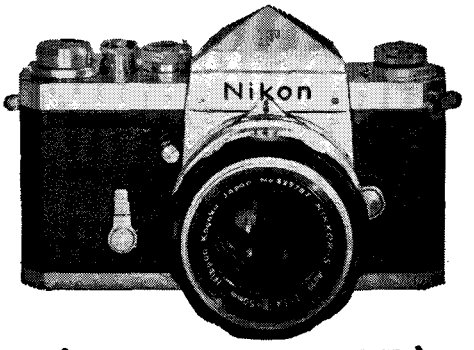

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BLUMENFELD OF UPI

By MARGARET R. WEISS

HAROLD BLUMENFELD of United Press International might well be the envy of the nation's marketing fraternity, for he deals with a product that spans continents and spreads over an operating mileage closely approximating the 50,000 mark. As Executive Newspictures Editor for one of the world's largest newsgathering and distributing services, he directs photo coverage that now reaches 737 newspaper and TV stations in this country and more than 500 clients in Europe, the Middle East, Latin America, Australia, and Asia.

To live up to the company slogan, "Today's Pictures with Today's News Today"—to keep a continuous flow of pictures moving across the wires twenty-four hours a day and to service an average of 150,000 photos to clients each month—requires a complement of about 300 photographers, editors, darkroom technicians, and telephoto engineers. These—and the special coordinating talents, the critical editorial eye, the highly sensitized nose-for-news that are the professional credentials of a veteran newspicture editor.

"Actually, our kind of operation makes me a rather unique picture editor," Blumenfeld explains. "I don't have a single reader! But we have client editors who do have readers—and it's our business to provide a product that will interest, inform, and entertain those readers."

Today, photos in the papers can no longer be regarded simply as art or illustration—something to be used at an editor's whim to relieve the monotony of a too-solid page of text; pictures on the TV news screen must be more than just "video" decorating audio that is only radio's identical twin.

"Pictures *are* news," emphasizes Blumenfeld, "and that's why they must have more to say and say it more meaningfully. With today's small cameras, fast lenses, and high-speed films, there's no excuse for the picture cliché or the contrived pose." He admits that a fresh approach to each and every assignment is practically impossible because fast-breaking spot news stories demand shoot-on-sight tactics. "But whenever time and the story elements permit, we aim for realistic shots. Though some photos taken after the actual impact of the story must be posed, the 'staged' set-up is something we always discourage. It's too easily conducive to a dishonest picture."

What makes the difference between a routine shot and an eye-arresting one? "The man behind the camera—whether he's just a cameraman or a perceptive reporter. One simply *takes* a picture, recording a static image on a piece of film; the other *makes* a picture, reporting what's happening as the news breaks."

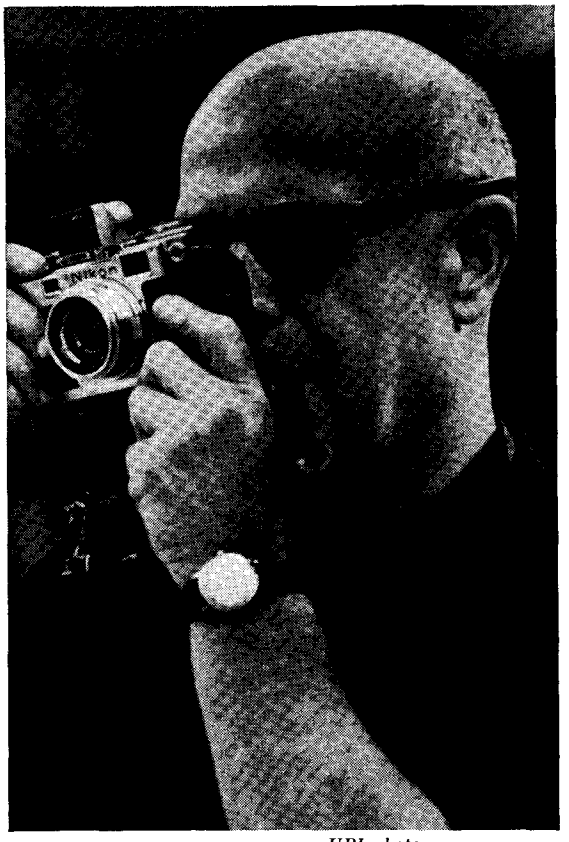
This qualitative difference is one Blumenfeld has continually fought for. "Our photographers and reporters have equivalent rank on the Guild scale—both are listed as *newsmen*. Which is as it should be—for a good press photographer *is* a reporter whose tools are camera and film rather than paper and typewriter."

(More than one apocryphal tale has grown out of his campaign efforts to upgrade the general public image of the camera reporter. His colleagues enjoy telling the story of his "passive resistance" skirmish with a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel. When the management instituted a policy of banishing all photographers to the service entrance, Blumenfeld politely refused its subsequent request for UPI coverage of one of the hotel's gala social affairs. Not long thereafter, the ban on photographers' front-entrance access was quietly rescinded.)

Bewitched by the laser-blazed trail and its transmission miracles, we are apt to forget how much photo-reporting itself—the kind of picture we see—has changed as a result of improved camera equipment and film.

"In the old days," recounts Blumenfeld, "scoring a beat merely meant getting a picture out *faster* than the competition. I remember one we scored back in 1928—it was the Tunney-Heeney bout at Yankee Stadium. Wearing an intern's white coat, I rode my film out in an ambulance that I had waiting at the gate. The fight pictures were developed in transit, with siren screaming full blast all the way downtown!"

Scoring a beat today is more difficult. It is not just a matter of *how fast*, but of *how good*. "It means coming up with a significantly *different* picture—a *better* one. Better, more realistic, less inhibited—because the camera reporter has capitalized on the greater freedom and flexibility afforded by compact equipment,



—*UPI photos.*

Harold Blumenfeld studied photography "in self-defense"

a variety of wide-angle and telephoto lenses, faster films, and the use of existing light."

This was something learned from putting 35mm cameras to the test in covering the two Presidential conventions in

One of the memorable storytelling pictures from *Four Days*, the commemorative book for which Blumenfeld served as photo editor. The small figure, only a fraction of the full negative, was spotted by UPI's Washington Bureau manager while editing hundreds of rolls of film. Cropping and enlarging did the rest.

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UPI (then called Acme) installed on-the-spot darkrooms and transmitters at Philadelphia's Convention Hall in 1948.

Small negative-processing tent used during 1949 World Series was forerunner of permanent darkroom setup at Yankee Stadium.

1956. "For the first time we were able to do a real job of photo-reporting instead of setting up the usual posed shots. The whole atmosphere and business of political conventions were captured on film."

Because of UPI's early and bold application of the 35mm camera to all types of assignments—spot news, features, and sports—Blumenfeld was once introduced to an audience as "the godfather of armpit photography." Amused by the extravagant epithet, he would rather be remembered as "one of those who helped emancipate the press photographer from mental and mechanical bonds and encouraged him to be a real reporter with a camera. . . . Newspictures should be more than a series of inanimate graphic representations. They should be alive, articulate, say something to the eye. Any news photo should present a true report of an event—or if there was no opportunity to photograph the event, it should present an honest, story-telling symbol of the event."

IN all his forty-one years of news experience, he feels nothing could possibly measure up to what took place between November 22 and 25 of 1963—those four days that represent not only the biggest story of the century but a time when press photography added immeasurably to its own stature. The commemorative volume, *Four Days*, compiled exclusively from UPI picture and text coverage (edited and published in cooperation with *American Heritage*), has already sold more than 2,500,000 copies and continues to ride the crest of the best-seller list week after week.

Using a $10 Sears, Roebuck bathroom fixture, a jeweler's loupe, and a converted X-ray viewer that yielded a 7″ x 9″ negative projection, Blumenfeld worked an uninterrupted two-week stint editing thousands of individual negatives, color transparencies, and frames of 16mm film in order to select the pictures finally included in the book. In his opinion, "One of the outstanding photos and a potential Pulitzer Prize-winner was a detail enlarged from about one-eighth of the original negative": little John F. Kennedy, Jr., saluting as his father's coffin passed on its way from the Cathedral.

ANY mention of cropping and enlarging inevitably brings to mind the specter of a much-publicized news photo—the one that came a cropper during the Army-McCarthy hearings when Army counsel produced the uncropped version as evidence that the McGuire Field meeting of Secretary Stevens and Private Schine was not a *rendezvous à deux*. "Of course, cropping can 'lie'—and so can picture angle," Blumenfeld readily concedes. "That's why every effort should be made to avoid possible distortion. Both editorial intention and interpretation must be honest and clear."

And here is where captions perform their important function. A good caption is a label, carrying essential information to assure accurate meaning and proper context. "The only picture I've seen that didn't call for a caption was the one of the Chinatown resident shown holding up a copy of the morning paper headlined TOKYO BOMBED!"

Perhaps this strong insistence on informative captions stems from Blumenfeld's early exposure to the copy desk—first as office boy, later as feature writer for NEA. In fact, it was only some years after that he studied photography "in self-defense to be able to talk the same language as members of my photo staff. My tutor was a darkroom printer named Arthur Fellig, whom the world now knows as the notable photographer Weegee. Most of the time, though, I don't like to get too involved in the purely technical problems. It's the news-telling value of a picture—how well it reports the facts and conveys the emotional impact of the story—that interests me more."

Despite his long career in a profession traditionally hounded by round-the-clock shadow of deadline, Blumenfeld has somehow managed to leave high tension to the wires. "I've been in the news business ever since I was seventeen, and I haven't yet developed an ulcer. Things have a way of getting done if you push buttons and pull plugs!"

Seeing the actual buttons and plugs of telephotography at work—watching a key news photo transmitted complete with caption only fifteen minutes after shooting—makes even this extreme oversimplification sound plausible.

But only momentarily—for nothing on the dazzling dashboard of electronic journalism has yet replaced the selective human eye. That remains the special property and province of newspicture editors like Harold Blumenfeld.

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As It Happens

It is predicted that the cost of the average wedding will reach a new high this June. The best things in life are still free; it's getting there that has become so expensive.

There is another way, besides turning off the lights, that President Johnson can make a considerable saving. What could a citizen say if his phone rang and the operator asked: "Collect call from the President of the United States. Will you accept the charges?"

Bridge-time chatter: "I told our girl—she's been with us twenty years—that I didn't mind her joining CORE, long as it was nothing personal."

Europeans traveling to this country for the first time are mystified. In France public conveniences can be found on the sidewalks. In England near monuments. In America they cannot be found.

An investor wrote a financial columnist that he ran $25,000 up to a quarter-million by listening to his astrologist, not his broker. We'd like to know what broker his astrologist listens to.

Dowager overheard in a TV store: "How does Senator Goldwater look in color?"

The hardest things to get, these days, are: An objective report on Governor Wallace. A growth stock that pays 5 per cent. Permission to go to Cuba. Two tickets to *Funny Girl.*

There are two schools of thought on the Russian-Chinese split. One advocates extending ourselves to be friendly with the Soviets. The other says we should just offer to hold their coats.

In recent months shopping centers have added, besides the usual services, libraries, movies, clinics, and undertakers. Soon you'll be able to live a full life with only one stop.

—Fred Sparks.

A Tale of Two Cities

WE THOUGHT it rather appropriate that when the imperial wizard of one Ku Klux Klan organization in Alabama announced plans to set up a pilot all-white private community, there were a couple of Black Muslims in his audience.

Since the Klan wizard approved so fulsomely of the Muslims, we trust they returned the compliment. There can be ideological togetherness, obviously, even in segregation.

And we think it would be instructive for the whole South—and some residents of the North—if the Klan pursues its plan. As a matter of fact, it might be even more worthwhile if somewhere near the Klan community—or should we say, "kommunity"?- the Muslims built one of their own. They believe in creation of a separate state for Negroes; they probably need a pilot project, too.

These could be the twin cities of the South—close enough together to symbolize their ideological unity but, like Minneapolis and St. Paul, with a river or some other barrier in between. It doesn't have to be much of a barrier —a weedy bramble patch would do—just so they don't touch.

It will be hard for either community to build a self-contained economy that wouldn't be contaminated with products made in the outer world by members of one or the other of those proscribed "other" races. But let 'em try. Let there be nothing but white houses in Klantown, and nothing but black in Muslimville. Let 'em play football or basketball for recreation with white equipment in Klantown, and with black equipment in Muslimville. For quieter recreation, we suppose it will have to be parcheesi in both places. Chess, checkers and any of those other games in which black and white pieces come in contact would be out, naturally.

AS A MATTER of fact, since both these groups are emotional descendants of the Utopians — both trying to retreat from the nastily complex world that exists to some simpler world—perhaps the names of their towns should be Whytopia (more of an elegant suburban ring to it than Whitetopia) and Blaquetopia.

The streets in one no doubt would be pure white concrete, or white gravel, and in the other, all black-topped. In neither town, of course, would the streets lead anywhere. But presumably no one in either town would mind that, or even notice it.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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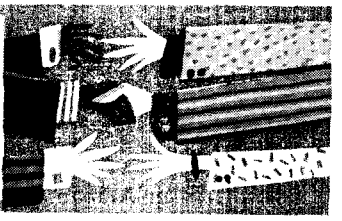
Public Relations



Beginning Steps

THOUGHTFUL public relations practitioners have been disturbed for a long time by the general attacks on their business. Much of the criticism dished out has been deserved. But so many PR men show a misunderstanding of the nature and function of their profession that little has been done to answer the charges hurled at them.

However, when the Securities and Exchange Commission issued its report on financial public relations and recommended legislation to end abuses, such criticism could not be ignored. And when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee later released excerpts of its hearings on PR for overseas clients, the swelling chorus of abuse of public relations could no longer be shrugged off by its practitioners.

The Public Relations Society of America, the 4,600-member organization of men and women actively working in public relations, felt action had to be taken, despite those of its members who thought the SEC report and the Senate Committee testimony ought to be ignored.

PRSA has now taken three beginning steps, even though it cannot control nonmembers. The moves will by no means stop the critics or do the major surgery that conditions demand. But they are an attempt, and in two of the three areas they are long past due.

The three moves are: an official interpretation of the PRSA code of professional standards for the practice of public relations as it applies to financial public relations; the first suspension of a member of the society since it was founded in 1948; an accreditation program for those already members of the society.

The SEC is a tough customer and will not be put off by declarations of principle alone, no matter how sound. The proof of PRSA's respecified code of ethics for financial public relations will lie in its application and in the extent to which the abuses named in the SEC report are curtailed.

William L. Cary, SEC chairman, wrote the president of PRSA that "the new Code appears to represent a constructive measure aimed at meeting an insistent challenge. The Report of the Special Study of Securities Markets called attention to substantial abuses in financial public relations practice that have seriously misled investors. It also pointed out the limits of direct governmental regulation in this sensitive area and the acute need for self-regulatory groups, official and unofficial, to exercise their powers and responsibilities.

"By adopting this Code, the Society —like a number of other unofficial self-regulatory groups in other areas—has expressed recognition of its responsibilities to the public. I am sure that the Society understands, however, that the new Code is merely the foundation for a program of self-regulation and not in itself a complete program. In the last analysis, the Code will have to be evaluated in the light of the level of conduct which it inspires or commands."

In other words, Mr. Cary says: Show me. Here is where PRSA's good intentions will be meaningless without strict enforcement, but the revised code is a move in the right direction.

Until the six-month suspension of a member of PRSA for unethical practice, no member had ever been so dealt with. Previously, three members had been expelled from PRSA after conviction for a felony or misdemeanor. But here the courts acted first. There have been three censures of members in PRSA's history, all involving either attempts to lure clients away from other members or criticism by one public relations man of another's handling of an account. In none of these three cases was an offense against the general public involved—only offenses by one public relations man against another.

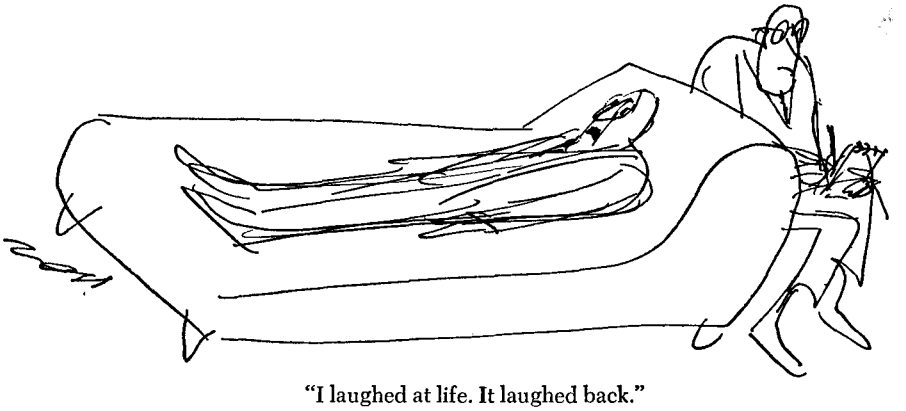
That is why the first suspension of a member of PRSA is so noteworthy. His suspension could well mean that others will follow, and there may even be expulsions in the future.

The third category of new PRSA policy, however, that of accreditation, has caused solid, even widespread criticism by members of the organization. As it was first developed, the accreditation program dealt only with counselors. Now it has been extended to all members of the society. This has so weakened whatever values the program had that some of its early supporters are beginning to wonder whether the step may not be a useless gesture.

Some members say it is nonsense to consider public relations as a profession. Their claim is that it is a business, useful, even important, and that trying to give it the aura of a profession is premature—divorced from reality. Moreover, the "grandfather clause," which accredits its members of long-standing in the society without examination or test, will only provide an empty set of initials after a member's name—and will not even have competitive value, as one old-timer pointed out.

The problem is that having accredited and unaccredited members in the same group may destroy it. Perhaps if membership in PRSA itself could be made a form of accreditation by careful screening of new membership applicants this difficulty could be resolved.

Whatever results the three new policies bring, at least those who control PRSA are recognizing at last the serious criticism public relations has been getting. It is none too soon, for unless PRSA does the job now, others, outside, will surely step in. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.



"I laughed at life. It laughed back."

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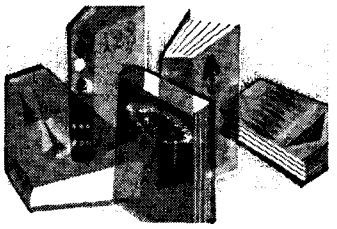
Books
in Communications



The Newcomers

FOR magazines, this is a time of grueling competition—primarily for advertising but also for subscribers and authors. Any reader, even one with a short memory, can tick off the names of at least some of the casualties in the struggle. But hope springs eternal and so do new magazines. Two recent cases in point:

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (75¢ a copy, $3 a year): Founded originally in 1815 as a New England magazine, the *North American Review* expanded its scope until its death in 1940, publishing along the way the work of such men as Daniel Webster, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, and Ulysses S. Grant. Now, a generation after it closed shop, the quarterly has been revived with impressive enthusiasm if not much focus. In an explanatory note the editors—who make their headquarters in Mount Vernon, Iowa—say: "We want to be an arena for world issues. We want to print good writing and good thinking and to present it to the widest possible audience." But that goal in itself is hardly enough to distinguish the *North American Review* from any number of other magazines on the newsstands. Nor, sadly, is the contents of the first issue.

The writers in themselves are impressive enough—Frank Luther Mott, Roswell Garst, Julian Huxley, Robert Penn Warren, Peter Viereck, and Salvador de Madariaga, among others. But much of Volume I, Number 1 seems to consist of articles in search of a point of view. Mott, as perceptive a historian of American journalism as the country has seen, writes on the proliferation of show business and argues, in some way that I confess eludes me, that it's all a bad, bad thing. Garst, the Iowa farmer who gave Mr. Khrushchev a few lessons in corn growing when the Premier visited his farm in 1959, is represented by two articles, one based on a visit to the Soviet Union in 1955 and the other a blueprint for increasing crop yields. And so it goes, or much of it anyhow. It is all worthy enough, I suppose, but it somehow doesn't engage the reader very deeply.

I have an unmistakable feeling, in fact, that the editors themselves are badly underestimating the audience they are evidently seeking. We find, for example, reviews of J. D. Salinger's *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction* and John A. T. Robinson's *Honest to God*—both of which were published not just weeks but months ago. And nothing mystifies me more than Salvador de Madariaga's article "Nations and Moral Law." The very same article appeared in *Saturday Review* in November 1960.

VENTURE ($11.50 per year to American Express credit card holders, $17.50 to others): Travel, as nearly everybody knows by this time, is big business, and this new magazine clearly hopes to get in on the booty. Furthermore, it may well have the know-how to do it. A hefty and healthy-looking 202 pages bound in hardcover like *American Heritage* and peppered, unlike *American Heritage*, with full-color ads, it ranges the world in picture and text with all the seasoned aplomb of a traveler who knows just where he's going. Rarely, in fact, has a new magazine started out with such an assured and easy stride.

Venture is published bimonthly by Cowles, is edited by Curtiss Anderson, a former editor of *Ladies' Home Journal*, and, because it is being offered at a special rate to American Express card holders (every last one of whom gets an introductory copy free), should presumably be able to fatten up its subscription list in short order. The first issue offers articles on Greece, Tokyo, New York, Iowa, North Carolina, restaurants, cartography, the Shakespeare year, gambling in Europe, jewelry buying in the Orient, and enough other far-flung material to make the most incorrigible homebody rush off to his travel agent. It's a glittery and often gladsome adventure and should, because everybody seems to be on the move these days, go places, too.

Swinging Out: Raymond Swing, foreign correspondent, newscaster, and iconoclast, was noted in his heyday for a lofty independence that was the envy of his rivals and the despair of his opponents. And with good reason. In 1939, in his first sponsored broadcast, he was able to begin by saying: "My sponsor is permitting me to give my talks . . . without any censorship whatever of my script." And a year later, on the day the Nazis invaded Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg, he refused to make his broadcast unless the radio station would promise to eliminate the usual middle commercial. These victories and the story of his encounters with FDR, Einstein, and other major figures of the day are recounted in *"Good Evening!"* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), a "professional memoir" that is a deft mixture of anecdote, nostalgia, and good sense. At his best, Swing can be as memorably evocative as a snatch of song out of some remote yesterday. —JAMES F. FIXX.

"Think of it, Professor—the only cigarette on the market guaranteed to stop tooth decay!"

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TV and Radio

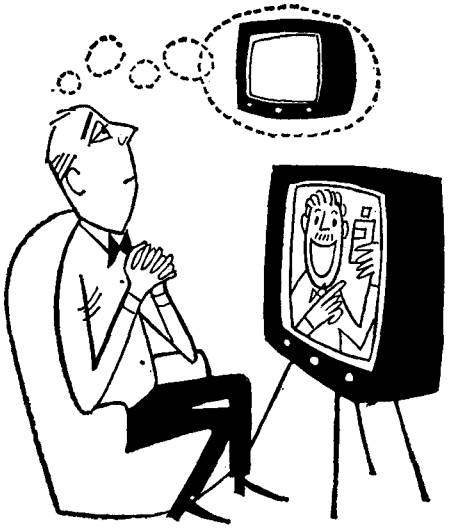
Continued from page 37

Santa Monica, Mr. Weaver pointed out the technical sophistication of his system. Although his Program Selector will have only three channels, a subscriber could receive specialized programs outside the main traffic streams, however mass-oriented these were. A regular program brochure, he pointed out, will be furnished to subscribers. In it they can be apprised of programs that will be broadcast far from prime time, perhaps after midnight.

Subscribers can set their receivers to tune in these programs automatically and record them. A viewer could then play back such a recorded program at his own convenience. Programs could also be provided to subscribers in film cartridges sent through the mail upon request. Pat Weaver concedes, however, that special hardware will be required for such subtle communication between STV headquarters and individual subscribers.

Recording devices and full-color, luminescent wall-screens, he predicts, will change living room designs and have a billion-dollar impact on the electronics industry. Nor is this the ultimate. STV in the home is capable of other variations. Weaver foresees subscribers using the system as a "tele-shopping" mechanism. Distribution centers for consumer goods can be tied in to individual receivers so that families can see what is available and transmit orders.

All this, to be sure, is in the distance. In the immediate foreground is the necessity to build a large base of support for STV. Viewers who help create it may not find their special tastes instantly satisfied, but they may have the satisfaction of knowing that technologically that goal is possible—and promised. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 35,000 summer jobs (also 7,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $5.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for "Summer Jobs." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Institute, 173 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, N.Y. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.) Also "Summer Opportunities for Teenagers" (includes jobs; part-time work; travel, sports, special interest, foreign camps, etc.), $3.00. Supply limited.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS Import. Dolmetsch, Purcell, $5, $7.95 up! Student Special, Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 5-4-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

"HE WHO SPEAKS WELL does well" • Social • Business • Private • Class • Brochure. "Speech Center," 165 West 46th Street, NYC. LT 1-3471 after 6 p.m.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue, New York 10021. REgent 4-3902. Established 1887.

STRINGS—STRINGS—STRINGS. 300 varieties for all instruments. We specialize in the finest quality, in return-mail delivery, and, happy day, we save you money. Send for our string supplement catalogue and see! Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, New York 25, N.Y.

(Continued on page 76)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 75)

ANY NEEDS? Personal Shopping. Circular. Village Idiots, 11 Cornelia, NYC 14.

MOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS OVERSEAS? Save money. Use exclusive "Plane-Ahead" service. Essential goods go by plane, drastically reducing hotel costs. Bulk of shipment goes by surface transportation — keeps moving costs low. One predetermined, guaranteed cost. No extras. One through-bill. Shipped in sealed, pilferproof containers. Everything from customs inspection to advice on customs of a country. Write for booklet: "Tips on How to Save Time and Money." ROUTED THRU-PAC, Inc., 350 Broadway, NYC 10013.

SPEAK BETTER. Let professionals tell you how. Send four minute voice tape at 7½ IPS and $5.00 to Speech Improvement Specialists, Box 5100, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55406.

POSITION WANTED—Dean of Women, in four year college, widow, 47, master's degree, two years experience as Assistant to Dean. Box G-662.

DEAF MAN, 50, seeks promising job, farm, estate. Box G-551.

RESEARCH, Writing, Translations, expertly done. All topics; reasonable. Professional author. Box G-730.

INGENUOUS COLLEGIAN desires summer employment with wealthy educated family or person. Capable, diversified experience. Box G-744.

GRADUATING COLLEGE WOMAN, 21, seeks challenging job. Strong French, music art background. Types, etc. Any offers? Box G-770.

YOUNG MALE SCHOOLTEACHER, actor, seeks intriguing summer: Europe expenses for tutoring, or—? Box H-78.

SECONDARY TEACHER—English, sociology, guidance. B.A., M.A. Educational or related field, will travel. Box H-44.

NEED DIGGER? Leave for Nigeria, Egypt mid-June. Europe September. Librarian seeks assignments. Box H-35.

RUTGERS SENIOR seeks summer employment. Broad background humanities and social sciences. Will travel. E. Newman, 275-19th Avenue, Paterson, New Jersey.

PLAYWRIGHT, sketch-writer wanted by musical-comedy team. Box H-79.

YOUNG PRIMARY TEACHER-GOVERNESS or tutor available. Enjoys children. Box H-51.

WRITER, Maryland, desires relocation. Experienced PR. Novel published soon. Family. Box H-47.

PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER, music and art high school senior, wants mother's helper summer job, hopefully Europe. Box H-53.

MALE, 32, some college, now with large corporation, steno, typing, seeks employment administrative assistant, sales service, traveling secretary. Box H-57.

COLLEGE STUDENT desires position of chauffeur for your vacation anywhere. Experienced traveler, excellent driver. Available June-September. Box H-80.

IS YOUR SPEECH "NON-U"? Private lessons—diction, personality development. NYC. Box H-37.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HOUSEKEEPER. For wife over sixty, physically well but needing cheertul oversight in daily programmed craft activities. Live in as member of family and do light housekeeping and cooking for family of two. Good driver essential. Start mid-May. Fairfield County, Connecticut, residence. Cultivated tastes; good references. Regular time off. Write fully. Box H-9.

DANCE TEACHER, ballet, modern, gymnast. Fine Arts Summer Camp, northeast. Box G-772.

COLLEGE BOOKSHOP needs intelligent Text Department manager. Write R. D. Hale, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

"NER" describes 200-1,000 new, SPECIFIC, Executive job openings monthly. $7,000-$70,000 pay range. U.S.A.-Overseas. Write for free Report. Strict confidence! National Employment Reports, 519-N Center, Racine, Wisconsin.

HELP NEEDED beautiful Vermont home, June-September. No children. Opportunity learn Russian. $40 weekly. Box H-46.

WANTED: Ph.D.s mathematics and French, $10,000 and up. Write: Dean, Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage.

SORORITY HOUSEMOTHER WANTED. Room, board, salary. Work with college girls at large Eastern university. Box H-56.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, female, full time assistant to Head Librarian, in residential junior college for women. Faculty status. For further details write Dean Wendell Harding, Vermont College, Montpelier, Vermont.

ABLE, IMAGINATIVE CANDIDATES to fill teaching vacancies in French and music, Weston, Connecticut. Top salary. Fairfield County location. Telephone 203-227-7022.

GIRL SCOUTS seek Executive Director. Administration, financial management, supervision, community relations are essential skills. Further information: Mrs. Lloyd Clugston, Kentucky Cardinal Girl Scout Council, 1268 Cherokee Road, Louisville, Kentucky 40204.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CHOICE CAPES-COLONIALS. Pleasant locations. Reasonable. Photos. Orr Agency, Sanbornton, N.H.

MOUNTAIN RANCH HOME. Altitude 7,000 feet. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, modern stone and redwood. 600 acres woods and pasture. Trout, deer, turkey. Accessible ski areas. $150,000. Wallace C. Beil, Box 1250, Las Vegas, New Meicxo 87701.

UNIQUE SETTING — Pennsylvania stone house, circa 1800, expertly restored. 8 rooms, 4 fireplaces, 2½ baths. 45 acres, lilacs, stream, meadow. 50 minutes Philadelphia. Owner. 215-HU 9-7969. Box G-721.

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT. Salt box and barn, $25,000. Excellent condition, city water, beautiful 1½ acre setting edge of woods, 5 minutes village. Needs heating plant and kitchen. Box G-765.

BUCKS COUNTY ON DELAWARE CANAL. Charming artist's home in dramatic setting. Asking $33,000. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

ELBOW GREASE NEEDED. Unimproved, sturdy old house in beautiful Berkshire setting awaits capable young couple with more energy than money. Tell us about yourself. Box H-75.

VICTORIAN ARCHITECTURAL GEM, corresponding outbuildings. 4 acres, bargain. Other listings. Mrs. Harrison E. Parker, Broker, R.F.D. #1, Ludlow, Vermont.

REMODELED SCHOOLHOUSE in charming setting. $16,500. F. Louis Fitting, Realtor, New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2291.

IN NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE, "Evergreen Manor," built 1700s, a Colonial home of distinction, tastefully restored. First floor—5 rooms, bath, gourmet kitchen; second floor—3 bedrooms, 2 baths; third floor—2 bedrooms, bath. Fireplaces, marble mantles. Swimming pool, terraces, shade trees, 2 car garage with storage space. Space for apartment over garage. Approximately 15 acres, adjoining college campus, rural countryside. $65,000. Shown by appointment. Willits Agency, Abington, Connecticut. 203-WA 8-2227.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

SUPERB VIEW of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island shore. 4 bedrooms, modern Cape Cod, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box G-386.

FURNISHED HOUSE overlooking beautiful Morelia. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, separate servants' house. $17,500. Inquire: Apartado 220, Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico, or Box 573, Springfield, Vermont.

LAKE DISTRICT, MAINE. 4½ acres, lake shore. 5 room, fully furnished cottage; fireplace, electric kitchen, plumbing, outboard, dock. Box H-30.

For Rent—Furnished

ON OCEAN AT FAMOUS CARMEL, California, unique stone residence, home of late world famous poet, Robinson Jeffers. For lease August 1st. Flagged entrance hall, 3 sitting rooms, library, office, dining room, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, all-electric kitchen/breakfast room, laundry with automatic washer-dryer, completely furnished with antiques, plus adjoining 40 ft. stone tower with walls four/five feet thick and 3 small rooms. 11 fireplaces, beautiful informal walled gardens. Rent on year's lease to approved tenant $700 per month. Apply Jeffers, Route 2, Box 288, Carmel, California.

STOWE, VERMONT—Homes, chalets, ski lodges. Long or short term. Justis Realty.

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO. Quiet, inexpensive cottages, garden, ideal for artists, writers. 516-GE 2-5383, Box G-787.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—August-January. 4 bedroom studio, piano. Box H-27.

12 ROOM COUNTRY HOUSE, suitable large family or two wishing to share. Separate wings, each with own kitchen. Ideal location 2½ hours NYC. Nearby beach, lakes and excellent riding school. Available June through September or year round. Option to buy. Call or write: Elizabeth Blow, Clinton Corners, N.Y. COlfax 6-5162, COlfax 6-5177.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Tel. 255-0552.

PUTNAM VALLEY, N.Y.—Theatrical producer's year round house. 3 bedrooms, swimming pool. Commuting distance. June 26th through Labor Day. $1,750. Box G-786.

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box G-798.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, high elevation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., congenial group. Reasonable. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA. Writer's mountaintop retreat. Spectacular view. 4 bedrooms. All conveniences. $1,000 season; monthly. Hoff, 4704 Gordon, Madison, Wisconsin.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—converted barn, fireplace, loft. Beach rights, secluded. Box G-557.

DOUGLASTON—near World's Fair. 3 bedroom house available June 15th. Box G-784.

KEZAR LAKE, MAINE. 80 acres, 2,000 ft. waterfront. Year round lodge with 5 bedrooms. 2 housekeeping cottages. Well-equipped. Tennis court. $1,800 season. Box G-795.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT. Charmingly furnished, 5 bedrooms, fireplaces, terrace, delightful screened porch. 4 acres fields, orchard. Near village and all boating facilities. $1,500. Box G-777.

WARREN, VERMONT—Modern house. 2 double bedrooms upper level; 2 bunk rooms lower level; 2 baths, modern kitchen, large living room, terrace and porch. $300 a month. Box G-774.

EAST DENNIS, CAPE COD—Sea captain's house. July. 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, freezer, washing machine, dishwasher. Box H-66.

GREEK REVIVAL brick mansion overlooking Lake Champlain, adjoining golf links. Season $1,000. Box H-74.

MAINE ISLAND, VINALHAVEN. Completely furnished house, 2 bedrooms, bath, electric kitchen, fireplace, panoramic ocean view. $300 month. Box H-34.

NANTUCKET ISLAND—'SCONSET—Cottage sleeping 6. Beautiful oceanfront property. Beach, tennis, golf, fishing. Season, month, fortnight.
ALSO AVAILABLE—Guest houses, housekeeping apartment. 212-BU 8-5869, Box H-26.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Completely modern 5 room house. July $500. PLaza 9-3396 NYC.

JUNE VACATIONS—Newport, R.I. Charming oceanfront home. Superb view. $100 weekly. Box H-25.

TOP OF BLUE RIDGE—Beautifully furnished house on 27 acre estate. 45 ft. living room, all glass front on private lake (stocked rainbow and brook), 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, game room, Youngstown kitchen, indoor garage. $3,000 season. Box 266, Highlands, North Carolina.

ANCIENT PEMAQUID POINT, MAINE—Cottages accommodating 2 to 5 persons. Completely furnished, electrically equipped. On end of peninsula. Address: Pemaquid Land Company (Organized 1885).

NEWFANE, VERMONT. No drudgery or isolation. Spacious vacation home. Season $600. Box H-84.

HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS. $400 season, $225 month. Photos. Box H-54.

LARGE SUMMER HOUSE on Little Lake Chocorua, White Mountains. 7 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces. 1,000 feet lake frontage, private dock, 60 acres. Canoeing, swimming, mountain climbing, sailing and tennis. Available furnished May 30th through July 31st, $650. Cambridge, Massachusetts: 491-8120.

WESTPORT, N.Y. Fine old house above Lake Champlain, next to golf links. Summer $1,000. Box H-97.

HOUSE WANTED

COLLEGE FAMILY wants beach camp for August. New England preferred. Box H-68.

HOUSE TO SHARE

WE HAVE a 3 bedroom home to share near beach, Fair and NYC with an educated young woman in her mid-twenties. Box H-58.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

PARK AVENUE, NYC, sunny luxury 3½, fireplace, part exchange Georgetown house. Box H-28.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

WORLD'S FAIR RENTALS. Furnished apartments with private kitchen and bath. Pennington Agency, Dept. DH, 192-12 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, New York 11358.

48TH STREET, EAST, Manhattan. 3½ rooms, floor through duplex. Fireplace, garden, terrace, outdoor living, 5 to 8 months. $350. Weekdays, MUrray Hill 8-3340.

For Summer Rental

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT—Five months, $1,000. Waterfront charming studio apartment, galley kitchen, suitable one, two. Private beach. Close rail station and turnpike. Phone after 5:00 p.m. 203-866-0488.

TEN MINUTE WALK TO FAIR—Apartment, one or two. July 18th to August 9th. References. 212-TU 6-1059.

MANHATTAN—GRAMERCY PARK. Lovely large 4½ rooms. June 25th through September 7th. $300 month. Call YUkon 2-1787 or write Box H-40.

5 ROOM GARDEN APARTMENT, furnished. July 1st-Labor Day. ½ block World's Fair. References. Box H-24.

APARTMENTS WANTED

RELIABLE, MATURE COUPLE, college graduates, seek sublet $100 a month furnished Manhattan apartment for summer. Box H-48.

RESPONSIBLE ATLANTA ATTORNEY desires 2 or 3 bedroom apartment near Park Lane Hotel, NYC, August 8th-16th. References. Box H-55.

YOUNG SINGLE PROFESSOR desires furnished apartment, Pasadena, California area, June 15th-September 15th. Box H-98.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

BERKSHIRE HILLS FARMS, going and abandoned, country homes, weekend cottages, land from 1 acre up, within 30 miles of Pittsfield. Free list. Atlas Realty, 24 Hamlin, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

NORTHERN VERMONT. Tree farmers again offer incidentally acquired houses, acre lots or large tracts with outstanding views, streams, timber, some with lake frontage or near skiing. $20 an acre and up. For brochure write Box G-28.

HISTORIC PEMAQUID POINT, Maine—Ideal lots overlooking ocean, bay and islands. Safe investment on easy terms. Address Pemaquid Land Company (Organized 1885).

BEACH AND 17 ACRES British Virgin Islands. Box 3019, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

CAMPS

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Boys 9-16, two groups. Flagship trips, forty-two land, water activities. Olympic size outdoor pool. Gyms. Approved summer school available. Catalogue. Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Gifted boys-girls, 14-18. Cultural history, English, drama, choral music. Hiking, swimming; carpentry, forestry, farm gardening. June 28th-August 9th. 275 acres. B. S. de Frees, North Rumford, Maine.

T-R RANCH. Reading, Riding, Roping. Boys 9-14. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

A CREATIVE EXPERIENCE at Camps Orin-Sekwa in the Berkshires. Dynamic Drama • Arts • Science • Music • Journalism—all with professional instruction. Skiing, sailing on our private lake. Special teenage program. 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y. 914-SC 5-2705.

CAMPS

RAMBLERNY Camp for the performing arts, New Hope, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Ballet, modern dance, music, sports, theatre trips, dormitories. Coed 8-20, June 28th-August 22nd, $695. Ruth and Charles Woodford.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

FOR THE TALENTED: Music, Dance, Arts, Drama, Folk Dance, Folk Music. Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Theatre, Dance, French, Sports. Coed. 342 Madison Avenue, NYC. TN 7-6690.

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance. A summer of constructive fun for 40 boys, 9 to 16. Campcraft, trips, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 wooded acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp in the anarchist tradition. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

POCONO WOODCRAFT. Boys 7-17. 45th season. Four age groups. Lake Wallenpaupack, Pocono Mountains. Broad program develops individual self-reliance. International. Quaker leadership. Moderate inclusive fee. C. S. Paxson, Penns Park, Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

HIGH/SCOPE — coed, creative intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping with good transportation. Meals, services and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: J. J. Boomgard, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year-round living. Perfect for a vacation.

VACATIONS

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 29th.

VACATION on scenic Maine coast. Folder: Lenz's Cottages, Waldoboro. 832-9018.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Informal, family vacations, erudite clientele, children's haven. Northwood, N.H.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linens included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L. I., SR Box A-90.

ON PICTURESQUE ARNOLD TRAIL . . . Sky Lodge and Motel. Informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, free golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts (indoors and outdoors), barbecues, packed lunches, hiking, etc. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Open May 29th. Midway Tanglewood, Dance and Jazz Festivals. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 21, Lee, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

NEW YORK CITY—Special Vacation package. Write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private sandy beach—ideal for children. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

GOLF—SURF VACATIONS: fun-filled rest, unlimited golf, enchanting beaches. ATLANTIS HOTEL, Kennebunk Beach 12, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY, plus Par 3 golf course, sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing, cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

RELAX BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Exceptional meals. Opening 57th year June 12th. The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Saddle horses extra. Write for color folder. Quimby's Club or Inn, Averill 4, Vermont.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food, trips and entertainment. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal—entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

WRITERS, ARTISTS—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

HONEYMOONERS' DREAM, exceptionally beautiful mountain Tyrolean house, fireplaces, pool. Breen, Manchester, Vermont.

COMPLETE RELAXATION, good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA. Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. excellent meals. Modified American and Europoean plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns. guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION . . . Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes. Seacoast cities nearby. Free magazine in color. Sebago-Long Lake Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

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TRAVEL

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1570

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Very small; petty; trifling.

B. Projecting part of a building, esp. if rounding.

C. Describing that "glen" hard by the "airy mountain."

D. Evergreen shrubs, genus *Taxus*.

E. See WORD T (2 wds.).

F. Whodunit (2 wds.).

G. See Word Z (2 wds.).

H. Undesired sounds.

I. Glossy.

J. Overwhelm.

K. Literary bird who sang for a long time before his death, fortunately (3 wds.).

L. Given name of the Prime Minister of India.

M. What anybody, distressed by something going on of which he disapproves, would like to put (4 wds.).

WORDS

37 101 93 66 199 118

120 138 58 82 160

174 10 59 55 73

61 56 77 36

137 152 89 179 121

3 185 46 20 38 115 191 173 12 40 136 100

96 85 196 6 106 113 169

15 151 110 71 197 148

28 187 54 181 94 23 147 150

161 24 195 41 33 166

165 35 48 63 122 9 92 182 103 134

146 14 130 107 170 156 45 29 129 180

140 74 39 34 17 7 131 159 83

DEFINITIONS

N. Mogul ruler of Hindustan at the time of the Sepoy Mutiny (2 wds.).

O. Unfaltering look (2 wds.).

P. The special interest of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and many hundreds more.

Q. Specifying W. S. Gilbert's egg as the criterion of human innocence (comp.).

R. Sleepily.

S. Unstable.

T. Followed by WORD E, in a most precarious situation (2 wds.).

U. In the region of the eye.

V. Snug position, garment, etc. (2 wds.).

W. Appearance of the sea over a sandy bottom (2 wds.).

X. The "lion of God" who delivered oppressed people in *Joshua* and *Judges*.

Y. Quarry sought by most of the sailors who set out from New Bedford 125 years ago (2 wds.).

Z. Followed by WORD G, Culbertson's victims of many a long suit.

WORDS

65 125 158 60 50 144 167 157 69 2 22

188 117 8 72 43 30 163 142 168

133 119 177 5 13 104 25 192 162

194 19 81 11 53 1 86

102 128 27 51 87 97 184 16

198 32 172 95 190 67 176

70 123 76 135 49

153 143 80 105 175 84 90 132 57 126

141 193 155 178 124 111 164 26

68 112 116 79 109 21 127 99 183 189

18 149 186 154 78 44 91

108 62 4 171 47 114 52 31 139 98

88 75 42 64 145

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 Q		2 N	3 F		4 Y	5 P	6 G	7 M	8 O	9 K	10 C	11 Q		12 F	13 P				
	14 L	15 H	16 R		17 M	18 X	19 Q	20 F		21 W	22 N	23 I		24 J	25 P	26 V				
	27 R	28 I	29 L	30 O		31 Y	32 S	33 J	34 M	35 K	36 D		37 A	38 F		39 M				
40 F		41 J	42 Z	43 O	44 X	45 L	46 F	47 Y	48 K	49 T	50 N		51 R	52 Y	53 Q	54 I				
	55 C	56 D		57 U	58 B		59 C	60 N	61 D	62 Y	63 K	64 Z		65 N	66 A	67 S				
	68 W	69 N	70 T		71 H	72 O	73 C	74 M		75 Z	76 T		77 D	78 X	79 W	80 U				
	81 Q	82 B	83 M		84 U	85 G	86 Q		87 R	88 Z	89 E	90 U	91 X		92 K	93 A				
94 I		95 S	96 G	97 R	98 Y	99 W	100 F		101 A		102 R	103 K	104 P	105 U		106 G				
107 L	108 Y	109 W		110 H	111 V		112 W	113 G		114 Y	115 F	116 W	117 O	118 A	119 P					
120 B	121 E	122 K	123 T	124 V		125 N		126 U	127 W	128 R		129 L		130 L	131 M	132 U				
133 P	134 K		135 T	136 F		137 E		138 B	139 Y	140 M	141 V	142 O	143 U	144 N	145 Z					
146 L	147 I	148 H	149 X		150 I	151 H		152 E	153 U	154 X	155 V		156 L	157 N		158 N				
159 M	160 B		161 J	162 P	163 O		164 V	165 K		166 J	167 N	168 O	169 G	170 L		171 Y				
172 S	173 F		174 C	175 U	176 S	177 P	178 V	179 E		180 L	181 I	182 K	183 W	184 R	185 F					
186 X	187 I	188 O		189 W	190 S	191 F	192 P	193 V	194 Q	195 J		196 G	197 H	198 S	199 A					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Pouilly Fuisse, B&G. White, fresh, delicate
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